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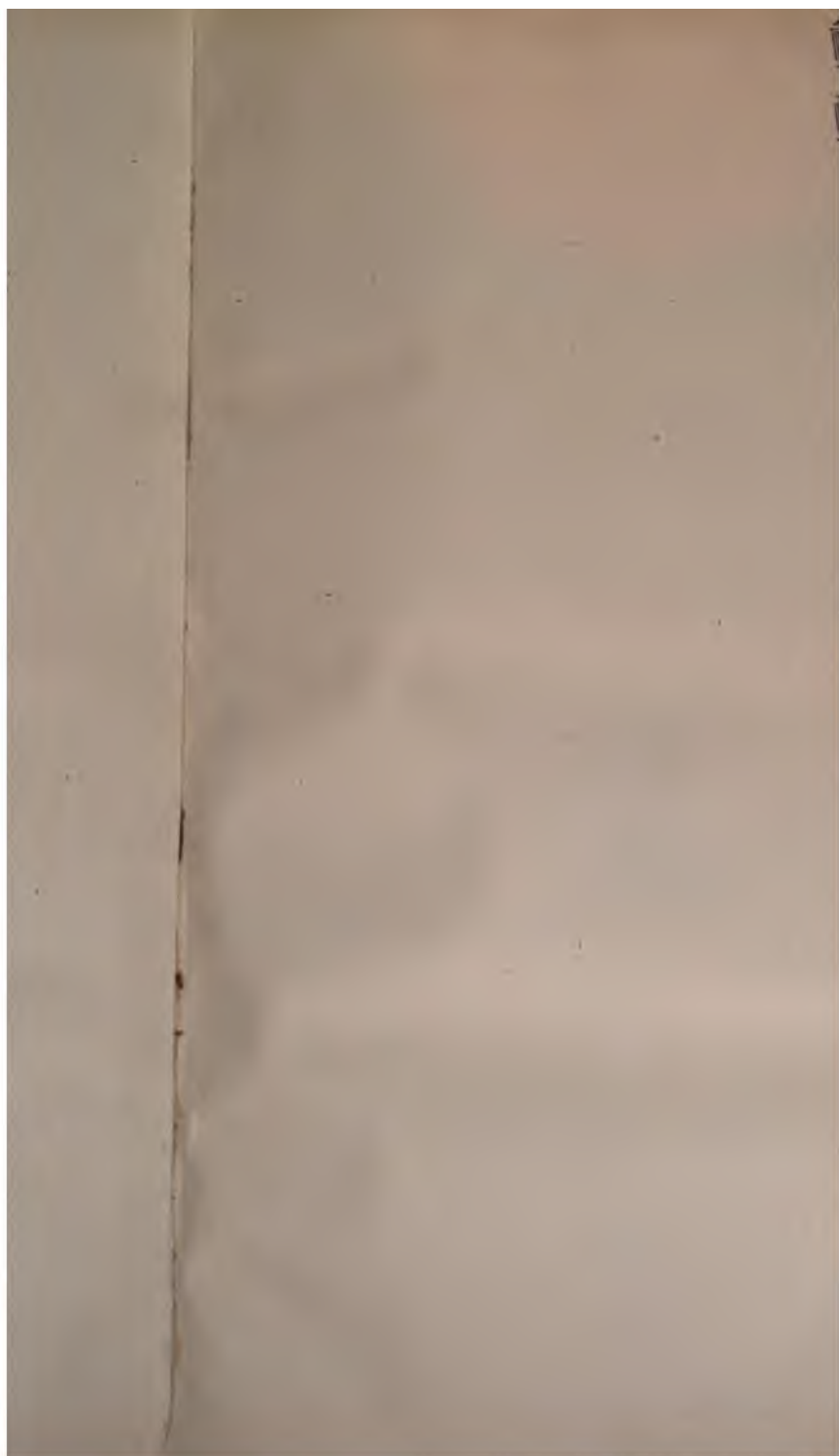




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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

'JANUARY 1880.

QUEEN COPHETUA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER I.

A word was born in the dark grey light
Beneath the tall green firs ;
It hung midway in the waveless night
Between his heart and hers.

A wind danced down through the tall grey trees
As a child may dance in play :
It was only the luck of an idle breeze—
And it blew the word away.

ONE!—boomed the steeple clock.
“Two o'clock, by Judi—!” began Alan Reid, before the second boom: and he would have finished his not very terrible oath had it not been for the quick whisper of a “Hush!” and the sight of a slender forefinger laid upon a delicate lip, as if to push away a smile. “Hush!—we're in church, after all!”

“Are we?” asked Alan, looking round him with a mock recovery of wandering wits; “by Judi—so we are. By your namesake Saint Bertha, then—and if there's no such saint in the calendar, there ought to be—it's two o'clock and lunch-time, and I've sworn to finish these fixings before I break bread or swallow wine. If you don't want me to starve on the spot, hand me up three nails.”

Alan was on an uncomfortably high rung of a ladder, of which the foot rested insecurely upon a hassock, and the end crookedly against the wall on which he was trying to fasten a garland of camellias. He had to balance himself cunningly for fear of swaying round and

over, ladder and all—a catastrophe that appeared so imminent to Bertha Meyrick, that, even while laying the finger of one hand on her lip, she did not let the other leave the pole of the ladder. Not that there was the least use in her hold; rather the contrary, for it added to the chance of a lurch on his part the risk of an unconscious push or pull on hers. She managed with her free hand to pick three nails from a little brown-paper packet of tacks that lay open on the edge of a pew. But her eyes were all the while so nervously fascinated by the crazy situation of the amateur carpenter, that she could not help giving a little push, and down fell—the packet of nails.

The young man, who was trying to hold up the garland against the wall with his eyes as well as with his hands, looked down as steadily as he could, and reached as far as he could reach for the nails he wanted. Another and smaller hand reached them up—and then, all at once he felt a sudden thrill from his farthest finger-tips to his inmost heart, and down slipped the garland after the paper of nails. There was a tremble among the finger-tips before they parted again; and, after they had parted, two brown eyes still held his, very softly.

I suppose I need hardly say that Alan Reid and Bertha Meyrick were young. It seems to me that I have said so already. At any rate, there is no mystery about it—she was twenty and he was twenty-four, and they had known one another for just a month this East Eve. Moreover, it is solely for the benefit of those who have never been in the little town of Hillswick that I need describe the only son of old Harry Reid of Copleston further than by name and age. I think that the hearts of many good fellows for forty miles round Hillswick and Copleston will still thrill a little at the name of Old Harry, who, despite his ominous nickname, was the friend of many men and the enemy of none. Something, for the sake of the father, must be said of the father: for few sons resemble fathers so closely as Alan Reid resembled old Harry. Happily, as the world goes, nobody who knew him had any reason to say except in his praise. At the time of this East Eve when his son was climbing up a ladder more insecurely than any made by mortal carpenter after heaven knows what sort of a bitter garland, the Squire of Copleston by Hillswick was as well off, in all imaginable ways, as a man may dream of being. He was rich, and he had never lost a minute of life by being poor; he was generous, high-spirited, and had the enviable reputation of being able to do anything he pleased—if he pleased. Nothing was so delightful to any man's vanity as to have this sort of opportunity of ever having felt called upon to test whether it be false or true.

old Harry Reid's case did the repute seem so ill founded as usual. He used to speak so well at frequent public dinners and occasional public meetings, and was so rich and so popular besides, that his innumerable friends could, and would, have sent him into Parliament for the county, in the firm belief that he would have made more than a common figure there; but he invariably, in the most downright way, refused, and gave no reason for refusing. Perhaps he did not himself know how much there lay in the need, for him, to meet the living Spring again every year in his country home and hers. For he was something of a poet at heart, and had even written scraps of verse and hunting songs, which made his uncritical neighbours think he might have been—had he pleased—a poet indeed; and he carried half the silent poetry that never came out of him into the hunting field, and among the stubble, and along the trout stream, in all of which he revelled as neither mere poet nor mere sportsman may.

He was called Old simply because he was named Harry, for he was but sixty years old, and looked barely more than forty. He had always been a fine-looking man, and, like most men who live active and careless lives in the open air, grew handsomer as he grew older. He had hardly known a day's illness since he was born: and, to add the crowning triumph of circumstance to his life, he had made a love-match which had turned out well. It is true that Mrs. Reid of Copleston—born Miss Marion Hoel, of Pontargraig—had never been looked upon as her husband's better half in any sense of the word; but she was a great lady every inch of her, and had been a great beauty twenty years ago: she was still handsome for her middle age, and there was no question but that the lovers of five-and-twenty years ago were lovers still. For a last word, no place round Hillswick was fitter to live in—which means more than merely to dwell in—than Copleston: and, for a very last word, its master was prouder of his son and daughter than of anything, save his wife and his steady hand, in the world. And, in describing him, his history is told. The events of his life were the events of every day—and the commonest things of every common day were of all-sufficient interest for him.

I have said that Alan was like his father: and if old Harry Reid had been made four-and-twenty again, it would have been hard to tell one from the other. There would have been seen the same frank, careless, fearless grey eyes, the same fresh complexion telling of joy in wind and rain, the same combination of grace and strength, the same broad forehead, firm and honest lips, and general manliness of face and form. At present, in spite of his greater age, the father would

have been called the handsomer of the two : but the son promised to overtake him, in this matter as in all others, in due time. It matters little enough that he wore a brown moustache, drooping at the ends, and of the silkiness that comes of never having been shorn. But it must be taken to matter something, at least, that the very own son of old Harry Reid should be trying to nail up a nosegay on a wall when the trout were in full leap along Copleston brook, and old Harry himself was at play with them.

And maybe old Harry himself was thinking, between casts, of some spring morning when Marion Reid was Marion Hoel, and when, while the trout were leaping, it was he and not they who were caught on the rise. Bertha Meyrick, Alan's only sister's bosom friend, was assuredly pretty enough to bring about a yet greater likeness in the fortunes of father and son. How is it truest to see a girl—with a woman's eyes, or with a man's, or with a critic's, or with a lover's, or with all four? No doubt, to be in the fashion, it should be with a painter's ; but Bertha was much too pretty to be a painter's beauty—too tamely and commonly pretty, many would say. So be it—and thank nature for making prettiness at twenty so common that High Art is driven to fly to ugliness in order to be thought beautiful. And how can one give the effect of a girl's prettiness by describing her points of colour and feature one by one—what does it matter a single straw whether her eyes be blue, brown, black, or grey, her face oval or round? A sound taste will accept all, all at once, and be thankful. As it happened, Bertha's eyes were brown, and her hair also; her complexion verged towards the brunette's, her face, features, and figure were graceful, delicate, and small. Had she been tall and fair, she would surely have had the same soft sweetness in her look and the same smile, at once bright and shy, which are no monopoly of any colour or stature. And if she had them not, but some other sort of magnetism, then almost as surely her chance touch would have sent the same thrill and her eyes have had the same charm to the one man to whom she had become neither blonde nor brunette, tall nor small, but simply—She.

She was certainly not the less pretty for being dressed plainly, as if with a view to her present dusty work, and darkly, as became one who was working for to-morrow in a spirit of reverence, which, it is to be feared, was hardly enough shared by him who, more for her sake than for the morrow's, was risking a broken neck and leaving the trout in Copleston brook to his father. After all, as she had said, they were in church, though there was the echoing clatter of many voices, not without laughter, round them, and though their separate occu-

pation of a whole aisle unquestionably rendered them liable to a charge of flirtation—at least according to country views of such things. Indeed, it felt like a great deal more than a mere common flirtation with a sister's friend to Alan Reid, as he came down from his perch with the unfastened wreath still in his hand, to pick up the fallen nails. He might have let them lie there for a little, but his feet moved downwards of themselves, until he was down to her level—or up to it, whichever it might prove. Then, feeling that he had a great deal to say, he said nothing, but stooped lower still, and set himself to gather up the nails.

Most people in these days would speak slightly of the interior of Hillswick church, even if they did not go so far as to call it nothing better than a huge barn. Bertha Meyrick certainly did call it so. But, for all his want of conscious and active interest in such matters, it was a great deal more than a church to Alan—so much more, that a jest there, out of service-time, was no more out of place than if he had made it in any other part of his home. He had sat every Sunday morning in the same high square pew covered with the same old red baize ever since he could remember anything, and had gone through the form of listening to old Mr. Skull, who had been curate in charge time out of mind, while lazily watching the doings of the daylight as it travelled from one unstained lattice pane to another, or reading for the seven hundredth time the list of benefactors to the parish painted on the face of the west gallery or the catalogue of virtues ascribed by some ancient undertaker to Admiral Sir John Waldron who died before Queen Anne. So familiar was he with every least point about the place, and his associations with them were at once so few and cut so deeply, that this new association, new for the first time to-day, seemed to strike deeper all at once than if the whole history and atmosphere of Hillswick church had not been part of his life from the beginning. Bertha's presence, as she stood there, was not merely the entrance of something new into the old, but felt like a magic under which the old itself became new. All at once he seemed no longer to recognise the familiarity of the place, and those things that were most familiar the least of all. The daylight itself took to streaming through the diamond panes in a new fashion, and he knew in his heart that, if the old and decrepit organ should suddenly pant out into sound, it would for the first time make music in his ears. The dumb poetry that coloured his father's life was beginning its song in the son's heart, and making the commonest things seem to sing.

Having gathered up the nails, he replaced them on the edge of the

pew on which he leaned, looking round everywhere except at Bertha, and yet seeing nothing but her. His silence became eloquent, and her ears also lost the sound of the hammering and laughing round them. If she could not hear what was in his heart, she must have been impossibly deaf indeed. The silence must be broken somehow, and soon, if only to escape from the many eyes that would be very soon drawn to the sight of Alan Reid and Bertha Meyrick standing opposite to one another, doing nothing, saying no word, and looking as if they were alone. But he, at least, dreaded and put off the commonplace word with which he would have to break this charm of silence, and she made no effort to break it at all. But then silence came much more naturally to Bertha, and she had a sort of instinct that in a sacred place one ought not to be ashamed of sacred things.

Why should he, when silence, however sweet, became no longer able to bear itself, seek for a word of commonplace wherewith to break it, when the most commonplace of all words on earth was ripe for his tongue? The heart and soul of Bertha were waiting, in quiet and willing faith, for the commonest of all words—"I love you"—and he knew that they were waiting so. Except with the voice, they had been spoken, and each might feel that they had been answered, too. Alan and Bertha were more One at that moment than most people who are two are able to be. It only needed that the plain words should find voice, and they were quite alone enough for words that take the least of moments to say and for an instant's meeting of hands.

"Bertha——" began Alan, forgetting that he had never yet called Miss Meyrick to her face by her christian name.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said Miss Bolt, the doctor's sister, with a broad, both-embracing smile that seemed to Alan to blur out the sunshine, "but would you, Mr. Reid, oblige me with one of your nails?—I'm afraid they're feeling a little idle just where they are. And that wreath's not up yet, I declare!"

There was not a grain of natural malice, not even of good-natured malice, about Miss Bolt, but she had lived long enough in Hillswick to have caught its belief that a flirtation is without salt, even for those concerned in it, if not made as important as it ought to be by public attention. Indeed, she was simply doing as she would be done by, for she had passed the age when people prefer to hide such passages, and would scarcely have said Thank you to a man for speaking to her unless all the neighbours knew. So far from having turned sour with over-ripeness, she took an honest pleasure,

less rare than is commonly thought, in flirting by deputy, and most certainly would have done nothing to vex Alan, towards whom she felt like an aunt, for the world. But the good intentions of good-natured people are doubly unlucky things. This time they had turned the deepest and fullest feeling Alan had ever known into a thing for stares and gossip, for he knew his neighbours well enough to hear beforehand the destined news of that afternoon—Did you see how that Meyrick girl was going on with young Reid? There was nothing Miss Bolt would have liked better than to be the heroine of such a romance in a nutshell, and she would have been bewildered had she known herself the object of a mental speech a great deal more profane than that half-spoken “by Jupiter” which had begun the whole affair. Where it would have ended, but for Miss Bolt, Jupiter alone knows.

As it was, before he had sent poor Miss Bolt more than half-way to Jove's underground brother, the rose-light that, without the help of stained glass, had been streaming in, and the unplayed music, all went out, and left the plain old barn just the plain old barn that it was before. I think, for my own part, that the light and the music only seemed to go out because, in sober truth, they found a very deep hiding-place indeed. Such half-minutes as Alan had just lived are only cowards until they learn their own strength, which is far too great to let them die. Nevertheless, to his own fancy, he became once more nothing better than the Alan Reid whom he thought he knew as well as Hillswick church; and, being as incapable of ill-temper, especially with a woman, as old Harry himself, he covered up the music and the light with a frank smile.

“No, Miss Bolt, the wreath isn't up yet, but it will be in a minute, and then you shall be welcome to every nail I've got about me. There—if that's being idle, then we're all idle together.”

He ran up the ladder again, glad of the chance of hitting something very hard, and struck so smartly that the camellias must have thought themselves in the hands of a personal enemy. Miss Bolt held the ladder for him this time: Bertha occupied herself with gathering up the remaining nails from the floor. Meanwhile the church clock struck half-past two—a half-hour wherein nothing had happened, but which had nevertheless been the turning-point in the life of a man, and perhaps of a woman besides.

Ever since the clock had boomed Two the church had been growing emptier: for others, as well as Alan, had also begun to feel themselves growing empty. The zeal for hard work in the service of

the church, which had been at boiling-point an hour after breakfast, had gradually cooled, till, although next to nothing had been done, there was a general feeling that the morning had been sufficiently well spent in planning, discussing,* and settling capabilities, but that the real time for hard, silent work was the afternoon, after all. I have not thought it needful to make an Homeric catalogue of those whom a liking for the process, as well as for the effect, of church-dressing, had gathered together. It is not that the ladies of Hillswick were not interesting people—quite the contrary. One advantage of living in that compact little town was that even the most commonplace person, from Mrs. Mixon of the Old Bank to old Widow Hopkins of the Alms-house, became by right of township of the most intense interest to everybody else, from Widow Hopkins up to Mrs. Mixon. It is simply from an embarrassment of riches that, one by one or two by two, the wives and daughters of the town, and such few stray young men as could be attracted to do curate's work for want of a more suitable curate than old Mr. Skull, must be suffered to go out like the sparks in a piece of burned paper. Each had his or her present romance or past history—and who can tell them all?

It must be owned that the amateur curates were the first to show symptoms of a move. Pleasant as it may be for a time to be one of two or three male creatures in the midst of two or three dozen ladies more or less young and beautiful, and set off by wreaths and crosses of flowers so held and carried as to make the donors look doubly generous for parting with what became them so well, nevertheless three or four hours of it resemble most other pleasures—they feel long. To say the same things, to make the same jokes, to pay the same compliments, and to receive the same answers eighteen times over in one forenoon, is like an eternity of partridges even to the most contented mind, and suggests luncheon and a pipe to follow as welcome novelties. It was all very well for Alan Reid and Bertha Meyrick to hold a little aloof, for they were from Copleston, and belonged to the county much more than to the town; and a real, white-throated curate would no doubt have made nothing of keeping the ball rolling among twice the number. But no other young man there was of a position that entitled him to escape his full share of general duty by what was called in Hillswick "making himself particular," and not one among them all wore a white tie. Whatever his private feelings might be, each had all at once to be at the beck and call of at least a dozen task-mistresses at once, without being able to feel how much he had been a master of the situation until a

gradual gathering of black coats at the church-door—the better to observe the general effect of what had not been done—drew the remaining majority towards that metropolis of the great majority of all—the churchyard. It is likely enough that the church would have been emptied yet sooner, had it not been that many of the town ladies preferred to let their midday joints grow cold or burn rather than let any eyes from Copleston perceive, by their over-punctuality to any marked note of the clock, that they dined early. It is true that two pairs from Copleston were otherwise, if not better, employed than in taking stock of their neighbours' dinner bells; but it was gratifying to meet, on equal ground, people who notoriously dined at six or seven, and to act as if nobody in the parish felt hungry before then.

So it happened that the company in Hillswick church came to be divided into two groups, one great and one small. In and about the porch was the main body of waverers between the dictates of masculine weariness and of feminine propriety, more and more rapidly dwindling: in the aisle, all by themselves, were Alan Reid fixing the wreath, Miss Bolt holding the ladder steady, and Bertha Meyrick, seated on a hassock, and a little absently returning the nails into their brown-paper bag, one by one. But had a stranger entered the church at that moment, it is not by the group at the porch that his eye would have been caught, and not by the shy, tender beauty that was seemingly wasting its very gravest and sweetest looks upon a bag of nails. If he had eyes at all, they would have been caught, and kept, by a girl standing, graceful and upright, alone in the centre of the church, with nobody near her, and with the brightest, happiest smile of amusement lighting up her whole face as she watched Alan hammering in the side aisle. She must have been well known indeed about Hillswick, for nobody to be taking any special heed of her, and the young men must be wearied indeed to keep so near the porch while she stood all alone so far away. In fact, she was as well known as the church itself: and not a young man there was of standing good enough to say more to her than "Good morning, Miss Reid."

CHAPTER II.

Wanda.—Magic, quoth she? She says there's magic here?
 Why, where's the magic? Widow, wife, and maid,
 I've lived here eighty years fall Whitsuntide,
 And never saw a mote, nor heard a jar
 More than an honest body may, that goes
 To Mass, and nails a horseshoe to her door.
 And now there comes a wench with mouth on gape,
 And ears pricked needle-ways, and moonstruck eyes,
 To prate that horseshoes keep no glamour out
 More than they keep the flies from buzzing in;
 That old tom-cat, who pranks himself and purrs,
 Is some bedevilled Prince: and dreams she hears
 Mad music in the whistle of the wind,
 And fairies tread corantoes on the floor.
 She'll say, mayhap, when next upon my crutch
 I hobble off to light a rushlight up,
 I'm flying on a broomstick round the moon.
 Magic, forsooth! If there's a witch, 'tis she—
 Magic! 'Tis she that makes it: Hide can find.

ALAN'S only sister, Helen, was some few years younger than he: and though she was in many striking ways plainly enough his sister, there were many more in which she by no means so closely took after old Harry. Both, it will be remembered, had for a mother a lady of very decided Welsh extraction: and the Celtic strain in the Saxon stock of the Reids appeared to have avoided coming out in the son only that it might all the more strongly affect the daughter. Not that there was any sort of marked nationality about Helen: one of her most pronounced traits was her unlikeness to any type that could be found, probably in Pontargraig, certainly in Hillswick. The mixture of race might mean nothing, after all: but the caprices of blood are strange, and often, in an underhand, invisible way, account for the otherwise unaccountable. I hardly know whether to call her beautiful. And yet Bertha Meyrick, who was beyond all question, and not only beyond Alan's, beautiful, must have faded out beside her like the loveliest of lamplights in the dullest of sunshine. There was a look of sunlight all over her, even when in repose. Nobody could call her blonde or brunette; and yet she was very far indeed from being wanting in colour, with her all-reflecting, all-embracing grey eyes, giving back every light they received, with an added sparkle of mischief from themselves. Her features were very far indeed from being faultlessly regular. But the mouth was not less warm and winning in its curves for being over-large, especially for so young a

girl. The lips were as honest as her brother's eyes, and made up in all ways for the something in her own eyes that was hidden under their light—call it reticence, reserve, irony, humour: anything which it might possibly be save insincerity. The hair was thrown back from her face in thick brown waves, showing the whole of a full and broad but rather low forehead and of a pair of perfectly made little ears, set to her head in the close fashion from which a phrenologist would argue plenty of courage and no music. She was rather pale, but it was with the purity of health; and even as she stood there and smiled in that odd fashion, as if she saw a good jest somewhere at large in the air, her colour now shadowed and now brightened as if it needed no cause save that of living and being. She was no taller than her neighbours, and more slenderly fashioned than most of her own age; but her freedom and erectness of carriage, the fullness of her parted lips, the quickness of her blood, and the brightness of her eyes, combined to make up what would have even more distinguished her in a much wider world than this of Hillswick—a full joy in all the life she had only intensified, as yet, by an unlimited readiness for more. And this alone, without the help of beauty, was amply enough to earn for her the title of beautiful.

“I do like watching other people's blunders—especially when they work so hard to make them! You have put up that wreath beautifully, Alan. You've only made one little mistake, that's all.”

“Hullo, Nell! why, where did you spring from? I didn't know the forewoman was here. I suppose I've hung it too much to the right, or something? Well, never mind—if I've gone a little too far in the right way—”

“Oh, it's beautifully straight; you were taking such pains about your inches, that I hadn't the heart to disturb you. It isn't that—and it isn't that you've hung it upside down. That would have been it, only the real fault keeps that from mattering. So that's what comes of getting up at five in the morning when I'd been up with Bertha till past one—and of my getting into I don't know what trouble by stealing the gardener's best flowers—and of my going with half a breakfast to make something up to beat everything—and of trusting my own brother—all to have it hung upside down in a dark corner, which may be very delightful in itself, but where my wreath is simply thrown away. It's enough to make one never get up at five in the morning any more.”

“Upside down, is it?” asked Alan, capping her mood with the manner of a critic who justifies all blunders by making them his own.

"How can a round thing have an up-side or a down-side? You should square your circles, Nell, or you mustn't complain if you're treated like a Painter of the future when he falls among Carpenters. And as to the place—why, Bertha herself chose it; and as to not getting up at five, who would before the first of September?"

"So that's the last new chivalry, is it—to get rid of your sins as soon as they're found out by putting them on a girl's shoulders? You want me to think that Bertha wanted to hang me up in a dark corner, so that I mightn't be seen? I'll lay all my old gloves to all her new ones that you haven't treated her as you've treated me; and, if you have, it shall be worse for you still. You are in a conspiracy, all three of you, and Miss Bolt is ringleader."

"Oh, Miss Reid!" remonstrated the Doctor's sister as she dusted and smoothed herself before she joined the now almost invisible group at the door—not knowing exactly whether Helen was laughing or scolding, or only hungry—"I am sure that everything is perfectly lovely as far as we've gone, thanks to you, and Mr. Reid, and Miss Meyrick, and everybody; and it will be sweetly pretty by tea-time. But if you keep such hours, I must tell my brother, indeed."

"Ah, but you see, Miss Bolt, I shan't be here again after I once go home, and I shan't be able to eat or sleep if that wreath is not properly fixed up—let me see—wherever it ought to be, before eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. And everybody that can climb a ladder is gone, and—No, Alan, I won't trust *you* any more. I'll wait for old Grimes. He's sure to be back when he's smoked his pipe out, to see if we've left any mischief behind us, and he'll find—me. Take Bertha home to lunch, Alan—you've neither of you done any work, so you must both be starving. Only, don't eat up everything, for I had but half a breakfast, and I shall be back as soon as I've seen old Grimes—I dare say it won't be long after you. There, be off with you all."

After all, little excuse is needed for leaving one's own sister to walk home by herself if she likes, in order to see another man's sister home—if one likes her. Alan wondered a little at his sister's personal interest in this year's church-dressing, seeing that her sharing in it at all was almost a piece of condescension, and for once, like Miss Bolt, he could hardly make out whether she was more than half jesting. But the two miles' walk to Copleston alone with Bertha in the out-of-door sunshine, free from all eyes and ears, had now become too sweet a chance to be lost by not taking such a jest, if it were one, to the letter. Bertha, also, wondered: but then, Helen was her heroine; and then, Alan was already more than half her hero. She lingered a little, either from

feeling that she ought to stay with Helen, or from a sort of shy foresight that the word lost in Hillswick church might be found again among the daisies on the road to Copleston. But Helen made no answer, even by a look, to their passing wonder. She sat down as comfortably as she could in one of the pews, and as they passed her fixed her eyes on the roof as if altogether lost in the great and awful question it suggested of how few years would pass before it fell in. Whatever else she meant, if she meant anything, it was clear that she meant to stay. So they let her stay. People generally let Helen do as she chose, without asking why.

No ghost of a shadow fell over Helen's face when she was left alone. That cannot be said of many faces ; but brightness, with her, did not depend upon company. "Yes," she thought, in such fashion as words must do duty for: "yes, Alan must marry Bertha. He's the only man I'd choose for her, and she's the only girl I'd choose for him: and I shan't lose either my brother or my friend. Poor Bertha—she's born to marry somebody, and if not one then another, and I shouldn't like her to go out to India, as that sort of girl mostly does if she doesn't marry at home. And Alan's born to be in love with somebody—and I should hate a girl that came between him and me. I think I shall go into business as a match-maker—it's rather good fun, and I shan't make a mess of the business by being one of my own customers. I don't think I've managed badly for a beginning, anyhow. Well, men are odd beings, to be so fond of bothering themselves about girls when there are so many more interesting creatures all round them—at least, I should think so if I were a man—except Bertha. Yes; I *would* marry *her*: so I must do it by deputy, since it's got to be done. One would think all girls but me must have very unhappy homes, or else be amazingly bored in them, to be so eager to get away into a new one of which they can't guess much, with a man of whom they can know nothing. But then it's true it isn't everybody who has a father like mine and a brother like mine, and—and—a mother like mine. I think I would marry into Copleston if I was single. Well, thank the prayer-book, one can't marry one's own brother, or I wouldn't give much to-day for *your* marrying into Copleston, Miss Bertha! All I've got to do is never to marry out of it—and all the better, as that means never marrying at all. I'll be such a model old maid that they won't find it in their hearts to get rid of me, and—and—I must hang up that wreath somewhere, if it's only for the look of the thing. Where shall it go?"

The ladder was still left against the wall in the side aisle; she climbed up it rather rashly, considering the unsafety of its footing, but

she was light and knew how to balance herself, so she rather enjoyed the excitement of feeling that she was conquering difficulties by pulling the wreath away from its nails. But a ladder has a fascination of its own, and is apt to excite ambition where there is none already. She looked about for the most conspicuous as well as for the most unlikely place for a girl's hands to manage such a matter, and found it at last in the very middle of the west gallery where the singers sat—not only a position that commanded the whole church, but one not to be reached without a certain amount of daring by an amateur decorator. People who like to find character in trifles must judge as they please—but in any case boys have no monopoly of the spirit which forbids them to see a particularly high and difficult tree without trying to go up it as high as they can, and higher. The purpose was not particularly high, but the gallery was; and, in fact, she could not sit all by herself in a pew doing nothing, while there was nothing between sleep and mischief for her to do. She got the ladder down by the simple process of dragging away the hassock on which it stood from under it, and letting it fall its length with a crash in the aisle; and then dragged it along till she brought it under the place she had chosen. Before she had got it there its weight and her exertions made her repent of the trouble she was taking for glory's sake, but her repentance only obliged her to finish for honour's sake what she had begun only for glory's. Arrived at last, she stopped for breath, and then used all the strength and skill she had to raise it and fix it for climbing. At last she succeeded. After having nearly managed to break her head three or four times, and to sprain both her wrists four or five, the foot of the ladder rested firmly on a flag-stone that covered, according to its half-trodden-out inscription, the dust of one of the extinct Waldrons of Copleston, and its head against the edge of the front gallery pew. Now that it was fixed, the climb looked uncomfortable for the nerves; but she had not taken all this trouble for nothing, so she began to climb. After all, nerves were no trouble of hers, and by the time her feet were on a level with the projecting cornice of the gallery, she felt only one drawback to the excitement—of her elevation—that there was nobody there to see it, not even old Grimes the sexton.

Alas! she had miscalculated the proper angle of the ladder by just a shade. She was opposite the exact spot she had aimed at, the wreath was round her neck, her hammer and nails at hand in her pocket—she had nothing to do but to lie forwards against the ladder, to pass her arms round it, bring her hands together with the wreath in one and the hammer in the other, give a tap or two, and all would be done. This was what she tried to do, but with all her reaching

she could not bring the wreath nearer the woodwork than an inch and a half from it. It was sadly disappointing: for she knew that if she once returned to firm earth to make the ladder more upright by shifting its angle, not even honour would tempt her up again. She had just managed it, as things were: but the new ascent up an incline at least ten degrees steeper, would be what the Matterhorn is to one who has already found Mont Blanc quite enough for him. Still, not going up for a second time was a very different thing from yielding to the difficulties of a first time. She could not go up, but she would not go down. It was only a whim, but if a fairy had appeared that moment and had offered her the fulfilment of her heart's desire, she would have answered, "Then, make my fingers just two inches longer, if you please!"

She took her hammer between her teeth, and tried again. Suddenly—she must have stretched ever so little too much sideways—the ladder gave the slightest possible lurch: she recovered her balance instantly and instinctively, but that instant was enough to make her blood run cold. For the first time since she had climbed she felt afraid to look down through the space that now seemed to have doubled itself between her neck and the flagstones. She felt no longer simply hanging in air, but as if she were rising upwards towards the roof, or else as if the ground were descending deeper and deeper. She had never felt panic in her life before: but then she had never in her life before tried to climb a high ladder from the floor to the gallery of a church, and she felt it now—and there is many a brave enough man, unused to ladders, who would feel the same. Of course drowning people, even if they know better, throw up their arms; of course Helen, though she felt beforehand what the effect would be, looked down.

But the result was not altogether what might have been looked for.

The fall of her eyes was broken by the bird's-eye view of a tall black hat, and of a tall figure in a black frock-coat—figure, coat, and hat being alike unknown to her. If it had only been old Grimes the sexton! But there was no such luck: a stranger was in Hillswick church, and she—Helen Reid of Copleston—was on the top of a ladder, with a hammer in her mouth and a garland in her hands, afraid to come down, unable to speak, afraid to move. If he looked up, as surely he soon must, what would be the effect, in church, and upon a stranger, of a girl on the top of a ladder, for no imaginable purpose, doing nothing, and trying to balance herself by holding to the roof with her eyes? How could she bring herself to call out,

"If you please, sir, come up here and help me down!" Stranger or no stranger, the adventure would be all over Hillswick, in some magnified and distorted shape, in half an hour: and, for aught she could tell, the stranger might be old, or lame, or—anything. The panic, or giddiness, was still too much upon her for her head to be quite clear, or she might have been able to treat the presence of a stranger as coolly, or at least as reasonably, as if she were on firm ground. As things were, she followed the only course that mere hurried instinct could find to save her. But for her first panic, she would have had no need to take it; but for her second, she would not have dared. Before the stranger had time to take off his hat, much more before he could look up or round, she had clambered up the few remaining rungs between her feet and the upper edge of the gallery pew, and had scrambled over into it, she knew not how, except that hammer, ladder, wreath, and nails were dropped and spurned, and went over and down, fluttering, rattling, and crashing wildly to the floor, with a clatter and a bang that must almost have brought the whole church down after them.

She almost thought that the church had really fallen. But as soon as she had gathered herself together:

"What an extraordinary thing it is," she thought, "that I never can be left alone for a minute together without getting into some piece of mischief or other. One would think one couldn't possibly get into mischief all alone in a church, and yet—There! No doubt I've smashed the ladder and half a dozen gas-lamps, and three or four pews, and if I haven't broken my neck, it's no fault of my own. No—I won't look over and see. It might be too dreadful—and then there's that wretched man who was the cause of it all—really, when people come into a church, they ought to see if there isn't anybody on the top of a ladder whom they might startle. Thank mercy it wasn't old Grimes, though, after all. I should have to run away from home and hide somewhere where I could never be found. And the poor wreath, after all I have gone through for it ever since five in the morning—that's done for. Well, I must get home now as soon as I can—I wish I could be by when they all come back again and see what they'll see! They'll think the Yew Goblin has been playing his pranks among the Easter flowers—and I certainly won't say no, except to Alan—and Bertha—and—oh, dear, what shall I do now! If that miserable old Grimes hasn't locked the gallery door outside! And the ladder's gone, and I couldn't get down again, even if there was nobody here! If anybody comes back and finds me, and wants to know how I came up here, I shall have to say that I've flown!"

Queen Cophetua.

Why did she not boldly advance to the front of the gallery up where the clerk stood when he gave out the number of the and call out loudly to the stranger, "If you please, sir, kindly me by going at once to Mr. Grimes, the sexton of this pari tell him to come with his keys and let out Miss Reid, who is in the west gallery and can't get out again"? I can only say Helen, if over-daring in some things, was as shy in others as can be, and was as unlike as possible any girl who could have done so.

So she retired behind the organ, which was at the back of the gallery, to wait patiently for the return of old Grimes, or for the chance of quiet escape better luck might offer her. Nobody would come back to finish the church dressing, and, since the way from the church to the gallery was locked, nobody who came would find her. On the whole it might be a little amusing, if she could not wait so long, to overhear the comments and theories about the wreath she would be sure to find when they did come. Meanwhile she saw the strange boots moving slowly about the church, from the porch to the altar rails, and almost wondered at herself for having such a curiosity about their owner. Perhaps, had she been born half a mile nearer Hillswick than Copleston was, curiosity would have been better of shyness, and she would have found some means of escape without being seen. But presently the sound of the boots faded into silence; no doubt the visitor, having found nothing, not even the quarter-finished decorations, to interest him, had gone away and had left the porch free for her escape—if she could only spread a pair of wings and flown down there.

Having nothing to do but wait, she opened the organ and tried to play the keys, but no sound came—naturally enough, seeing that there was no wind in the bellows. And if there had been, the result would have been worse than silence—for Helen was no musician, in her Welsh strain. She might move her fingers over the keys with pleasure, and imagine herself Saint Cecilia, without letting out a single discord to disprove her fancy. Active-minded prisoners must amuse themselves, not as they will, but as they can; and, oddly enough, there was a singular sort of pleasure in playing this silent *capriccio*. The sunlight streamed in at the window behind her, and warmed her shoulders luxuriously; her fatigue, and reaction from fright took a healthy turn, and her mind open to the very slightest and idlest fancies that might find their way in with the sun. The faintest perfume from the flowers and foliage that had as yet been hung round her, and

stronger because of its faintness. She had never been in such complete and inevitable solitude; nothing was easier than to fancy herself lost to and forgotten by the world. She had not yet quite escaped from the not wholly childish instinct, from which some few never wholly escape all their days, of using every chance hint and suggestion as a help in the great art of Making Believe—and what art is greater or happier than one which turns the commonest and most insignificant things into talismans for making us, whenever we please, be what we will? That is an art which gives the goddess of silence a place among the musicians above Beethoven, and may concentrate a world in a whim. The course of Helen's idle fingers would have made woful work if written down—just as all such fancies do. She drew out some of the stops for mere idleness' sake, and because it was about the only piece of mischief, short of breaking a window, that was near her hand. "I wonder if I'm playing Bertha's Wedding March!" she thought, and, with all her personal contempt for love and marriage, she began to think that, if all were going well, that two miles' walk home to Copleston, with the sun full in one's heart as well as upon one's shoulders, would not be so bad a thing in its way—better, at any rate, than being locked up in an organ-loft all alone.

Perhaps it might, as she thought, have looked rather odd to see, on entering a church, a girl perched up on the top of a tall ladder. But if she had taken her dive into the gallery merely in order to escape from seeming eccentric, she had failed lamentably. She was not well enough up in the geography of the church to be aware of a dark little door in a corner that led from the organ-loft straight to the corkscrew staircase in the tower, and surely the very last thing that the young man who now passed from the twilight of the stone stairs into the full daylight of the gallery could have expected to find there was a young woman diligently engaged in playing an organ from which not a sound came. Compared with such bits of seeming lunacy, girls at the tops of tall ladders in unlikely places are sights of every day. Of course the young man might suspect himself of sudden deafness as he watched her pull out one stop after another while she gravely passed her fingers over the keys. But the first creak he heard in the empty church would reassure him on this point, and no doubt he was soon reassured: but still she played on.

It was far too much a mystery for him to break it off in the middle. He might even get at its meaning if he stood quite still and made no noise, and meanwhile the girl was not the less pleasant to look at for being possibly insane. He was in the place of the

stranger whose presence we only imagined while she was watching Alan and Bertha, and, being no more blind than he was really deaf, he could not fail to see in her at least something of what there was to be seen. So he looked on, and she played on, little thinking that she was performing for the benefit of an exceedingly attentive listener. It is by no means always impossible for silence to be heard as well as seen.

But in due time—how could she help it?—she stopped playing and indulged in a long, luxurious yawn. “One!—Two!—Three!”—boomed the steeple clock just over her head—“Four!” Four o’clock already, and nobody had come back to the church—and—

She turned round, without rising, and found herself face to face with the stranger at the steeple door—“And he has been watching me all this while!” was all she could think in her dismay.

And yet, apart from his having been both stranger and listener, he was nothing very alarming. Even while she had only room in her consciousness for herself, her eyes were quick enough to take a very fairly complete and accurate portrait of the stranger without the help of her brain. He should have been the Yew Goblin who haunted Hillswick churchyard, considering the tricks he had played upon her, first by nearly making her break her neck, and now by watching her while behaving like a child whose nurse has left it alone for a little while. But if he were the Yew Goblin, then the reported appearance of the Yew Goblin very much belied him.

Taller than her brother Alan, broader shouldered, wider chested, he looked as manly as a man may in a girl’s eyes. He was leaning against the side of the door, but rather stiffly, as if at some time in his life he had been overdrilled without having been long enough at the work to make a soldier’s bearing second nature to him: and this air of stiffness was rather increased by the black frock-coat he wore buttoned breast-high. He can only be described shortly by a word which I fear Helen herself would not have scrupled to use, and which is, a “swell.” Though in Hillswick, which is very far indeed in more matters than miles from the Row or the Boulevards, his tightly-fitting coat was finished off by a lily-of-the-valley over the heart: he wore patent-leather boots and a light-coloured scarf fastened by a gold and jewelled pin, and the hands that held his hat of elaborate gloss were covered by lavender gloves, fitting them as if they had been born on them. Had it not been so late in the day, she would have taken him for a bridegroom who had come to meet his bride at the altar, and had made a mistake in the church: and it was almost

disappointing to find that his face matched his manliness of figure much better than his out-of-place elaboration of costume. He looked about thirty years old: his features were firm and pronounced, and his eyes grave to a point that was either sad or severe, with a sort of slow, inward look in them which allowed him to regard intently without seeming to stare. They were rather fine eyes, of a dark grey, that seemed to have heat without light in them. His complexion was of pale but clear and healthy brown: his hair also brown, rather too dark to match the eyes, and arranged as if he considered his *coiffeur* as of equal importance with his tailor. His nose was good and straight: his chin slightly cleft and projecting: his mouth was nearly hidden by a long, thick brown moustache, with long ends, in the Austrian fashion—the rest of his face was closely shaved with the best of razors. His general air was of grave and melancholy dignity compelled to submit to orthodox fashions and making up its mind that, being in for a penny of fashion, the most philosophical thing was to consider itself in for a pound. Yet one would wager that the man had brains: and one would be certain that, whatever brains he had, he gave himself credit for them all.

Helen, after the one quick glance that took in the general effect of all these clothes and of the man who could not quite succeed in hiding himself among them, looked at her watch as if she had suddenly remembered an appointment, closed the organ, left her seat, and went, as quickly as it was possible to go without seeming frightened, to take advantage of the door which the stranger had discovered for her. But she knew all the while that she was colouring with vexation at having been caught at a fool's play, and that he saw her blush as clearly as she could feel it, which only made her show her vexation ten times more in the same way. He stood aside politely to let her pass, but said, while she was passing,

"Pardon me—I am a stranger in this country—can you tell me what is the meaning of all this flower-show?"

She was afraid he was going to ask her if she generally played the organ without the bellows. But his question, which would have been commonplace but for its ignorance, was relieved still more by the grave courtesy and the gentle deference which he managed to throw into such trifling words. The voice also, without being deep or full, was very soft and pleasant, and struck her by a slight peculiarity of tone and accent, especially in the words "a stranger." He showed no sign of having hunted up a commonplace question on the spur

of the moment for the sake of trapping an attractive-looking girl into a word or two.

"To-morrow is Easter Sunday," said she. "And we always remember Easter here."

"I see. But you don't seem to have got on very far, considering that the sun's an early bird just now. And it has struck me, while looking around, that this church wants a bricklayer more than a gardener."

"It is a very old church, this at Hillswick," said Helen, "and old churches seldom look new—those who know them generally like them the better for looking their age." She bent herself slightly by way of a good-morning, and passed out of the gallery upon the dark stairs. "I wish to goodness I had known of these stairs before," thought she. "I don't think the man meant any impertinence—except to the church: but if he ever goes to India he won't want a punkah to keep him cool. I wonder who he can be, here in Hillswick, where nobody ever comes? Well, thank heaven, I shall soon be at home now—and never, never will I get into mischief again, if I can help it, till next time. Ah, here's the door at last, and—Oh!"

Her "Oh!" was a half-uttered exclamation of impatient despair. She was still in her prison—the door from the tower into the church, as well as that into the churchyard, was locked on the outside: at any rate, if it was locked on the inside, the key was gone.

But how? Could the stranger have ventured to walk into the tower and to lock the door behind him? And, if so, why? He could not wish to carry off the bells. He could not be intending to fortify himself in Hillswick church to stand a siege—and yet, what else could he have meant to do? She began to feel really alarmed, and that she must do anything to escape now. Perhaps some of her strangely lazy fellow-workers of the morning might have returned at last: so she thumped with her fist against the door. She hurt her hand a little against the jagged, rusty lock-plate, but nobody answered—and nobody answered, though she knocked again, and hurt her hand a little more.

Nobody could be there. It was only too clear that she was still in gaol, and that this stranger was her gaoler.

That made her a great deal too angry even to remember that she had felt shy. She went fast up the dark stairs into the gallery, and—the stranger was gone.

Could he, in spite of his tailor, be the Yew Goblin after all? And what had become of all her friends? She was getting bewildered,

He could not have passed her on the stairs, which were almost too narrow for one: he could not, any more than she, have escaped from the gallery by any other road without the help of wings or suicide. Again she went to the stairs.

Of course! The stairs led up as well as down. That would not help her escape, but it would help her to find the key. So she went up the dark, twisted, narrowing flight towards the belfry, till the steps became so narrow as scarcely to give her half a foothold, until she found herself in a sort of room, or rather upon a kind of platform, with bells swinging above her head from which the ropes descended through a space in the middle of the platform to a lower floor. Plenty of light was admitted through four unglazed loop windows, one on each side of the square loft: and by the light she found the stranger again, absorbed in the contemplation of some old chests that had no doubt been stowed away as lumber.

"You will oblige me," said Helen, "by giving me back the key of the steeple door. I want to leave the church; and if you have any right to the key, you can take it again when I am gone."

"I wish I had it, mademoiselle, that I might have the pleasure of giving it to you—and I want to leave the church too; for there seems no way of getting any higher. Do you know if there is any way of getting to the top of the tower? There ought to be a fine prospect——"

"You have not got the key?"

"No. You mean of the door at the bottom of these break-neck things that I suppose you call stairs in this country? I did observe a key when I came into the steeple, but it was outside the door—I had to unlock the door to get in here."

"But—the door is locked *now!*"

"Well—I have always observed that, when a door is found locked, it has been locked by somebody: and as the key was outside, it has not been locked by you or me. I shouldn't wonder if that old gentleman could tell us something about it who was going about as if he belonged to the church or else the church to him—only we haven't got him here to ask him, and if we had, I would not engage to make him hear the question. I tried him once, and I did not succeed well enough to try again."

"What—old Grimes has been here—and locking the doors?"

"I don't know if his name is Grimes, but he hadn't much look of owning a better."

"Oh, what does it all mean? I *must* leave the church—I *must* go home. He cannot have been locking up till all the work was

finished—and now it must be nearly five, and not a soul has been near the place since half-past two.”

“There does seem something uncanny about this church,” he said, looking round him a little absently. “I thought so myself, as soon as I came in. I think we will both go down, and you can show me the way by which *you* got into the steeple, as there seems to be more than one. I suppose you are not bound to get out my way? And even if the whole place is locked up, I never found much difficulty in getting out on level ground. If a door’s too tough, one can always break a window.”

Her anxiety did not prevent her noticing that, the more the young man spoke, the more his manner, and even his expression, seemed to gain—and not only in attractiveness, but in power. His manner, a little self-conscious at first, fell into a simple self-possession which even took the raw edge off his clothes, and which was evidently natural to him: he had not yet wholly smiled, but every now and then the light of a grave half-smile came into his eyes, and was the more winning and trustworthy for being confined to his eyes only. He had, too, a way as if he were one of a company of three instead of two, speaking to himself as well as to her in his slow, rather long-drawn accent which became more strongly marked as he went on, and which seemed to give an aroma of possible humour to his simplest words.

“*My* way?” asked Helen. “Through the gallery door——”

“Then we will go out through the gallery door. Mr. Grimes has not locked that——”

“But the door from the gallery was locked long and long ago—if I could have got out that way, would I have troubled you for the key of the tower? The gallery door has been locked all day——”

“On the outside?”

“Of course on the outside,” she said impatiently. “*I* have not the key.”

“This seems a circumstance to be thought over,” he said, playing with one of the bell-ropes, and looking, half gravely, half curiously, through her with those eyes of his that seemed more than ever to have the faculty of being able to look their fill without even a suggestion of offending or a tinge of discourtesy. Perhaps it was because they seemed to be always seeing more than eyes can see. They were not eyes of the mesmeric sort—far from it: they implied no sort of conscious or unconscious power: they were eyes that any woman can feel she may trust as surely as a man believes he may trust a man’s hand. “Yes,” he went on; “I have known thinking

bring one somewhere now and then—and even the wrong place is always somewhere. I come quietly into a church. No sooner am I in it than a garland of flowers falls from the roof at my feet, a hammer on the top of my head—hard: and a long ladder, from Heaven—no, not Heaven—knows where nearly crushes me, as if I were Samson making sport for the Philistines. I look round, and find wreaths and crosses and nosegays stuck about all over a sober old church without rhyme or reason, and nobody to put them there but a deaf old man. Afraid that the fall of another nosegay may bring down another hammer or ladder on my head—as it seems to rain such things here: and that is why I observed that this church wants a bricklayer—I turn into the steeple. I find my way into a gallery where I find a young lady playing the Music of the Spheres on an organ. It is the peculiarity of the Music of the Spheres that nobody can hear it without a special philosophical training, including silence on one's own part for seven years, and a long abstinence from peas and beans. I have had no such training, am not a silent man, and like green peas above all things: the effect is, that I find myself in the case of Mr. Grimes. Then I find myself locked into the steeple. And then I discover that the young lady who plays the symphony of the seven stars did not reach the organ-loft by the steeple, but through a door which has not been unlocked all day. Mademoiselle—since I know not what else to call you—I can quite understand that one who performs the music of the spheres in a church that rains roses and hammers and locks its own doors, should be able to transport herself from the floor to the gallery without stairs, elevators, or wings. The thing that does puzzle me is, that she should find any difficulty in getting down again.”

He spoke more and more gravely as he went on; but as his gravity grew, so did the smile within his eyes. Helen was as ready to rise at a joke as a trout at one of her father's flies; and at any rate the stranger was not going to eat her. He seemed exceedingly human, in his own peculiar style, and his clothes provided the weak point which a woman needs in a man in order to feel at ease with him. He was at any rate a gentleman—so certainly, in spite of his foibles, that she did not trouble to ask herself whether he was one or no. She could not help colouring when he spoke of her silent music—all the more because it had been in its way real music to her—but, even with the blush, her laugh came back to her.

“And I,” said she, “have had my adventures too—but I am glad your hat was off when the hammer fell: it might have been hurt

badly. You must have thought it all very strange ! But it is not so strange as to see a stranger in Hillswick church, after all."

"Well, yes. I suppose Hillswick is not much on the straight road to anywhere. But I doubt if I'm much more a stranger than you. You are the organist, I conclude ? or the school-teacher?"

Helen had been taught, when a little girl, that it is rude to ask questions, and though she had never consistently followed the precept, it seemed to her that it was a good one, and that the stranger's education could not have been wholly that of a gentleman. It is true that he asked the question in as simply courteous a manner as such a question allowed; but surely, if a thirst for information worthy of Hillswick itself compelled him to put it, he might at any rate have supposed Miss Reid of Copleston to be at least a vicar's daughter. But perhaps, after all, the man, young as he was, claimed the privileges of a professed character; in that case he had exposed another weak point, which enabled her to deal with him from a still higher level than before.

"Oh," said she, "I don't think your few minutes in the steeple can make you much less of a stranger than I am, though I have not been here longer than since I was born."

"Here—in the belfry? I see—that accounts for your having come here without having to trouble a door that has been locked since yesterday—since last Sunday, for aught I know. But—you cannot have been born—not even in the belfry—so very long ago; while I—I have belonged to Hillswick for nearly four hundred years."

She could not help making a curtsey. "I ask you a thousand pardons—I did not know I had the honour of speaking with a Ghost," said she.

"And I," he said, answering her with a bow, "have only just found out that I have the pleasure of speaking with a *Glockendame*, as the Germans say—that is to say, the Lady, or Spirit, of the Bells. As you are aware, she is a good spirit, who shares all human joys and sorrows—births, marriages, deaths—all of them, and blesses them all with sympathy. She is a sweet, true, and lovely spirit, and happy is the ghost who meets with her."

His speech might be taken for one of those monstrous compliments which, when paid by a stranger to a stranger, have to hide their heads under a jest or a myth in order to reach their aim. To amuse himself at the expense of a village schoolmistress with whom he found himself locked up in a steeple, might possibly be esteemed befitting a gentleman in some world to which she did not belong; and what made her a little more suspicious was, that she knew a good

deal of German folk-lore, but had never heard of the *Glockendame*, whose name, besides, had rather an impromptu flavour. But any such suspicion died before it was more than a shadow. His words were accompanied by no change of look or tone: voice and eyes alike became graver; he spoke as if stating the simplest of facts or indulging aloud in the simplest of passing fancies; indeed, he scarcely looked at her as he came to an end of his legend, and went on playing with the bell and speaking as if he had said nothing at all.

"And so," he said, looking at her again with the half-light in his eyes, "I look to you for as much sympathy as is due to a ghost from a *Glockendame*. You are surprised to hear of my belonging to Hillswick for nearly four hundred years?"

"Not at all," said Helen. "The world is nearly six thousand years old."

"True—but I can't pretend to a Welsh pedigree, which classes Noah's Ark among such modern inventions as cigar ships and monitors. Did you, in your bell-tower, ever hear of the Waldrons of Copleston?"

"The Waldrons? Of Copleston? Why——"

"Of course you have: you must have rung at the births, christenings, marriages, comings of age, and deaths of generations of them. We've been talking of strange things; but I can't tell you how strange it is to find myself here, at Hillswick, in England; a foreigner, from a far-off country, but just as truly at home among the graves of my fathers or, I should say, of my grandfathers and great-grandfathers, as if—no, more truly than if I were in any other place in all the world. One can't help talking at such times, and in this dilapidated old barn, where it rains hammers and nails, I feel like—like—a Jew out of Houndsditch suddenly pitchforked into Jerusalem. I do think he'd feel something more than sixty per cent. then. That's why I wanted to get on the top of the steeple—I wanted to see the whole old place all at once, all round. I do believe, to-day, that I was here not far from a hundred years ago, and that I know every old stick and stone, with the names that the hobnails of country yokels haven't been able to wear away out of mind, better than old Grimes—and he looks as if he ought to remember most things."

"Do you mean that *your* name is Waldron?" asked Helen, who could hardly connect this sudden burst of enthusiasm with her previous ideas of this exceedingly self-possessed young man. "And you are not an Englishman?"

"I am American, and my name is Victor Waldron," he said simply. "I was born in New York, and my father and mother in

Baltimore; and I've never been in England till three weeks ago. But there's something in the air of this tumble-down old place that makes me feel an Englishman to the backbone."

"I thought—I thought the Waldrons were all dead and gone long ago," said Helen. "But—well, I am glad they're not, all of them; for indeed, though we're strangers and I'm no *Glockendame*, I *do* understand. Yes—it must indeed be strange for you to be in Hillswick—you, an American Waldron!—and I suppose you will want to see Copleston too?"

"Ah, yes, Copleston! Who lives at Copleston now?"

"Mr. Reid—my father; I am Miss Helen Reid, of Copleston."

His more than touch of enthusiasm, quite ill enough expressed to be spontaneous and genuine, touched a very sympathetic chord in Helen, and made her forget even his boots, gloves, and hair. There was romance, too, in the notion of one of the dead and forgotten Waldrons coming all the way from the other side of the world to see the old home and the old graves, and in her happening to meet with him. It was not a case for mere politeness; it was a case for the frankest hospitable impulse, if ever there was one. No shyness could keep her from holding out a hand of the welcome that was due from a Reid to a Waldron. She held out hers with a warm smile, and said:

"Welcome to Hillswick, now—you must let us say to Copleston very soon. There is not much there to interest anybody else, but of course it will interest you, and my father and my mother too will be glad to see you. You must not pass by the old house without taking away some recollection of the people who live there now; and if there is anything my father or my brother can do for you, I am sure they will. They are great fishermen; are you one? And where are you staying, and how long do you stay?"

He took her hand, in as frank and friendly a fashion as she had given it, and held it a moment. "I certainly shall not pass by Copleston without knocking at the door. You are right, Miss Reid; your house interests me as much as Shakespeare's, which I have seen. Perhaps you think it odd in an American to take so much interest in his pedigree; but it's a fact, and perhaps it isn't so odd after all. I don't know that I'm much of a fisherman, but I'm a good hand at other sorts of loafing when I'm on a holiday, as I am now, and don't want much looking after. I don't know how long I shall be about here—just long enough, I suppose, to make myself wish it were longer; I'm staying with my friend Skull—Gideon Skull. Do you know him?"

"Skull is the name of our clergyman; but I never heard of a Gideon Skull."

"Ah, I've sometimes fancied there was something about my friend Gideon that made him shy of his relations, and that might make his relations shy of him. But he's a right-down good fellow, is Gideon Skull; and when I heard he was coming to London on business, and that he would take the chance of looking up his uncle the minister, and that that uncle lived at Hillswick—our family Mecca, you know, Miss Reid—I didn't think twice about it, but took passage with him, and here I am. Always act on impulse, Miss Reid; you won't often regret it, and if you do, you may be sure you'd have regretted not acting on it still more. All I can say is, if you don't know Gideon Skull you don't know the finest product of your own country. Yes—I like Gideon. I can't say I make much account of your minister, and I expect the less I hear of his sermons the better pleased with him I shall be. But the question is——"

"I know of only one question just now, Mr. Waldron, and that is, how we are to get out again?"

"Ah! I had forgotten that; I have hardly had time to realise that you are Miss Reid and not the *Glockendame*. Yes: we must both of us get out, I suppose. And, as you say, the question is, how we are to get through locked doors without keys or through windows without wings. . . . Let me see . . . Ah, I have it! What's the use of being in a belfry with a rope in one's very fingers if one doesn't——"

"Oh—please—pray, No!—You don't know Hillswick, and I do——"

All Hillswick knew she had contrived to stay in church all alone: what would all Hillswick say if summoned by a bell to find the wreath, her pretext, unhung, and herself locked up in the steeple with a stranger? One did not need innocence, one needed downright idiocy, at Hillswick, not to know and dread the wagging of the public tongue. But before she could finish her last word the deepest bell had tolled.

"Oh, Mr. Waldron," she cried out, "what *have* you done now!"

"Upon my soul, I do believe this church *is* enchanted!" said he. "I *was* going to pull that bell—but, on my honour, the rope drew itself down through my fingers before I had time to tighten them." He took his fingers away from the rope altogether, and stood looking from it to her in real surprise. "You may not be the *Glockendame*, but she must be here, all the same."

"But you must have done it without knowing it," said she, beginning to be impressed in the darkening twilight with a strange sort of awe. "Bells don't toll themselves without hands."

"Why not—when hammers can fall on one's head without being thrown? And when young ladies can unlock doors without keys? And play the organ without wind? On my honour, I did not stir the bell. And—there!"

And, sure enough, though his hands were far enough from the rope this time, the same deep bell tolled again.

"That is the way they toll here when somebody is dead or dying!" said she.

"You mean the Passing Bell? Yes—I have heard of that," said Victor Waldron. "Then—somebody must be dead or dying, I suppose. Look here, Miss Reid—down through the floor. There is somebody pulling below—and there, it sounds again! Is that old Grimes? Then do at once as I bid you—he can't have come in here to toll the bell without unlocking the steeple door and the church door too. Run down as quick as you can, and then run out and run home. Whoever's dead has chosen a good time. I'd offer to see you safe, but I know what was in your mind when you asked me not to ring, and one hasn't got to come to the old country to find out what gossip means. I'll call at Copleston, and I do hope we shall meet again. Meantime, I'll stay here and make friends with Mr. Grimes. Good-night, Miss Reid—my welcome to the old home has been a pleasant one."

"Thank you—yes, I will go," said Helen. "Good-night—no doubt we shall meet again."

Off she went, too thankful for her chance of freedom, whatever the cause, to delay seizing it by another word.

CHAPTER III.

What is the best and the fairest thing
Hearts may have for their welcoming?
Is it sound of trump as we leap on land,
Or the kindly clasp of a brother's hand?
Is it all that our home-brought wealth can buy,
Or the alms we take from saint charity?
Is it the joy of the bells that ring,
Or the knell that tolls for our welcoming?

It was sunset when Helen at last left the church behind her, and breathed freely. She was adventurous enough, but she had had

adventures enough crowded into a single afternoon to last her for a week, small as most of them had been. But then she lived far too strongly for anything, even the merest trifle, to seem small to her; a great deal less would have been a great deal.

"Who can be dying in Hillswick?" she wondered, as she passed through the churchyard. "Nobody has been ill—and yet it must be Somebody—can that be why nobody came to the church in the afternoon, and why the church has been left unfinished, and why old Grimes locked all the doors? I feel as if I had been out of the world for years—as if something must have gone wrong with it while I have been away. No—I will never get into mischief again: not even next time!"

Hillswick church was a far finer building without than within; indeed, its size and architectural pretensions were out of all common proportion to so insignificant a townlet as Hillswick was in all eyes but its own. And now, in her new mood, it felt doubly imposing while throwing the dying day's last and longest shadow over that part of the churchyard through which she was passing homeward. For she was on its dark side: and every now and then the air about the steeple thrilled with the tidings that some one of its god-children was dead or dying. Helen had often enough heard the same bell tell the same news, but she had never felt the voice of the *Glockendame* as now.

The church lay on an outer edge of the town, through which she had no occasion to pass in order to reach Copleston, about two miles away. It was not likely she would meet a single acquaintance, except some homeward-bound labourer to drop her a passing good-night, country-wise; but she had not walked the first quick half-mile, when a young man vaulted over a gate in the hedge, and her whole heart sighed with a deep laugh as she found herself in the real, common, good world again, with her brother beside her.

"Well, Nell, have you finished off the church?" asked he.

"Well, no—not exactly. Have you heard any news in the town, or of it?"

"Not a word. Why?"

"Because I've been waiting in the church all the afternoon, and nobody came till I left—which isn't ten minutes ago—and old Grimes is tolling the dead-bell."

"Indeed? No—I haven't heard a word. But do you mean to say, Nell, that you've been working all the afternoon all alone? I shouldn't have thought that much in your line."

"Well, Alan, not exactly, either. But I'll tell you all my ad-

ventures later—only, did you ever know that there are Waldrons in America, and that one of them's in Hillswick now?"

"Indeed? Yes, I know there was a Waldron—he was some sort of a great-uncle of our own, by the way—who went to America, and became some sort of a general, or a colonel, or a judge under Washington; everybody gets made a colonel or a judge out there, you know. But I never could make much head or tail of the family pedigree."

"Then, any Waldrons that there are would be our cousins?"

"Well, I suppose they would be—in a sort of a tenth-removed sort of a way, I suppose. But we represent the Waldrons now, you know, through our grandmother. I know so much, any way. But what makes you all of a sudden so interested in the Waldrons?"

"I'll tell you presently; and it really *is* interesting. I've been learning all sorts of things since I saw you. Who's Gideon Skull?"

"Gideon Skull? What the deuce, Nell, do you know about Gideon Skull? Yes, I've heard of him. He's old Skull's nephew; and, from all I've heard, about as bad a lot as you could easily find. Old Skull never mentions him, and the people about here have pretty well forgotten him; but those that remember him say——"

"Everything that's bad, of course. That's Hillswick all over. Does papa know him? And what does *he* say?"

"My dear Nell, what a question! Did you ever know the governor say a hard word of man, woman, or child?"

"Well—no. But, Alan——"

"Well, Nelly?"

"My adventures will keep; but yours won't, you know."

"Mine?"

"Don't look up at the moon like that," said Helen, putting her arm lovingly through his. "*She* isn't there! Oh, Alan, do tell me that Bertha is to be my real, very own sister! You know I love her better than anybody in the world but you and papa—and of course mamma."

He looked down at her face almost as tenderly as if it were Bertha's. "Yes, Nell," he said, "I do love Bertha—better than anybody in the world—better than you."

"Of course you do. And you have told her what you have told me?"

"She knows it, anyhow. No, I haven't told her in words, not yet; but she does know it, and I'm not afraid of what she will say when I tell her a great deal more than I have told you."

"Alan! Do you mean to tell me you have walked all the way home with Bertha from Hillswick to Copleston, and have said no more to her than if you were a milk-maid and her young man arm-in-arm on Sunday? Oh, Alan! for what else did I save you from Miss Bolt's clutches?"

"You're so awfully quick, Nell. I wish it had been my luck to see Bertha home. I've not been home at all."

"You've not even seen her home?"

"No. We'd all of us clean forgotten that confounded annual lunch at the Skulls'. You know what that means. And, as luck would have it, we hadn't got clear of the churchyard before we were in the clutches of Mrs. Skull, and Miss Skull, and Miss Sarah Skull. There was no help for it, Nell. They carried off Bertha, and I—well, I lost my temper, I suppose, and said I'd promised to meet the governor at three."

"That was stupid," said Helen. "You should have said that we all of us had to be home by three. You should never tell fibs, Alan; you don't tell good ones."

"They said they would send to the church for you. Didn't they?"

"If they did, they didn't find me. Perhaps they thought I had gone home. Oh, dear! I will never plan anything again. And where have you been?"

"I did what I could to make my excuse a true one, and went up the brook; but I didn't find father. However, I walked off my temper, and that's something. I was going to the Vicarage, when I met young Walters, who told me that he'd just met Bolt and Miss Meyrick on the road. I suppose the doctor was at the Skulls' too, and was driving her home."

"Alan, tell me one thing; do you love Bertha Meyrick with all your heart and soul?"

"God knows I do, Nell—with all my heart and soul."

"And you will tell her so?"

"To-morrow can't pass without my trying to tell her how much I love her."

"I am so glad, dear! And—but never tell her I told you—I saw a 'yes' in her eyes to-day as plainly as I see that star."

For the first stars were in the sky as they reached home.

What need had the butler to unchain and unbolt the door before he let them in? Why did he let them in so slowly? What strange look was in his face as he led the young master aside? and what

was he half whispering? and what made his voice break at every other word?

Alan turned round to her with a face that had suddenly become as pale and as hard as a stone.

“What has happened, Alan? For God’s sake, tell me; what you can bear, I can. Is it Bertha, Alan?”

“Our father is dead!” said he.

So Helen knew why there were to be no flowers that Easter-tide, and why the dead-bell had tolled.

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL DEVELOPMENT AND WHAT IT TEACHES.

AMONG the many features which mark the varied universe of life, none are more universally recognised, or more typical of the living world, than those which herald the production of a new being, and which usher a new form upon the stage of existence. From the shapeless mass of protoplasm that crawls over the water-weed as a microscopic speck, upwards to man himself, the varied processes of development are laid down in orderly sequence and along lines of special kind. Every living being, animal or plant—animalcule and whale, the humble lichen and the giant sequoia alike—passes through a definite series of changes before attaining the form and likeness of the parent which gave it birth. In virtue of such changes it assumes that parental form. These changes, occurring in orderly array, mark its pathway from shapelessness and physiological nonentity to the characteristic form of its race. It is development which moulds

The baby figure of the giant mass,

and from the minute beginnings of life evolves the highest of earth's denizens, or directs the production of the teeming swarms of animalcules that people the stagnant drop, and pass an existence none the less interesting or important because often all unknown to the larger and higher world without. It is this same process of development which, as one phase of living action, draws the sharpest and clearest of boundary-lines between the world of life and that of non-living matter. Growth and increase are truly represented in the inorganic world; but these processes are different in kind from the actions which stamp the development of the animal or plant. The birth of a crystal, albeit it is regulated by definite laws, is, after all, a matter of outside regulation alone, and one in which the crystal itself is but a passive agent. New particles are added to the outside surfaces of the old and already-formed particles; and crystal and stalactite thus grow mechanically and by accretion, but without

active participation in the work destined to mould and form their substance. Very different are the forces and laws which regulate the production of the living form. Here the changes of form and the building of the frame are marked out in plain and definite pathways by laws essentially independent of external conditions. True, the development of the living form may be retarded by cold or favoured by warmth, but these conditions leave unaffected the course and direction in which it is destined to pass towards the form and belongings of the parent which gave it birth. Stamped ineffaceably on the pages of its life-history, the way of the animal or plant towards maturity is written for it, not by it. Internal forces and hidden but all-powerful laws of life direct its progress, and ultimately evolve the perfect being from the shapeless germ, in which its past as derived from its parents, and its future as depending in some degree at least upon itself, meet in strange and incomprehensible union. And the development of a living being may be further shown to be merely a part of the wondrous cycle in which life appears to direct its possessors. From the egg or germ, development leads us to the perfect being. Next in order we consider its adult or perfected history; and in due time we may discover the adult existence to merge into that of the immature state in the production of germs, in the development of which its own life-history will be duly repeated. The period of adult life in this view merely intervenes betwixt one development and another, and serves to connect those ever-recurring stages in the life-history of the race which it is the province of development to chronicle and record.

As a necessary item in the perfect understanding of animal and plant history, it may readily be understood how important a place development occupies in modern biology. Nor is the interest of the study excelled by its importance. The mystery of life itself might well be thought by the older physiologists to resolve itself into an understanding of the fashion in which nature moulded and formed her varied offspring. The manner of development might be thought thus to explain the mystery of being; but the problem of life is left as insoluble as before, after the course of development in even the lowest grades of existence has been traced. The history of development but environs the puzzles connected with life and its nature. It leads us to the beginnings of life, it is true, but it leaves these beginnings unaccounted for, and as mysterious as before. It explains how this tissue or that, this organ or that, is fashioned and formed; and as we watch the formless substance giving birth to the formed, the indefinite evolving the defined, we might well be tempted

to think that the "why" of nature was explained by the "how." Yet the springs of life and vital action remain hidden as of yore, and the origin of life is a mystery as insoluble as when the thoughts of men were first directed to its elucidation.

Apart, however, from the admission that the study of development has not brought us nearer to the solution of the question, "What is life?" the investigation of the life-histories of animals and plants is fraught with high importance in another sense and in other aspects of the scientific interpretation of nature. The early observers hardly imagined that in their researches into the formation of the chick, they were laying the foundation of a study which in future days would be destined to aid man's comprehension of his own origin and that of all other living beings. Aristotle's observations upon the developing chick, and his bestowal of the name *punctum saliens*, or "beating point," upon the first beginnings of the heart in the embryo bird, were in truth fraught with an importance to succeeding generations which that philosopher could barely have realised had he possessed any prophetic foresight whatever. And no less would Harvey himself have been astonished had he beheld the results to which the pursuit of his favourite study has led in these latter days. It was that great philosopher himself who first maintained that the chick was developed, not from the white of the egg, but from a minute speck or scar on the surface of the yolk, known as the *blastoderm* or *cicatricula*. In felicitous terms Harvey enunciates his opinion that the "Medici," or disciples of Galen and Hippocrates, were in error when they supposed that such important structures as brain, heart, and liver were first produced, simultaneously, as minute sacs or vesicles; and he disagrees with Aristotle in respect that the latter had maintained the *punctum saliens* [or *punctum sanguineum*], or heart, as the chief agent in forming the structures of the new being. Harvey ascribed to the blood itself the formative power in developing the chick. With Aristotle, however, Harvey is in perfect agreement in believing that the chick is formed, not by the sudden formation of new parts outside the already formed organs, nor by the growth of a miniature and perfectly-formed embryo into the larger chick, but by the gradual development and elaboration of uniform and like matter into the new and varied parts and organs of the bird.

Such were Harvey's views regarding the nature of development; and of the supreme interest exhibited by the discoverer of the circulation in this study, no better proof could be cited than his own words when he maintains "that it is most apparent that, in the generation of the chicken out of the egge, all things are set up and formed with a

most singular providence, Divine wisdom, and an admirable and incomprehensible artifice." Harvey's doctrine of development received the name of *Epigenesis*, which the physiologist himself defines, in his forty-first "Exercitation," as "the additament of parts budding one out of another." Contrasted with this opinion is that of such physiologists as Malpighi and Leibnitz. They held that the body of the chick could be traced in the egg before the first rudiment of the heart appeared; and that from the first formation of the egg, and prior to incubation, the young bird was to be found perfectly formed therein. Thus, by Malpighi's view, the process of development was merely one of the expansion, unfolding, and enlargement of parts already formed; and this idea became known as that of Metamorphosis, in contradistinction to Harvey's theory of "Epigenesis." So, also, Bonnet maintained the existence of a miniature chick in the egg from the first moment of its formation. Subsequent growth and nutrition merely expand the elements and parts of this germ into those of the adult; and thus Bonnet declares the process of development to be merely one of "Evolution." Thus the doctrine of "Epigenesis," as enunciated by Harvey, becomes opposed to that of "Evolution," as maintained by Bonnet and Haller—the development of new parts and structures from a structureless substance, as distinguished from the mere enlargement and unfolding of the miniature but already-formed elements of the frame.

But when Bonnet, in 1762, in his work entitled "*Considérations sur les Corps organisés*," was elaborating his theory of "Evolution" and less rational views on "Emboitement"—a theory holding that each germ is the receptacle of the germs of all future beings of its race—Casper Frederick Wolff had already lent his aid towards placing the Harveian views on a secure and stable basis. Wolff showed that the scar on the hen's egg consisted of particles amidst which no rudiment of an embryo chick could be traced. He further demonstrated the changes whereby the chick was built up from these cells, and showed the process of development to be truly one wherein new parts were formed in succession, and added to the already-formed organs. Succeeding Wolff came Pander, who filled in the outlines his predecessor had so well sketched out by detailing the earlier stages and processes seen in the formation of the young bird. From Pander came the name *blastoderm*, given then, as now, to the substance or formative material resulting from early changes in the "egg-scar," and from which material all the parts of the young animal are formed. This observer also cleared the way for his successors by pointing out

the presence of the three layers into which the blastoderm divides; each layer bearing an important share in the formation of the tissues of the developing being. To Pander came in due time a worthy successor, who may be said to have laid the solid foundations of the study of development as prosecuted in modern times. This was Von Baer, whose labours each physiologist and naturalist of to-day must hold in grateful remembrance. He it was who, besides perfecting the details already to hand, discerned the important fact that the highest animals are developed from eggs or germs resembling in essential nature those of the lowest. But perhaps the greatest triumph of discovery and research as represented by Von Baer's labours resulted in the enunciation of his "law of development," which may be briefly expressed in the phrase that "development proceeds from the general to the special."

To rightly understand the purport of this axiom, it must be borne in mind that the animal world is divided into a number of great types, the most consistent and most firmly established of which are the *Vertebrates*, including the "backboned" animals from fishes to man; *Molluscs*, including shellfish, such as oysters, cockles, snails, and cuttlefishes; and *Annulose* animals, or *Articulates*, represented by animals with jointed bodies, such as worms, insects, centipedes, crustaceans, &c. Now, if the development of a number of animals belonging to any one of these three divisions is observed, the egg of each animal is seen to pursue the even tenor of its way, and to pass at first through exactly the same stages of development. Up to a given point the stages in the development of all Vertebrates, for example, are essentially similar. Sooner or later, however, development begins to specialise its course, and hence arise the differences which mark the adult forms. So also with molluscs, which in their earlier stages pass through essentially the same changes, but sooner or later diverge in their course; each organism passing on its own way to assume the special features which characterise the adult. Such was the important generalisation of Von Baer. Succeeding research has but tended to establish Von Baer's doctrine, whilst it has also enlarged the conception he was the first to promulgate. It is now known that there are stages in early development which are common to the eggs or germs of all animals alike, and that, from the common track thus pursued up to a given point by animal life at large, each group of animals ultimately diverges on its own special way of life. Von Baer's generalisation has thus come to include the whole animal world, and has in recent times tended powerfully to support the doctrine which would explain the origin of living beings by presuming

their descent from pre-existing forms, and their relation with each other as twigs, boughs, and branches of a great connected tree.

The relation of development and its study to the hypothesis of evolution is thus easy of determination. It is a perfectly reasonable and most natural conception that in the development of a living being we should obtain some clue to the history of its origin and to the birth of its race. If its origin be a subject of research at all, any information concerning the stages through which an animal or plant becomes the adult organism, and by which it advances from literal non-existence to the staid solidity of mature form and perfect life, should, by analogy the most natural, be regarded as a veritable mine of knowledge concerning its own beginning—and, by further analogy, regarding the birth of the world of life at large. Upon such a thought is founded the dependence which modern biology is led to place upon development as a clue to the evolution of living beings. Succinctly expressed, it is thus held by evolutionists in general that the development of the individual is a recapitulation in brief of the development of its species or race. The history of the production of the individual is viewed as "the abstract and brief chronicle" of the changes and developments through which its race has passed in prior ages of this world's existence. It is true that such a history often becomes meagre and imperfect. Some of its phases become altered in the lapse of time by the influence of surroundings acting favourably or the reverse upon successive generations. As the lines of human progress are not always easy to trace, so those of animal advance and evolution frequently appear blurred and indistinct. But on the whole the record is tolerably complete. The gaps in animal histories do not affect the main question at issue—namely, that, as Darwin says, the embryo or young animal "is a picture, more or less obscured, of the progenitor, either in its adult or larval state, of all the members of the same great class." That such a study must teem with interest, is a remark scarcely requiring mention. Nor may it be regarded as other than a triumph of scientific research, when development may be seen to demonstrate how individual history repeats the history of the race, and how the living world of to-day once existed in simpler guise, and in the dim obscurity of the past

Lay hidden, as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

Although the study of animal development is in many ways an intricate branch of research, there exists no difficulty in comprehending the broad outlines which mark the building of the body in

the higher as well as the lower forms of animal life. If we watch the development of some animal—such as a sponge—belonging to the lower grades of organisation, we may be enabled to distinguish certain stages which not only mark sponge-development, but also that of animal life at large. The simplest form of a sponge exists as a cup-shaped body attached to some fixed object. Such a form of sponge (*Olynthus*) is depicted in Fig. 1 (7). The walls of this cup, consisting of two layers, are perforated with holes or “pores” (*p*), which open into the substance of the cup, and thence into the interior, which communicates with the outer world by the wide mouth or “osculum” (*os*). This sponge-cup consists of two layers, of which the inner is provided with delicate filaments, resembling eyelashes in miniature, and named “cilia.” These cilia by their constant movement cause currents of water to flow into the sponge by the outer “pores” (*p*), whilst by the same movement the water is driven outwards by the mouth (*os*) of the cup. In this way the living particles of the sponge are supplied with nutriment; and the comparison of a sponge to a kind of submarine Venice, with canals and waterways, on the banks of which the inhabitants live, is thus seen to be fully justifiable. The development of such an organism takes place through the production of eggs (*f*), which are developed in the tissues of the parent-sponge, and which are merely specialised portions or cells of the inner layer of the parent body. The sponge-egg (Fig. 1, 1), it must

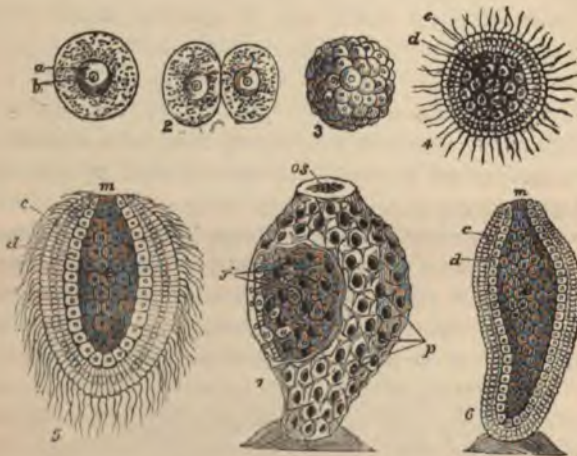


FIG. 1.

be remarked, presents the essential elements seen in the eggs or germs of all animals. It is a little speck of protoplasm, imbedded in which

we find a smaller body known as the *germinal vesicle* (*a*), and this latter in turn contains a still more minute particle, the *germinal spot* (*b*). When such an egg is about to undergo development, the first changes which occur in its substance are those collectively named "segmentation." The egg is then seen to undergo a process of division (*2*). It divides internally and successively into two, four, eight, sixteen, etc. cells or divisions; these portions ultimately becoming so numerous, that the egg at the close of its segmentation, from its resemblance to a mulberry, has been named a *morula* (*3*). Soon the outer cells become elongated and provided with cilia (*4*), and by means of these filaments the young organism swims freely about in the water. In this stage it is known as the *planula* (*4*). Next in order a central cavity and then a mouth (*5 m*) is formed, this aperture leading into the cavity (*e*) of the cup. It is now named the *gastrula*; and its body is seen to consist of two typical layers, an outer or *ectoderm* (*c*) and an inner or *endoderm* (*d*). These two germ-layers, as we shall hereafter note, are common to all animals in the course of their development—indeed, the formation of the embryo takes place through the subsequent development and elaboration of these two primary structures. Thereafter, this sponge-embryo will attach itself to some fixed object; the outside cilia, no longer required for locomotion, will disappear, and it will assume its so-called *Ascula*-form (*6*). Other and new cilia will become developed in the inner or lining membrane of the body; the wall of the cup will next become perforated with pores; and with the inauguration of the inward and outward circulation of water, the ordinary features of adult sponge-existence (*7*) will thus have been attained.

Such being the course of affairs in one of the simplest of animal developments, we may briefly summarize the stages included therein. These stages consist firstly of the segmentation of the egg, which process produces the mulberry-like mass or "morula." Next in order we find the "planula" with its two layers and its outer cilia. Then succeeds the "gastrula," possessing an internal cavity, into which a mouth shortly opens; and with the formation of pores and internal cilia, the form of the adult sponge is duly produced.

Selecting a form of animal life widely removed from the sponges, let us briefly investigate the stages through which the sea-squirts or *Ascidians* attain the somewhat prosaic features which mark their adult existence. The adult and ordinary sea-squirt presents itself as a bag-shaped organism (Fig. 2) rooted to stones at low-water mark, and bearing two apertures (Fig. 2, *m, a*) on its upper extremity. The resemblance of these ascidians to an antique wine-jar (*askos*) is

forcible enough; and the characters from which the familiar name "sea-squirt" has been derived are also readily discernible. When



FIG. 2.

prying humanity, even in the legitimate guise of the scientific investigator, presumes to handle the ascidian constitution too roughly, these animals are given to eject water from the orifices of their jar-like bodies—a playful habit the unpoliteness of which, from its reflex and unconscious nature, even other than scientific investigators may well excuse. "Sea-squirts" are usually regarded by naturalists as near relations of the oysters and other molluscs; but their differences from the familiar shellfish are so numerous and so important that their separation from molluscs as an aberrant type of animals is a perfectly legitimate procedure.

Again the aptness of the Harveian motto, "Omne vivum ex ovo," is apparent, when we find that sea-squirt history begins with the production and fertilisation of an egg or germ (Fig. 3, 1), which resembles that of the sponge and of all other animals, man



FIG. 3.

included, in possessing a germ-vesicle (*a*) and germ-spot (*b*). Once again, as in the sponge, we meet with the process of egg-segmentation (2), resulting in the production of a morula (3). Then the cells of the morula arrange themselves to form the two layers (Fig. 3, 4, *ec*, *en*) as in the sponge, the outer layer being pushed inwards upon itself so as to form a central cavity (*d*), much as a night-cap is so modelled to fit the head. Thus our "gastrula-stag" (4) once again appears, and in the life-history of an animal very far removed from the sponge in structure and relationship.

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From this stage, common alike to sea-squirts and sponges, ascidian-development begins to specialise itself. Another opening or depression (*b*) appears above the opening which formerly led into the gastrula-body. Within this depression, which at first communicates by an opening (*o*) with the exterior, a part of the outer layer is curtained and finally becomes shut off from the other portions of that layer. This separated and confined part (*b*) of the outer layer becomes the nervous system of the sea-squirt. Next in order, we find the body to extend itself behind, so as to form a well-marked "tail" (Fig. 3, 5), within which a rod-like body, the *urochord* (*n*) is formed. Overlying this body at its front portion, the nervous system (*f*) just mentioned is formed; and muscular elements become developed in connection with the tail and its curtained rod. Meanwhile the beginnings of a digestive system (*d*) and of the breathing-sac (*g*) are being formed, and at this stage the young sea-squirt appears to be actively mobile and to swim freely in its tadpole-like stage of development. Fixing itself thereafter by specially developed points of attachment, there begins a process of apparent degeneration in our as yet undeveloped ascidian. The tail wholly disappears, and the nervous system degenerates until but a mere fragment remains; and with an alteration of the form of the body, and some modification and further development of the other systems of organs (such as the digestive apparatus and heart), the larval ascidian becomes the mature sea-squirt.

It is of interest to note that in a few aberrant members of the sea-squirt group the larval or immature characteristics are retained throughout life. Such are the Appendicularians (Fig. 4), which, although ranked as veritable sea-squirts, retain, as a permanent belonging, the tail (*t*) which their neighbours possess only in the days of their youth. Within this permanent tail the notochord (*n*) appears developed as in the fleeting appendage of other sea-squirts, whilst the other organs of sea-squirt existence (digestive system (*s*), heart (*h*), etc.), are fully developed. From the possession of this notochord, these curious animals appear as unique invertebrates, and stand alone amongst their fellows as presenting the closest resemblance to the vertebrate animals. In the appendicularians we may perceive the existing representatives of the stock and ancestry which gave origin alike to the sea-squirt race and to the great verte-

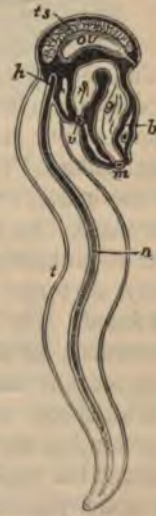


FIG. 4.

brate group itself. These "permanent larval forms," as Appendicularia and its neighbours are termed, thus present us with the least modified members of their class, and with the primitive and unchanged organism whose development in other directions has produced the highest races of living beings. Of these organisms Darwin himself remarks that, "if we may rely on embryology, ever the safest guide in classification, it seems that we have at last gained a clue to the source whence the vertebrates were derived. We should then be justified in believing that at an extremely remote period a group of animals existed, resembling in many respects the larvæ of our present Ascidians, which diverged into two great branches—the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of ascidians, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the vertebrata."



FIG. 5.

Ascending now to the confines of the Vertebrate sub-kingdom of animals, we may trace the development of the curious little fish known as the Lancelet or *Amphioxus*, (Fig. 5, *b*)—a form inter-

esting not merely as being at once the lowest fish and vertebrate, but as evincing in its development a marked likeness to that of the sea-squirt, whose manner of entrance upon the stage of life we have just studied. The lancelet is a little fish attaining a length of one or two inches, and found inhabiting sandy coasts in various parts of the world. Its body is pointed at either extremity, and, save for a narrow fin bordering the upper and part of the lower surface of the body, no traces of the appendages commonly seen in fishes are to be found. The lancelet occupies the position of a very singular and anomalous member of the vertebrate series. Unlike most of its congeners, it has no skeleton or backbone, a mere soft and gelatinous chord, termed the *notochord*, existing in the place of and representing the spine. It has no paired fins or limbs; it wants a heart; it has no skull or brain; and its organs of sense are represented by mere pigment-spots for eyes; whilst the mouth possesses a series of filaments (*c*) probably subserving the sense of touch. This little animal would seem thus to hover, as it were, on the outermost confines of vertebrate existence. Its adult characters resemble the rudimentary traits of other vertebrates; and in respect of its entire structure, and still more so of its development, it may be said to be

a connecting link between invertebrates in general and sea-squirts in particular on the one hand, and the vertebrate sub-kingdom on the other.

Like all other animals above the very lowest, the lancelet's history begins with the production of the germ or egg (Fig. 6, 1), which exhibits in its essential structure the closest similarity to that of the sponge or ascidian.

The first changes to be witnessed in the developing egg of the lancelet consist in the complete division (Fig. 6, 2) of its substance. Segmentation of the egg of the lancelet is on an exact parallel with that of the egg of the sponge or the sea-squirt. We shall presently note that this segmentation is also imitated, completely or in part, in higher forms of life. As in the sponge, the "blastoderm" is duly formed; the infolding of this blastoderm and the formation of the pocket-like "gastrula" (Fig. 6, 4 and Fig. 3, 4), taking place exactly as in the development of the sea-squirt. Furnished with its eyelash-like cilia, this gastrula-lancelet swims freely in the surrounding water. Not a trace of its vertebrate character can be observed at this stage. It might be the forward progeny of a worm, or might be ranked as a developing snail; whilst if it were alleged to be an embryo starfish, or a baby sea-squirt, the zoologist would probably own his inability to say which assertion was correct, or most in accordance with the appearance of this curious organism.

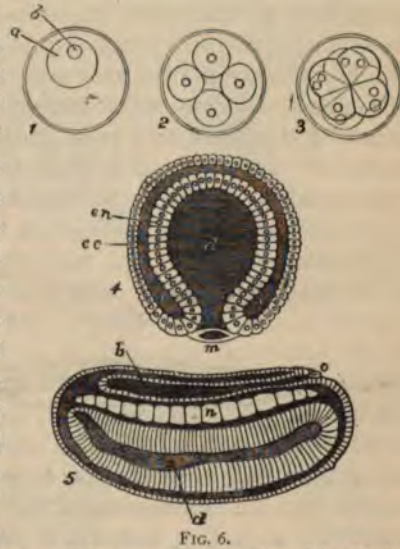


FIG. 6.

The succeeding course of events to the gastrula-stage brings an elongation of the body, and from the inside or pocket-like cavity of the gastrula (4 *d*) the digestive tube of the future lancelet (5 *d*) is seen to be gradually formed. Then, also, appear the first marks and traces of its vertebrate relationship, and of its kinship with the aristocracy of the animal kingdom. The flattened aspect of the body now shows a tendency to develop two ridges or projections, which soon meet and unite in the middle line to form a tube (Fig. 6, 5 *b*), enclosing the nervous axis. This nervous tube remains open for a time in the

lancelet as depicted at *o*, Fig. 6. The body of the young lancelet now assumes somewhat of the appearance of a flattened cylinder. It resembles closely the young sea-squirt, and, like the latter, possesses in its back-region a rod-like body, the *notochord* (*5 n*). In the lancelet, however, the notochord extends completely from head to tail. The identity of the two developing bodies may be best demonstrated by a comparison of their longitudinal sections in Figs. 3 and 6 (*5, 5*), where the arrangement of parts and organs is seen to be essentially similar. The next change results to the fore-part of the body, where the throat is seen to become cleft or perforated by the gill-slits—a sea-squirt feature again being apparent in this latter phase of development. It is equally curious to note that similar clefts—to be more specially alluded to hereafter—appear in the development of all other vertebrates, including man; these clefts in fishes bearing gills, but in reptiles, birds, and mammals becoming obliterated. Ultimately the free-swimming lancelet assumes habits of more staid character. The notochord, which in most other and higher vertebrates is replaced by the spine, remains in the lancelet as the permanent representative of the backbone, just as in appendicularia (Fig. 4), among the sea-squirts, the “urochord” persists throughout life. And with the appearance of the systems and organs characteristic of its adult existence, the preparatory stages of lancelet-life may be regarded as having been completed. Thus it is certain that the development of the lancelet, whilst clearly that of a vertebrate animal, is also seen to produce a low type of vertebrate organization, and to present unmistakable affinities and likenesses to the development of the sea-squirts and of other invertebrate animals.

Still higher in the vertebrate scale do our researches in development lead us, when we approach the study of the chick and its early life-history. And what is true of the chick's development is, with greater or less modification of details, true of the production of every other vertebrate animal, man included. In the developing egg of the hen, the yolk undergoes segmentation (Fig. 7, A, B, C, D), as in the sponge, ascidian, and lancelet; but the process is partial in the bird, whilst it affects the entire egg-mass in the development of lower life. The blastoderm is duly formed as the result of segmentation, and from this substance—seen in the *cicatrice*, or scar of the egg—arises the future fowl; the great mass of the yolk and white serving as nutrient material for the developing bird. Soon, the cells of which the blastoderm is composed are seen to form themselves in three layers (Fig. 8, E, M, H): an outer layer or *epiblast*; a middle layer or

mesoblast ; and an inner layer or *hypoblast*. It may be well to remark at this stage of our inquiries the part played by each of these three



FIG. 7.

layers in the formation of the young animal. From the epiblast arise the outer skin and the nervous system. The superficial layer of the body, and the great internal nerve-centres governing the frame, its movements and vital processes, thus arise from one and the same layer—a fact appearing to argue in favour of the origin of the nervous system of vertebrates from a layer



FIG. 8.

which in anterior stages of existence (as in the animalcules of to-day) originally formed the outer and sensitive margin of the body. From the mesoblast or middle layer arise the bones, muscles, bloodvessels, the under skin and other parts ; whilst the hypoblast or under layer gives origin to the lining membrane of the digestive system, and to such digestive organs as the liver, pancreas, &c.

About the sixth or eighth hour of incubation, these three layers of the blastoderm in the chick are duly formed. Very rapidly succeed the changes which result in the production of the chick itself. A groove (Fig. 9, A c, and 7, E c), soon appears on the surface of the blastoderm, this furrow being known as the "primitive groove," and constituting the keel of the body, so to speak. The edges of the groove finally grow together (Fig. 9, b), and convert the groove into a canal; a portion of the epiblast being pinched off from the remaining portion, and being included within the canal thus formed, duly gives origin to the brain and spinal cord. As two

projections of the blastoderm grow upwards to form the spinal region, so two folds grow downwards, and thus tend to form the body-walls of the young animal. Contemporaneously with these changes we

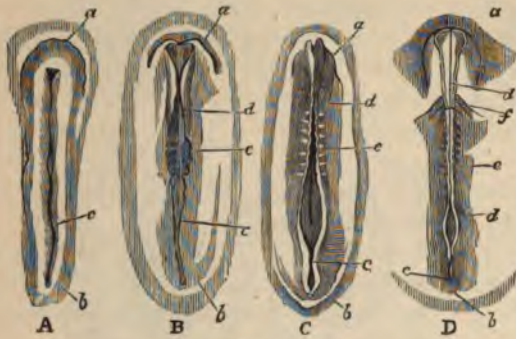
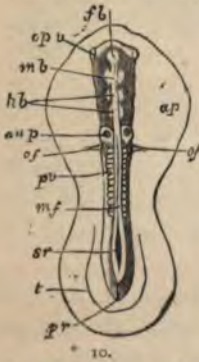


FIG. 9.

find a structure of high importance to be gradually formed in the back-region of the chick. This structure is the "notochord," a rod-like body (Fig. 8, *ch*), composed of a string of cells, which lies just beneath the first-formed tube (c), or

that containing the nervous rudiments. The formation of this notochord cannot but forcibly call to mind the similar string of cells which appears in the course of development of the sea-squirt's larva; such a similarity being of too marked a character to admit of its being regarded in the light of a mere coincidence. On each side of the notochord the elements of the spine, in the shape of little cubical vertebræ (Figs. 9, *ce*; 7, *F, f*; and 10, *p v*), are duly formed from the middle layer or mesoblast. The notochord itself—a permanent structure in such fishes as the lancelet, sharks, dogfishes, &c.—gradually disappears in the chick, its retrogression being apparent after the sixth day, whilst it is found to have entirely disappeared at the time of hatching; whatever of its substance remains being absorbed in the formation of the spine. The folding of the blastoderm in front and behind soon specialise the head and tail (Fig. 10, *t*) of the young animal; the head-extremity presently showing three swellings (*fb, mb, hb*), or dilatations,

from which the brain is duly formed—and bending downwards in a highly characteristic fashion. Brain-development is accompanied by the formation of organs of sense, such as the nose, eyes (*op v*), and ears (*au p*), which arise as pocket-like ingrowths from the epiblast or outer layer of the body; whilst the mouth is similarly formed by an infolding of the outer layer, and is later on placed in communication with the digestive system.



During the third day of incubation, certain highly important structures appear in the neck of the chick. Four clefts or slits (Fig. 11, A g) are formed in the walls of the throat, these being named the *visceral* or *branchial clefts*. The

upper edges of the clefts form thick folds, named the *branchial folds*, five folds existing to the four clefts, as the last cleft has its lower border thickened in addition to its upper edge. The significance of these clefts and folds will be hereafter alluded to; it may at present, however, be noted, that all the clefts



FIG. 11.

in the chick save the first are closed by the seventh day of incubation. The visceral "folds" contribute in an important fashion to the formation of the jaws and other structures belonging to the skull, the two hindermost folds disappearing in the chick, without leaving any traces of their existence. The limbs (Fig 11, *w l*) begin to be developed about the fourth day, and first appear as little buds projecting from a ridge—the "Wolffian ridge"—running round the young being from neck to tail at about its middle portion; but it is only about the fifth day that the distinctive characters of the limbs can be discerned. By the tenth day, however, the wings and feet, in all their characteristic structure, may be distinguished. The skull dates its history from the fifth day; and only during the succeeding day may the bird-type of the chick be perceived in the characters of wings, feet, digestive system, and other structures—so remarkably alike are the developing young of higher vertebrates in their earlier stages of development. Meanwhile—as early, indeed, as the third day of life—the lungs have been formed as little pocket-like growths from the throat; and even before hatching, the chick begins to use its breathing organs. With fully-formed parts, and perfectly equipped for the new existence which lies before it, the chick duly breaks the shell with its armed beak, and, throwing off the shrivelled remnants of organs once useful in its earlier stages, enters upon the characteristic life of its species.

If the development of a quadruped be traced, or the stages of man's physical progress in early life be reported upon, much the same course of development as that described in the case of the chick would be chronicled. We should see segmentation of the quadruped-germ (Fig. 7, A B C D), as in the lancelet; we should note the formation of a blastoderm and its three layers, of a primitive groove, of a noto-

chord (Fig. 8, *ch*), of three brain-vesicles (Fig. 10, *fb*, *mb*, *hb*), of visceral or branchial clefts, and of other structures similar to those of the chick. Only in the latest stages should we be able to trace the appearance of the higher features of the quadruped or mammal as distinguished from those of the bird. Human development, so far as has been traced, runs parallel with that of lower forms of life, and exhibits the "morula" stage (Fig. 7, *D*) equally with the sponge (Fig. 1, 3), sea-squirt (Fig. 3, 3), or lancelet (Fig. 6, 3). Man's development is in truth but an epitome—condensed and modified, it may be, but still a recapitulation—of that of lower forms of life. Thus it is no mere supposition, but a weighty physiological fact, that through flitting and successive stages, which exactly repeat and represent permanent forms in lower life, man finally attains to be the "paragon of animals." And thus also, the community of type and general structure which man shares with the lowest fish is demonstrated anew by the marvellous history of the manner in which that type is evolved, alike in its lower and higher phases.

The marshalling of facts to form generalisations, and the stringing of these facts upon the thread of a connected history, is a duty which lies next to hand in treating of development and the lessons it is calculated to teach. Let us, in the first place, try to discover the place and import of Harvey's teachings concerning development, as compared with those of succeeding investigators and theories. There can be no question that the researches of the nineteenth century have but confirmed and enlarged the observations of Harvey in the seventeenth. "Epigenesis" is seen to be the method of nature in developing the animal form with that "admirable and incomprehensible artifice" which Harvey so justly admired. From the primitive and undifferentiated protoplasm of the egg, modern embryology beholds the formation of the chick in a fashion strictly corresponding in all essential details to that outlined by the genius of Harvey. Compared with the views of Malpighi—holding that the egg contained a miniature chick, and that development was merely an unfolding or expansion of already-formed parts—Harvey's description and theory of development stand forth in marked contrast in respect of their thorough correspondence with the fruits of modern research. Bonnet's theory of the "evolution," through the supply of nutrition, of an already-formed chick contained in the egg meets a like fate to the opinion of Malpighi; whilst his doctrine of "emboîtement"—crediting each germ with being the repository of all future germs—when taken literally, shares a like fate with his ideas regarding the evolution of the single animal form. As supplementing the ideas of Harvey

by direct observation, we note the philosophic nature of the views of Wolff, through whose researches the foundations of modern embryology may be regarded as having been laid. The line of research leading from Wolff and Pander to the present day may be held to represent merely the direct continuation of the "Exercitations" of Harvey, whose "philosophising" has thus led to results of which its sage founder, with all his perspicuity, could have had no warning or idea.

The details of the studies in development outlined in this paper must now be briefly summed up ; whilst a glance at their bearings upon and teachings regarding evolution may form a fitting conclusion to the present recital. Firstly, then, it is noteworthy that the germ or ovum of all animals—excepting the very lowest, or *Protozoa*—appears as a protoplasmic mass, which exhibits all the characters of the microscopic body known as a "cell" (Figs. 1, 3, 6). In the lowest animals just named, the difficulty of distinguishing their germs, and indeed their entire developmental history, arises in great part from their ill-defined nature, and from the marvellous analogies and likenesses they present to their lower plant-neighbours. In the "biological no-man's-land" where the lowest animals and lowest plants meet in a confusing identity of form and function, distinctness of germ-elements may neither be expected nor found. But it is at the same time noteworthy that even in this lowest group of the animal series the observed phenomena of development occasionally present a singular resemblance to the primary process about to be alluded to, and already named segmentation ; such resemblance being inexplicable save on the supposition that in these lowest forms the development of the higher is foreshadowed in dim outline.

Take as an example the development of *Magosphæra* (Fig. 12, 1), a low form of marine animalcule found living on the Norwegian coast by Haeckel.



FIG. 12.

It resembles the familiar animalcule known as the *Amœba* ; but during the development of new beings the *Magosphæra* assumes a spherical form (2), within which a nucleus (*a*) and nucleolus (*b*) give it the appearance of a veritable egg (compare Fig. 1, 1). Next in order succeeds a

process remarkably like that known as "segmentation" in the eggs of higher animals. In the course of this process the *Magosphæra* divides (3, 4, 5), until a stage resembling the "mulberry-stage," or *morula* (6), is attained. Thereafter the outer surface becomes ciliated, and, liberated from its investment, the *Magosphæra* swims freely (7) in the sea. Soon this free-swimming sphere breaks up into detached fragments of protoplasm, at first ciliated (8), but finally assuming (9) the adult *Magosphæra* form (1). In the well-defined groups of the animal world, ranging from the zoophytes, corals, and their neighbours (*Cœlenterate* animals), up to vertebrates, including man himself, we are presented with a marvellous likeness and an undoubted correspondence in the form and nature of the germ, and of the processes in virtue of which that germ is started on its developmental journey.

Next in order, we note the occurrence in the developing eggs of all animals of that process to which the name *segmentation* has been given. We have seen that the germ or egg of the sponge, equally with that of the sea-squirt, lancelet, chick, and also with that of Mammalia, or quadrupeds, exhibits this process of division. The egg, at first single-celled, becomes in this way many-celled; and the variations observable in the process itself are but insignificant when contrasted with the extraordinary uniformity in the broad outlines thus exhibited by the eggs of all animals in their first stages, and in the changes preparatory to the outlining of the future form. But the similarity between the development of widely different animals ends not thus. If the process of segmentation is universal, the *morula* or "mulberry-stage," in which that process culminates, is seen to be no less uniform and unvarying in its occurrence. Even among the Protozoa, as we have already remarked (Fig. 12), we may perceive stages (Fig. 12, 6) in development which imitate the "mulberry-mass" of higher forms. We have already traced the occurrence of this stage in the sponge and in the other life-histories described in this paper: whilst a wider survey of the animal world would serve to show that in the early history of every group the "mulberry-stage" is to be witnessed, as the first prominent landmark or halting-place on the journey of life. The egg of such an animal as a "Tardigrade" or Bear-animalcule—minute organisms allied to the mites, and found in the gutters of house-tops—thus exhibits in its development stages of a nature essentially similar to those seen in the history of both lower and higher forms of animal life. The egg itself (Fig. 13, 1) exhibits a structure comparable with that of all other germs. In its development the germ not only passes through the stages of segmentation

(2, 3) already familiar to us in the sponges, sea-squirts, and vertebrates, but also arrives in due course at the mulberry-epoch (4), or *morula*, whence the special features of the Tardi-grades are specialised. How perfectly these details in the animal-



FIG. 13.

the stages in the development of the vertebrates or highest animals, is a fact which may be best appreciated by the comparison of the segmentation of the egg of a vertebrate animal depicted in Fig. 14,



FIG. 14.

from its commencing development (1) to the attainment of the mulberry-stage (5); whilst that of the frog (Fig. 15) exhibits essentially the same phases as the developing-germ of bird or mammal. With Professor Allen Thomson, we may therefore hold that "the occurrence of segmentation and the regularity of its phenomena are so constant, that we may regard it as one of the best established series of facts in organic nature."

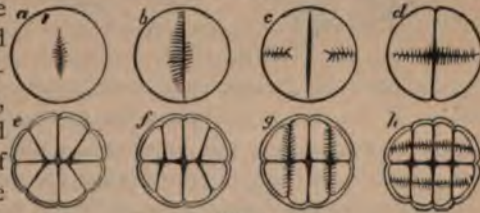


FIG. 15.

But the further stages in development of different animals run parallel beyond the "mulberry-stage" of progress. The morula, as we have seen, becomes a "planula"—a form we saw distinctly in the sponge (Fig. 1, 4), and which is repeated with but little variation in the development even of the highest animals. Thus the "planula" appears to be well-nigh as universal in its occurrence as the "morula." But we saw that the planula in due course became the bag-shaped structure named *gastrula* (Figs. 1, 5; 3, 4; and 6, 4). The wall of the planula is pushed in upon itself on one side, a central cavity being thus formed, bounded by a double wall, and communicating with the outer world by the mouth. Such is the gastrula; and in its composition we are able to discern the two primitive layers, named, as we have seen, ectoderm (*ec*) and endoderm (*en*), or *epiblast* and *hypoblast*.

A third layer, the *mesoblast*, makes its appearance between these two primary membranes, and from these three layers, as we have already seen, all the structures of the future animal are in due course developed. It seems perfectly certain, then, that if the mulberry-stage constitutes a first landmark in the development of the animal kingdom at large, no less does the gastrula-stage form a second resting-place in the track of life : since, as Haeckel and other embryologists have shown us (Fig. 16), the gastrula-stage of development (with its primitive

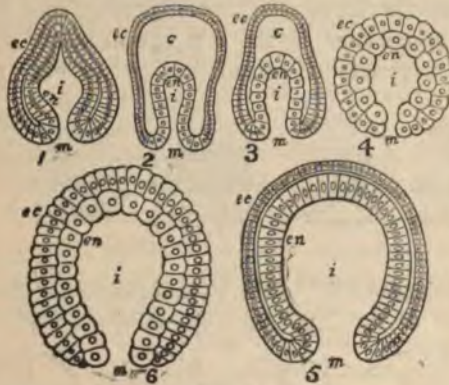


FIG. 16.

mouth (*m*), body-cavity or stomach (*i*), and double layers (*ec* and *en*), occurs equally in the zoophyte (5) and worm (1); is as typical of the starfish (2) as of the crustacean (3); and aids as materially in the formation of the snail (4) as in the development of the vertebrate (6). After its gastrula-stage each animal-form may be said to assume the special features of the group to which it belongs. At this point the vertebrate will pass towards its own sub-kingdom, and develop in due time the special features of the fish, the frog, the reptile, the bird, or the quadruped. Hence, as from a common point where numerous ways and paths diverge, each organism will elaborate or develop its gastrula-germ into a frame more or less complicated, and into belongings and structures suiting its rank in the great kingdom of animal life. And from such a standpoint we may discern, more clearly perhaps than at any other stage of our researches, the justice of the comparison which symbolises the animal world and its origin by the figure of a tree, whose divergent branches bear at their extremities the apparently distinct and specialised groups of animals, but whose stem and trunk, from which these branches spring, no less powerfully represents the common origin and uniform development of its varied parts.

That the evolutionist's case for the common origin and production by descent of the forms of animal life is strengthened and supported by the facts of development, is a statement which can admit of no question in the eyes of those who fairly face the facts, and logically and without bias or prepossession construe their meaning. On any other supposition than that of the common origin and subse-

quent specialisation of the varied forms of animal life, the fact that a sponge, a sea-squirt, and a lancelet pass through essentially similar stages of development, presents itself simply as an inexplicable mystery. Community of development betokens community of origin; otherwise the facts of Nature must present themselves as absurdities admitting of no logical construction whatever. Why a vertebrate animal in its earlier history should resemble a sponge or sea-squirt is a query simply unanswerable, save on the hypothesis that vertebrate ancestry was at one period transmitted through forms of which the sponges and sea-squirts are the existent and it may be the altered representatives. The development of an animal thus reasonably stands before us, in the newer interpretation of evolution, as a veritable panorama of its descent. Often, according to Darwin's already quoted remark, the series of pictures may here and there be obscured. The continuity of the shifting views may be interrupted by the extinction of stages through the influence of external conditions or of unknown causes. But in most cases the outlines remain clearly and fairly drawn, and afford us a glimpse into the order of nature, not only more astonishing, but also more convincing in its teachings, than the views obtained of the world of life from any other standpoint.

There yet remain for consideration one or two important points suggested by the details of animal development—these latter points bearing as intimately, perhaps, on the argument for evolution as the grand facts of development themselves. First in order, it behoves us to note the interesting facts concerning the branchial arches and gill-clefts of vertebrate animals, already noticed, and the conclusions to which the observation of these facts eventually leads.

The branchial or gill clefts were remarked as being developed in the neck or throat of the chick (Fig. 11, *g*) about the third day of incubation. The part subsequently played by certain of these structures in the formation of the jaws was duly noted; the remaining clefts and folds disappearing in due course, and leaving no trace of their existence behind. Shortly stated, the history of these gill-openings shows us that they are of universal occurrence in the development of the vertebrate group of animals. They appear in the fish (Fig. 17, *g*)



FIG. 17.

and in the bird (Fig. 11, *g*). They are developed as persistently in man's early history as in the development of the frog or reptile. And no more convincing proof of the community of development in this respect could be adduced than the comparison of the early embryos of different vertebrate animals. In Figs. 11, 17, and 18 such compar-

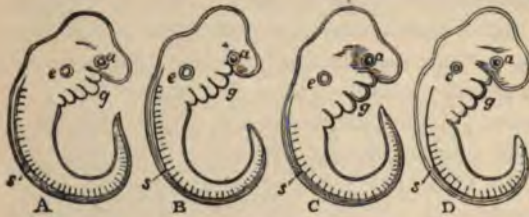


FIG. 18.

isons have been made. The gill-arches are there seen to be as clearly the natural heritage of man (Fig. 18, *D*) as of the rabbit (*C*), calf (*B*), and pig (*A*); whilst they are as typically represented in the chick (Fig. 11, *g*) and fish (Fig. 17, *g*). In the fish and in some newt-like animals the visceral clefts and arches become permanent features of their adult life, and are associated with the "gills" or breathing organs. But reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds are lung-breathers, and possess gills at no period of their life. Why, then, it may be asked, should they invariably develop in their early life gill-arches and gill-clefts which bear no relation to the wants of their adult existence? The gill-arches of reptiles, birds, and mammals never develop gills; and even the gills and gill-clefts of tadpoles (depicted in Fig. 19, *g*)



FIG. 19.

disappear when these animals become adult toads, frogs, and newts. Why, then, this seeming irrationality and useless expenditure of creative power in nature?

The true and only answer to such a pertinent query is, that the gills and gill-arches of higher vertebrates bear reference to a former condition of matters. They relate to anterior stages of vertebrate existence, when the ancestors of lung-breathing animals were represented by gill-bearing and aquatic forms. Gill-arches and gill-slits thus appear as a true legacy and inheritance from an aquatic ancestry. In the higher vertebrata the first gill-opening becomes converted into structures and parts connected with the ear. The remaining clefts disappear, whilst the gill-arches themselves contribute to form the tongue-bone (hyoid bone) and the small bones or vesicles of the internal ear. Only on the theory of descent with modification can we rationally explain the presence of now useless structures such as the gill-arches and gill-clefts of lung-breathing vertebrates. On this principle, "we may cease marvelling," says Darwin, "at the embryo of an air-breathing mammal or bird having branchial slits and arteries running in loops, like those of a fish which has to breathe the air dissolved in water by the aid of well-developed branchiæ." The method of disappearance of the gills and their arches is as reasonably detailed when Darwin states that, "in order to understand the existence of rudimentary organs, we have only to suppose that a former progenitor possessed the parts in question in a perfect state, and that under changed habits of life they became greatly reduced, either from simple disuse, or through the natural selection of those individuals which were least encumbered with a superfluous part, aided by the other means previously indicated."

Another fact of interest, derived from our studies in development, relates to the position of sea-squirt larva and of the lancelet as together constituting "links" which bridge the gulf between the invertebrates and their higher backboned neighbours the vertebrate animals. Only when we think of the apparently great gulf fixed between the fishes as the lowest vertebrates and all invertebrate forms, can we realise the gain to evolution of the knowledge which shows how the development of the sea-squirt and that of the lowest vertebrate run in parallel lines. Such a correspondence in development, and the discovery of the possession by sea-squirts of the "notochord," long thought to be the exclusive possession of the vertebrates, constitute together a veritable tower of strength for the evolutionist, whence he may survey a formidable gap supplied, and a "missing link" satisfactorily brought to light.

At the close of our embryological ramble we note that the facts of development may be regarded as being thoroughly in favour of the theory of Evolution. Professor Allen Thomson, in his presidential

address to the British Association (1877), stated the latter fact forcibly when he said, "I consider it impossible, therefore, for anyone to be a faithful student of embryology, in the present state of science, without at the same time becoming an evolutionist." These are weighty words, but they are fully justified by the circumstances of the case to which they apply. And no less apt are the terms in which the same authority in matters embryological further alludes to the support received by evolution from daily life-histories of living beings: "If," says Professor Thomson, "we admit the progressive nature of the changes of development, their similarity in different groups, and their common characters in all animals—nay, even, in some respects, in both plants and animals—we can scarcely refuse to recognise the possibility of continuous derivation in the history of their origin."

ANDREW WILSON.

COLONIAL LEGISLATION.

IT is the fashion to speak of the Australian Colonies as democratic, but after living a while in them one begins to question whether the democracy of the Colonials is not, after all, somewhat superficial. By the very force of circumstances the voice of the people is loudest, because there is little else but people. There is no old aristocracy, and the throne is a shadow. The land mainly belongs to the people as represented by their governments ; and manhood suffrage obtains.

But the Colonial is intensely loyal to home and home institutions. Especially is he deeply attached to Parliamentary institutions, and copies the home article with strict fidelity in all essential points. The respective constitutions may differ in certain particulars, but in all the colonies representative government is a passion. At first it seems whimsical to a man accustomed to St. Stephen's, and the hundreds of members who pour in at the sound of the division bell, to look upon the handful of Australians who are imitating the English Parliament, in a chamber not larger than the House of Commons' tea-room ; and the sense of oddity does not wear off when he hears discussions upon subjects similar to those dealt with by small English corporations. When, however, he has learnt to regard Colonial legislation from a Colonial and not from a British standpoint, he will perceive that it performs the work which comes natural to its hand, and, on the whole, performs it well. Now and then discreditable scenes occur in some of the Colonial Houses of Parliament, and curious jobs are perpetrated ; but, taking into consideration the materials of which these legislatures are made, and with which they have to deal, their action is on the whole fair and sensible.

It is however a sketch, and not a dissertation, that I have now set before myself, and its subject will be the Parliament of Queensland. It is the Colonial Legislature with which I am best acquainted, and—Queensland being the youngest of the Australian Colonies—it offers as good a sample as may be found of the way in which the machinery of an infant State works.

The ceremony of opening Parliament can scarcely be described as imposing, but we should be ashamed of our disloyalty if we had

no ceremony, and so we call out the Volunteers as a guard of honour, bid our ladies don their best attire, display all the uniforms we are entitled to wear, and receive Her Majesty's Representative, His Excellency the Governor, with a royal salute. As a show, however, the opening of Parliament attracts no enthusiastic crowds, partly because the Parliamentary buildings are out of the inner circle of the town's traffic; partly because the Governor lives, so to speak, next door, and has to drive a few yards only; partly because we have not idlers sufficient to compose a decent crowd; and partly because a score of mounted troopers and a company of Volunteers are not likely to be considered by the populace a fair equivalent for the loss of a day's work.

The members of the Legislative Council (who write M.L.C. after their names, who are nominees of the Crown, and are entitled to the prefix "honourable") appear in evening dress; and they are doubtless well aware that, if there be one costume above another that will not bear the light of a blazing noonday sun, it is the dismal swallow-tail and white necktie of the 19th century. But they are the peers of the Queensland Parliament, and, having no lordly robes, must approach the Old Country model as closely as possible. These gentlemen are so few in number that they are almost obscured by the ladies who on this occasion are allowed to sit upon the floor of the house. Upon the dais there is a chair of state for the Governor, who wears his uniform and does not remove his cocked hat, and another for the President of the Upper House. Around these dignitaries are grouped the colonel commandant of the Volunteers in scarlet, the major of Volunteer Artillery in dark blue, the aide-de-camp in the uniform of his English regiment, the commander of the little surveying schooner in naval captain's uniform (and without doubt the handsomest of the lot), and the commissioner of Police in somewhat of a Windsor uniform. The Judges, in State robes, have a seat to themselves near the ladies. The upper galleries are full of spectators. All the formalities of an opening day are observed. The Usher of the Black Rod, attired and armed as such, summons the Lower House, and the members of that Assembly tumble in like their brethren at Westminster, only in more orderly fashion, and listen behind the bar while his Excellency reads "The Queen's Speech," which is often in vagueness and grammar closely modelled upon the traditional composition of the Imperial Parliament: so great is the Colonial's loyalty. Amongst the members of the Legislative Assembly (who write M.L.A. after their name) there are no uniforms, but the Speaker, like the President, wears his silk gown and lace scarf,

the Clerk and his assistant wear their robes and white bands, the Serjeant-at-Arms appears in the equipment of his order, and the Attorney-General sports the cumbrous wig to which he is entitled. The M.L.A.s, however, most of them fresh from the country, from tropical parts of the colony, from sheep- and cattle-stations, have not discarded their white linen and China silk clothing, and there will probably not be a black coat amongst them, as they cluster behind the bar, hear the speech read, and troop out, without ceremony or loss of time, to meet two hours later to begin the business of the session.

Queenslanders, and not without some show of warrant, claim that there is no parliamentary building in Australia superior to theirs. It is a solid stone structure, with central dome and cupola at either end; and if it has a fault at all, it is that the façade is somewhat heavy-looking; but the interior is ornamented and furnished in excellent taste. The Legislative Assembly Chamber is at one end of the building, that of the Council is at the other, with well-furnished library, commodious writing-rooms, and lavatories intervening. The ground-floor is occupied by committee-rooms and sundry offices. The President of the Upper House, the Speaker, the Chairmen of Committees, and other officers have quarters in the Parliamentary buildings.

The seats in the Lower House are arranged as in the House of Commons, and are similarly upholstered, but they are for the accommodation, not of 652, but of 55 members. It is therefore a House of Commons very much in miniature. The apartment is lighted with gas from the roof and pendant chandeliers under the galleries. Ample accommodation is made for such of the public as care to witness the senatorial proceedings. There is a Speaker's upper gallery running along one side of the House, for which tickets must be obtained; the Strangers' Gallery faces the Speaker, and is open to the public without any other formality than an application to the policeman at the porch entrance; the gallery opposite the Speaker's Gallery, also running the whole length of the House, is set apart for ladies, who here enjoy a freedom which their sisters at home have long vainly endeavoured to possess. This is one of the details in which colonials will *not* imitate the British model. There is no cage, no relegation to the garret region; the ladies can see and be seen, and no member's order is necessary to secure them admission. They are free to come and go when and how they like, and the only ill effect of this serious breach of constitutional usage is that their loquacity increases the reporters' difficulties. Over the Speaker's

chair, and of course in a position particularly bad for hearing, the reporters are lodged. In this respect we *are* faithful to the great original. There are two sets of reporters, divided by an ornamental balustrade; the one set being the reporters for the newspapers, and the other the official *Hansard* staff.

From this coign of vantage the picture below is of the old familiar kind: a long table covered with handsomely-bound books, documents, despatch-boxes and sand-glasses, but lacking the bauble which raised Oliver Cromwell's ire. Some of the colonies, I believe, have set up a mace, and are very proud of it, but Queensland has not done so, and has not any present intention of adding that symbol to its parliamentary furniture. Nor does the Speaker or any official of the House wear a wig. The Serjeant-at-Arms, however, has a serviceable dress-sword, and appears on State occasions in the prescriptive tights and silver-buckled shoes.

The entrance of the Speaker is ceremoniously announced by the Serjeant's "Gentlemen, Mr. Speaker;" and there being no chaplain where there is no State church, the Speaker walks to the Clerk's seat at the head of the table and reads a short prayer for the "High Court of Parliament in Queensland assembled," the members standing, and the public, if any, being permitted to remain and have the full benefit of the supplication, and not being shut out, as they are at home, as if they were beyond all power of redemption. Should there happen to be the necessary quorum of sixteen, the Speaker retires to his own seat on the orthodox daïs, but he counts the attendance while at the table. The sheep and the goats occupy the traditional positions: ministerialists to the right, oppositionists to the left, with members of Adullamite tendencies making themselves comfortable on the cross-benches.

If we analyse the composition of the House, we shall see that parliamentary institutions are not worked in a colony like Queensland without considerable difficulty. There are no leisure classes. There is no hereditary aristocracy, and, using the word as it is used in England, no aristocracy at all. Some of the electorates are more than a thousand miles distant from the seat of government; and in what are called the outside districts, occupied only by pastoralists, scattered at very wide intervals over hundreds of miles of country, it is not easy to find a man who can spare the time or afford the expense of coming down to the Brisbane Parliament to represent a constituency. It therefore often happens that members represent electors whom they have never seen, and are elected without the necessity of canvassing, or even visiting the place for which they sit,

Political capital in a small way is occasionally made out of the fact, but, on the whole, the electorates so represented do not suffer, while the members themselves, it is hardly necessary to point out, are saved an infinitude of trouble. There are gold-field constituencies, and so long as the miners are represented by a member who understands their wants and interests, they are content. There are squatting constituencies, and so long as the squatters are represented by one of themselves, they also do not complain.

Necessarily a large number of the members reside in Brisbane, but others have to come immense distances to the capital; riding as best they may from stations in the interior, and travelling down the coast by steamer. These, of course, are unable to visit their homes while the session lasts, and take up their abode in Brisbane "for the season." A member recently travelled 1,120 miles to record his vote. Another, who represents a country electorate, drives or rides a hundred miles every week. Others have to go backwards and forwards by the railway. The question of expense under these conditions keeps a number of good men out of the House. When a man has to pay £30 in steamboat fares alone to get to Parliament, and has to reside three or four months in the metropolis away from his run or place of business in order to enjoy the honour of being a member, he considers twice, and even the Gladstonian thrice, before he plunges into politics. Then comes in the opportunity of the solicitor or barrister or merchant of Brisbane, and this is why the last Liberal Government was frequently taunted with being a Brisbane Ministry.

Attempts have been made occasionally to introduce a Bill for the payment of members, but they have always failed. The example of Victoria, whose members are paid, is not regarded as at all encouraging; and although the efforts have been made, the question has really never been seriously entertained. What has been discussed, with more probability of eventual success, is a mileage allowance to members to cover their travelling expenses; but the House has never yet been in a mood to consent even to this plan, although it is acknowledged that it would be free from the objections which might be entertained to the payment of members and the consequent establishment of a system of delegation. Of course, members travel free on the railways; but as the railways as yet do not extend very far inland, the gain is not great.

Into this consideration also enters the length of the session. The Queensland Parliament sits for a shorter period than any other in Australia, but the tendency is gradually towards longer sessions. The hours of sitting are also shorter, but the tendency here again is

to prolongation. The ordinary rule is for the House to assemble either in the middle of April or beginning of May, and sit on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, the aim always being to close the session as soon after the first week in September as possible. No consideration of grouse or partridge, however, hastens the close of our parliamentary labours; yet there is some such consideration, for after September the heat increases apace, and, what is of more importance than weather, sheep-shearing begins up country, and the squatters are always anxious to get back to their runs to see that this all-important operation of the year is faithfully carried out. When sufficient progress is not made with business the House sits for four days in the week, and occasionally, when there is a good deal to be done, or obstruction is carried to a maximum length, the session lasts into November and December. An effort is being made, for example, this year (1879) to close the session early. There is a new Ministry in power. The Liberals, as we will call them for convenience, after five years of office, were defeated at the general election; and the Conservatives, as we will also call them, have come into power. The squatters have therefore a majority, and, in addition to the calls of the wool harvest, they are animated by a wish to close the session so as to attend the International Exhibition at Sydney. In order to accomplish this, the House, at an unusually early period of the session, meets on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; and if "stone-walling" tactics are adopted by the oppositionists, as has been threatened, Friday sittings will also be added.

The House meets at half-past three, and it is a late sitting indeed if the gas is not turned off by eleven o'clock. Once now and then, on very rare occasions, the proceedings run into the small hours of the morning, but this only happens three or four times during the session. At six o'clock there is an adjournment for an hour, and the members descend to the refreshment-room to partake of a very substantial tea-dinner, with a gossip afterwards in the smoking-room.

Having thus roughly outlined the nature of the session, let us look down on the floor of the Chamber and pass the members in review; the reader will by that means be able to form an estimate of the materials out of which a Colonial Parliament is made. The Premier, Mr. McIlwraith, is a hard-headed Scotchman, reputed to be one of the best financiers in the colony. He was originally a civil engineer in Victoria, but is now largely engaged in squatting pursuits in Queensland. It is said that he either leases, or is interested in the renting of, something like 20,000 square miles of country away in the far west, where, until recently, settlement had never been

attempted. His position in the Ministry is that of Colonial Treasurer ; which is somewhat of an innovation, the understanding generally being that the head of the Government shall occupy the office of Colonial Secretary. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. A. H. Palmer, is also a squatter ; a sturdy John-Bull kind of man, who is a great favourite by reason of his bluff straightforwardness of manner and staunchness to the colony and all its concerns. The Minister for Works, Mr. Macrosson, who is also Minister for Mines, is a clever debater, and an extremely well informed man, who is not ashamed to state that he was once upon a time a working digger, and is still connected with mining pursuits. The Minister of Lands, Mr. Perkins, is a brewer. The Attorney-General, Mr. Pring, is, of course, a barrister and a Queen's Counsel, and ought to be in the House, but was defeated on going back for re-election. The Opposition are not able, therefore, to charge the Government with much show of reason—as they generally can when the other party is in power—of being a " Pure Merino " squatting Ministry. The accusation is notwithstanding made, for at a town's meeting this taunt is always sure to bring down the House. On the bench behind the Ministers one may reckon a proportion of squatters. There are amongst them one or two English University men ; some barristers ; stock- and station-agents ; one or two whose education has been gained in the rough practical school of colonial life ; but all, roughly speaking, bound together by the same pastoral interests.

The former Ministry—the Ministry of " the People "—was, as might be expected, of a different composition. The Premier and Colonial Secretary, the Hon. J. Douglas, was an independent gentleman ; the Colonial Treasurer, Mr. G. R. Dickson, was an auctioneer and estate-agent ; the Minister of Lands, Mr. McLean, was a farmer, and the Grand Master of the Good Templars ; the Minister for Works, Mr. Miles, was a squatter of a fiercely Liberal turn of mind ; the Attorney-General, the Hon. S. W. Griffith, a young man, was the son of a Congregationalist minister, who at eight-and-twenty had risen to the distinction of being a Cabinet Minister, the head of the Bar, an influential politician, and who at the age of thirty-four was offered a Supreme Court Judgeship. He may be taken as a brilliant example of what an industrious, steady, and talented young colonial may achieve. He distinguished himself at the Sydney University, where he won a travelling scholarship, which enabled him to visit the Old Country, and to see something of the countries of Europe. The majority of the members on the Liberal side are Brisbane residents, representing what, again for convenience, we may call the masses.

Some of them in England would be termed retail tradesmen ; in the colonies they are called storekeepers. And there are three journalists, one publican, a solicitor, a barrister, and some agriculturists.

After an experience of the House of Commons as seen from the reporters' gallery, I was naturally curious to observe in what fashion a Colonial Parliament would conduct its operations, and to study the manner of the members as well as their oratorical capabilities. From the first I have been considerably surprised at the ability and decorum characterising the debates. I had read—as who has not?—of disgraceful scenes in Colonial Parliaments ; of members using bad language, challenging each other to fight, and defying all law and order ; but I soon found that this description did not apply to Queensland. I could count on my ten fingers the number of times during three years when the Speaker has found it necessary to call a member to order. It will not, I trust, be accounted sacrilege to say that, in this respect, the Queensland House bears at least favourable comparison even with the venerable and peerless House of Commons as at present constituted. It must, too, be borne in mind that occurrences which in the House of Commons would be smothered amongst a crowd of members, come out in glaring prominence in a small chamber where scarcely a whisper can be indulged in without becoming the general property of the House.

The speaking capacity of the members, making necessary allowances for the larger proportion of self-educated men, would bear favourable comparison with that at home ; indeed, I am not so certain that it would not in some respects gain by comparison. I have never in Queensland heard a member ignominiously break down in making a speech. The colonial legislators may not be able to express themselves in the choice language and studied rhetoric one is accustomed to in the House of Commons, and there is, of course, quite an absence of House-of-Commons style ; to which remark it may be permitted to append a doubt whether that style is necessarily the *ne plus ultra* to be aimed at. A member here, for example, says "hear, hear," not "yaw, yaw ;" and he does not see the necessity, when he rises to address his fellows, of adopting a lugubrious tone and unnatural sing-song which he would not dream of affecting in common life. In the very nature of things, oratorical displays with us are rarely indulged in. Any man with an ordinary sense of the ridiculous would hesitate before "orating" in a small chamber, with an audience

and an ability on the part of nine members out of ten to say what they have to say in a fluent, forcible, logical fashion.

In the course of discussion all the usages of the House of Commons are brought into play. We get our motions for adjournment to air grievances and force the Ministerial hand; we get questions of order and Speaker's rulings; we have our Standing Orders, and they are rigidly adhered to. Sir Erskine May is frequently quoted in cases of difficulty, but that eminent authority is not sufficient; Todd the Canadian, and Cushing the American, are held in equal respect by sticklers for parliamentary precedents. While estimates are passing through committee, the usual worrying of Ministers is indulged in; progress is reported in the old familiar style; and divisions are taken, not by members trooping into their respective lobbies and filing in silently, but by simply crossing from one side of the House to the other.

The work done, as I have hinted on a previous page, is very often mere vestry work. The government of a colony is essentially paternal. It is a necessity which is grumbled at and deplored; but for a time at least it must remain a necessity. Sometimes an entire evening is spent in discussing the desirableness or otherwise of increasing a civil servant's salary by £10 a year; and exciting debates are got up over a bridge or a road, or a small matter which a parochial vestry would dispose of in five minutes. Imperial questions there are none. The work is a work of details, often petty, but absolutely incidental to the condition of a young colony. One of the evils of this necessity is what is known in colonial parlance as "log-rolling." Parliament is fully aware of the danger of this system, and of its baneful effect upon the people; and as time progresses, it may be reduced to the narrowest limits or entirely abolished. A candidate wooing the suffrages of a constituency will be returned, not upon his political principles, but upon the sort of determination he evinces to back up the claims of the district for public works.

There is a continual scramble for public money to do things which the people could do for themselves. One of the Ministers, for example, travelling up the line the other day, was interviewed by one or two of the inhabitants at a roadside station. With touching earnestness they affirmed that the Government was extremely lax in its duties, and did not deserve the confidence of the country. The Minister was all attention, pulled a long face, and proceeded to inquire into the cause of this serious aspect of affairs. He found that the head and front of the Government's offending was this:—

The handle of a windlass, which served a public well, was broken. The Government had originally dug the well and furnished the windlass, and by the expenditure of a few shillings and a few hours' labour the handle might have been replaced ; but so accustomed are the people to look to Government to do these things, that the well had remained unused for a month or six weeks, the people had croaked and suffered, while a vast amount of correspondence took place with the member for the district, and the Government direct, to secure the repair of a paltry bit of mechanism. There is another instance, more recent, of a man who rode fifty miles into Brisbane to wait upon the Minister for Works with reference to a culvert which required strengthening. It was a day's journey down and a day's journey back, and the man would probably spend a pound in miscellaneous expenses. The culvert was by-and-by examined by a foreman despatched for the purpose, and it was found that a piece of timber ten feet long would have put it into efficient repair, and that if the inhabitants of the district had laid their heads together and tackled the work themselves, they could have done it at a cost of half a day's labour.

It is but candid to state that governments do their best to discourage this constant looking to the Treasury chest. Towards the end of every session, however, "log-rolling" becomes a wholesale business. One member applies for a few hundred pounds, or perhaps a few thousand pounds, to build a bridge, or make a road, or erect a court-house, or do some other public work ; and he promises another member, who also has a claim of the same kind to advance, to vote for him, if the other will return the compliment. In the end the thing becomes a general scramble, and it requires a very firm will on the part of the Government to resist. A Bill now passing through the House, called the Divisional Boards Bill, is intended to do away to a great extent with this system ; and if it becomes law, boards will be formed to relieve the Government of petty details of administration and to force the people to look to themselves for what they want. Members and Ministers will escape the perpetual worrying which "log-rolling" involves, and the public funds will be subject to less drain. But the colonists will not submit to an abolition of the present order of things without a struggle. The

Bill was local taxation for local wants, they rose in arms against it; and if the measure should ever become law, it will be in spite of strong opposition.

There is another evil growing out of this. It is "the Government stroke." That the administration should be perpetually forced to carry its parental relations to an exaggerated length is bad enough, but it is imposed upon in every way by the manner in which its work is done. The decline of conscientiousness, and therefore skill, in the British workman is more apparent here than in England, and for several reasons. The mechanics who come out in our emigrant ships are not—cannot, perhaps, be expected to be—the flower of their class. Where there is a scarcity of labour, employers have to take the best they can get. The consequence is that in the colonies there are more tinkers than true workmen in every grade of artisan-ship. Men accept engagements as carpenters, masons, and smiths, who at home would be day-labourers to attend the skilled workman. Into this system of public works enters also a vast amount of patronage, with its attendant risk of favouritism, jobbery, and waste; and in this respect there is not one colony better than another. They all live in glass houses—are forced to live there, deploring the position, and waiting and working for a gradual release from this and all the other drawbacks unavoidable in young countries eager to create a population. Public works have to be undertaken to keep in employment the immigrants brought out at the expense of the State; and as by far too many emigrants leave the Old Country with the idea that it is a life of leisure, and not of hard work, that they have before them, it is easy to perceive that the Government does not receive full value for its money. The "Government stroke," therefore, is not always honest or capable, despite the strenuous efforts of the administration to make it both. It is a great point gained to be fully alive to the existence of the disease, and to know that there is at least a desire to effect a cure; and while that great constitutional keystone—the Opposition—keeps its place, every Government is bound to act the part of physician.

Out of a population of 200,000 there are, directly and indirectly, 10,000 persons in the employment of the Government—civil servants, police, mechanics, roadmakers, railway navvies, and the like; and it is but human nature that, when their interests are directly at stake, these *employés* band together—a formidable consideration to any administration that would remain popular. The new Government, upon coming into power, found a policy of retrenchment forced upon them, and where they considered the departments over-

manned, they dismissed the superfluous workmen. Need it be added, that the action plunged them at once, and thenceforth, into a sea of trouble? Yet there was no escape from the difficulty. The depression which paralyses Great Britain reacts upon us, and the almost unparalleled spectacle is at present (1879) presented of large numbers of unemployed in all the Australian colonies. Queensland has been compelled to put a temporary stop to State immigration. In Victoria the phenomenon is most remarkable, though the so-called "unemployed" include an enormous number of loafers—fellows who wander about ostensibly seeking for work, but actually praying Heaven they may never find it. A man representing himself to be in great distress went to a friend of my own the other day to ask for work. My friend offered him the ordinary Queensland pay of six shillings a day to put his garden in order. The "unemployed"—a mere rough labourer—said he would be hanged if he would work for anyone under seven shillings a day, and departed with all the airs of an outraged individual. In Melbourne, not a month since, a man sought work, and found it. "Come on at once," the employer said cheerily. "Can't come till to-morrow," the other replied; "I have to attend a meeting of the unemployed this afternoon."

The question of Immigration, to which passing reference has been made, here demands momentary consideration, as one which frequently engages the attention of Parliament. Every year under this head a large vote appears on the Estimates, and the items are keenly criticised. It is a wide question. It deals with the administration of the Agent-General's office in London; with the despatch of immigrants, and their well-being on the voyage; with their employment when they arrive at the Government *dépôt* at the port of debarkation. Here again the Government is often victimised, now by contractors, and now by the immigrants themselves. Continually it is asked whether State immigration pays, and the day will probably arrive when Parliament will reply in the negative. In return for a free passage, and better living on the voyage than most of the emigrants have been used to, the colony expects to receive healthy, honest, and useful folk, who are prepared to settle down and make Queensland their home; but latterly great complaints have been made of the too large proportion of incapables, and of the numbers who accept a free passage to the colony with the express intention of *joining their friends* in New South Wales or Victoria—a species

countries. Many of the immigrants are of course of the right type; but where the slatternly, ignorant girls who impudently demand and obtain their £25 a year as general domestic servants come from is a standing mystery: and as for half of the men, they are a perpetual reminder of Carlyle's dictum as to the proportion of fools in the world. It may, I am aware, be urged on the other side, that emigrants are sometimes induced to come out by promises and inducements that are overcoloured. Abuses will mar the best of systems. Yet the colony has most reason to feel aggrieved at the wonderful manner in which emigrants deceive themselves by supposing that gold is to be picked up in the streets, and that their days of work are over. Perceiving their error, they are disappointed, and abuse the colony, forgetting their own faults, and failing to see their own helplessness. For half the year the climate is trying, for the other half it is delightful; but sufferers from the summer heat somehow invariably forget, in describing their trials, the compensation afforded by the bright temperate winter. A worse place than Queensland for the incapable, shiftless, idle man I could not mention. For the man or woman prepared to rough it, eat the bread of carefulness, and work downright hard at anything that offers, there is a road to competence fifty per cent. shorter than they can find at home.

I have two immediate cases in illustration. Number one is a young man who has been a London shopman. He lands at Rockhampton an immigrant. No shopmen are wanted there, or in any other towns; there are too many of that class already. He has no money, and, applying to the authorities, is sent to handle pick and shovel on the railway line. The work is new, the heat severe, and he is disgusted. He finds his way to Brisbane, and, having no trade or definite calling, can get nothing to do. This is twelve months ago, and he has lived the life of a vagrant ever since—in absolute destitution, save a few months when he was the inmate of a benevolent asylum, whither he went sick from starvation. Number two is a farm labourer, who, hearing that a former leader of the Labourers' Union movement is in this colony, visits him to tell what a glorious day it was for him when he emigrated to Queensland. At home he never had two sixpences to jingle together. Here he is independent—even wealthy, from *his* point of view. He took the first job that came to hand—splitting rails at seven shillings a day; lived under canvas at first; bought a bit of land with the first ten pounds he saved; erected a rude cottage upon it; and now comes to state that he has a few pounds in the Post-Office Savings-Bank, and a suit of

clothes that at home he could only wear in his dreams. There we have two sides of the picture, and the parallel might be reproduced *ad libitum*. However, the present Government have thought it wise, under the existing depression, to stop immigration for a while, though £100,000 has since been voted as a reserve for the time when it may be resumed; and since there are already gleams of revival in trade and commerce, the fund will probably be drawn upon in the course of next year.

The craze amongst young colonists for a "Government billet" is resented by members of Parliament in a very expressive fashion during the passage of the Estimates. The civil servants are drawn in the blackest of colours; their assumption of genteel airs is a mortal offence to practical men who have had to rough it themselves, and who believe the true welfare of the colony demands that the rising generation should be wearing moleskins, and handling axe or mattock, instead of promenading the streets in broadcloth or fancy tweed, and regarding an office stool as the highest aim of life. It is no doubt strange that here, as in older countries, the young men should prefer the routine and small pay of an office under Government to the bolder, freer, and more remunerative occupations at their disposal, and that they should despise the trades and callings by which their fathers thrive, and select a career in which they too often live beyond their means in order to keep up an appearance. There is a strong party in Parliament anxious to deprive the civil servants of their votes, on the ground that as a body they constitute a formidable power in the State, exercising undue influence upon the Legislature; and the Government of the day, confessing that the service is overgrown, have undertaken to lay the axe of retrenchment at the root of the tree. Meanwhile the lynx eyes of reforming members are upon the civil servants, whose public shortcomings and private foibles are alike denounced in Committee of Supply.

Finance is an ever-present subject of debate, and sometimes one would imagine, from the furious attacks made upon the public expenditure, that the coffers of the State were maintained solely for the benefit of robbers and jobbers. As a matter of fact, there is a gratifying show for money spent. The marvel is that the colony has done so much in so brief a space of time, and with so small a population. *Civilisation has marched in Queensland with wonderful strides.*

and stands next to New Zealand in its proportion of indebtedness per head of population; on the other hand, it is equally true that it has an immensity of territory and resources the riches of which cannot be estimated. An opposition is being raised to another loan of three millions contemplated by the McIlwraith Government. The opposition, however, is not to the amount. Both parties agree upon the necessity and safety of a loan, and Parliament would probably cheerfully vote five millions instead of three, if the Treasurer asked for that sum. The opposition is to the manner in which the loan estimates are presented; it is, in fact, a party protest against a scantiness of details afforded by the Ministry respecting certain public works, and a disagreement as to the manner in which interest will be provided. The Government came into power at the commencement of the present year with, if not a falling, certainly a stationary revenue; but the Treasurer, in his budget speech, gave good reasons for his hopes that by one means and another the balance would be restored by the end of the next financial year.

The construction and working of Railways by the State is a matter of deep interest to Parliament, and the hottest fights of the session have, of late years, been upon this subject. The railways are a costly item of expenditure, owing to the scarcity of labour and the necessity of importing the bulk of the material. There are three main lines commenced from different points of the coast, running chiefly in a westerly direction; and a scheme now before Parliament seeks to push them farther into the interior, and supplement them by numerous branch railways. Naturally every considerable district imagines that it deserves a branch line, and the Government may well be perplexed in their endeavours to decide which of the multitude of gaping mouths shall be filled. The towns are jealous of the country, the country objects to the towns enjoying preference. The last Government leaned to the more closely-populated districts; the present Government would extend railways farther into the unpeopled districts, on the plea that they will open up magnificent country and induce close settlement where it is most desirable. The one held that railways should follow the people, the other holds that the people will follow the railways.

Hitherto the State railways have not paid; they are, however, beginning to pay, though reimbursement upon outlay must be the gift of the future. Perhaps the lines would have paid better had they been the outcome of private enterprise; but private enterprise was not forthcoming, and the State had to supply its place. The first railway built in Queensland cost over £16,000 a mile. The colony

bought its experience somewhat dearly at that figure, and need not repeat the experiment. Nor is it likely to do so. More recent railways have cost £6,000 per mile, and the new Government estimate future construction at half that amount. The Premier is intimately acquainted with railway construction, and his assurances on this head are received with confidence. It may seem to a casual observer that a line of railway into a country under pastoral occupation only is superfluous; but its advocates argue that a cheaply built line, serving adequately for the traffic demanded of it, will, in the long run, cost no more than the maintenance of roads.

There are at the present time two railways projected by private enterprise. The one, a short line connecting the Burrum Coal-field with the coast a few miles below Maryborough, is under parliamentary consideration; the other, a much more imposing scheme, is in the embryo state. It is termed the Transcontinental Railway, and aims eventually at completing a line from the New South Wales and Australian systems (in other words, from south to north of Australia) to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The proprietors of the *Queenslander* newspaper last year sent a survey expedition through the Queensland interior to show that the project is feasible, and public interest has at length been aroused. The proposal is that the Government should give alternate blocks of land along the line in return for construction, and certain minor guarantees as to working. The promoters of the smaller scheme also require grants of land from the Government. Capital for the last-named is provided; the Transcontinental scheme has not yet arrived at financing point.

In other directions a Colonial Government is bound to undertake what in the Old World is accomplished by private enterprise. It has to foster native industries. It gave a bonus to cotton-growers, and cotton was successfully cultivated at the time when the Lancashire spinners found their American supply stopped by the war between Federal and Confederate. High hopes were entertained that Queensland cotton would become the favourite staple in the English market; but the Southern States recovered from their paralysis, and the Queenslanders soon discovered that the scarcity of labour placed them out of the field of competition. They could grow cotton, but not to pay. A bonus was given for sericulture; that also was abandoned. Governments are now more chary of bolstering up native industries, and a recent attempt to secure a bonus upon meat-pre-

lasted over eighteen months, directed renewed attention to the storage of water, which should in future become one of the most important of public works, perhaps the most important.

The miners get a goodly share of attention, though not so much as they think they deserve, considering that they represent in a very literal manner the goose that has laid the golden egg. Colonists generally admit this, and the demands of the miner are supported indiscriminately by both sides of the House. There are 3,634 European and 10,856 Chinese gold-miners on the Queensland fields, which yield £1,083,942 worth of gold annually; and there is always the chance that the restless spirits who spend their lives in prospecting for auriferous country may discover a new field that shall eclipse all others. We have, moreover, copper- and tin-mines, and promise of abundance of coal.

A year or two ago the Chinamen and Polynesian Islanders took up a great deal of the time of Parliament, and elicited much senatorial fervour. They became the burning questions of the day. The white workman became alarmed at the growing favour in which the Mongolian and Kanaka were held, and raised a loud alarm. The Chinese, in their quiet patient way, were overrunning the gold-fields, and creeping into miscellaneous industries; the Kanakas were being employed on the sheep- and cattle-stations, and preferred to the higher-paid white man. Then the cry went forth, "Queensland for the white man," and the cry was irresistible. It was in vain the employers of Chinamen and Kanakas protested, and claimed the right to be served by docile, industrious people, in preference to uncivil whites, who demanded high wages and were never to be depended upon. Laws were passed to check the influx of Chinese, and to restrict the employment of the Kanakas to the semi-tropical agriculture of the coast. The fire then sunk low, but it still smoulders in the embers, and by-and-by the flames will leap up again in another form—perhaps taking the shape of an agitation for separation, and the formation of a tropical colony north of Capricorn, where coloured labour will be the rule.

The question of territorial separation was uppermost some years ago, but we hear little of it now, and a resolution in its favour, introduced by a private member representing one of the Northern ports, has been significantly postponed from time to time. When the member gave notice of motion there was a good-humoured laugh, and the laugh is probably significant of its fate should the hon. gentleman ever seriously propose it. There seemed at one period more likelihood of a definite proposal for financial separation.

between North and South ; but that, too, is half forgotten, although the Northerners still declare that they do not get their fair share of the revenue.

The Land Laws are like the poor : we have them always with us. Even the oldest of the colonies have not yet found a satisfactory solution of this legislative problem, and the solution is one that time alone will furnish. The squatters—who, it should never be forgotten, are the pioneers of the country, who make it, and who embark a large amount of capital in its grass-lands—have a right to expect liberal consideration ; and the comparatively poor settlers who wish to invest their earnings in limited areas must also be carefully looked after by any Government that is anxious to encourage population. Hence, from the earliest history of Australia, there have been interminable disputes between the squatters on the one hand and the selectors and their advocates on the other ; but it is gratifying to think that in Queensland there is an evident disposition on the part of the squatters to recognise the claims of the selectors to desirable land. One often hears in the Assembly, from one of the most pronounced members of the squatting party, a desire to facilitate settlement by all legal and just means.

The land laws of a young colony naturally offer rich inducements to the shark and jobber. The nominal price at which the Government, to encourage settlement, disposes of the public estate is an irresistible temptation to the sharper to buy at the nominal rates, comply as little as he dares with the conditions, and at the earliest opportunity sell at the highest market figure. In the competition for land the longest purse is, as usual, all-powerful, and for more than ten years the aim of legislation has been to prevent the man of means from obtaining the facilities originated only for the working farmer. Free selector, conditional selector, and home selector have to be provided for ; and it often happens that by these settlers the very eyes of the pastoral country are picked out. It is from the land the Government looks for much of its revenue, and the discussions in Parliament for the last two or three years have been directed to considering how the land can best be made to yield the largest return. The Government has to keep a watchful eye upon unprincipled people who take up land, yet evade the wise conditions which Parliament has imposed as a qualification to ownership. Out of *this arises the fraudulent transaction known as land-dummying,*

A collection of authentic anecdotes describing the successes and failures of Australian land-dummiers would be remarkably interesting and amusing reading. Only the other night an amusing story was told in the course of a debate upon Crown lands alienation. A man took up a selection under the Act which enforces residence upon the property as one of the conditions of the bargain. He had no intention whatever of living upon the land himself, having a home and business elsewhere; but in order to be within the letter of the law, he built a rude slab hut with a bark roof, paid a school-boy sixpence a week to light a fire in it every day, and stuck up a notice upon which the words "out splitting" appeared. According to the honourable member who told the story, this worthy settler had been splitting imaginary slabs every day for a couple of years.

Queensland has the good fortune to possess an enormous extent of back country. Hundreds of miles west there is an almost boundless extent of superb downs and plains clothed with the richest pasturage, and in that direction the squatters, as settlement increases upon the coastal districts, and the grazing powers of the land become exhausted, lead the van of settlement and take up new country. The grand territory from which Queensland squatters have to choose is probably one of the reasons why the land legislation of the colony has been carried on with much less of heart-burning than that which characterised the earlier days of colonisation.

Education and religion are questions that for the present are at rest. Education in Queensland is free, secular, and in theory compulsory. When the inhabitants of any district have subscribed one-fifth of the cost, the State forthwith provides a school, a competent schoolmaster, and a high class of education. The religious difficulty was not disposed of without furious fighting, for a large proportion of the population are Roman Catholics, and they naturally made a stand against the proposal to have no religious teaching in the State schools. The Roman Catholic bishops of Australia are just beginning to insist that the children of their church shall not attend the State schools, and a good deal of unpleasant feeling is caused. We have seen the unusual spectacle of letters in the papers from staunch Roman Catholics rebelling against and denouncing their ecclesiastical superiors; nevertheless, a considerable number of children are being withdrawn from the State schools. When the Education Act was passed, Parliament undertook to render a certain amount of state aid to existing denominational schools; but that state aid will cease next year, and the Roman Catholics, led on by their energetic bishop, are endeavouring to raise a fund by which to supply

schools of their own. There are a good many Roman Catholics in Parliament, and little flashes of fire that burst out from unexpected corners now and then would seem to indicate that at any moment the education question will again become, through the everlasting religious difficulty, a very potent bone of contention. It is pleasant in riding about the country to see, in sparsely populated places, where human habitations are few and far between, the neat little school-house with its playground and verandahs, and to know that many of the youngsters are in the habit of walking miles every day to take advantage of the splendid opportunities placed within their reach by the State. The compulsory clause has never been put in force; and it has been stated in Parliament during the present session, by the Colonial Secretary, who is also Minister for Instruction, and a warm advocate for the education of the people, that no Government dare put that provision into effect. There is a division of opinion upon this point, but the fact remains that the State education of Queensland is up to the present time compulsory in theory only.

As to Religion, all denominations stand on the same level. We have no state church—no church rates—no squabbles about baptisms and burials—none of the unlovely proceedings with which we used to be at home familiar. The denominations live as best they can, and with some of them existence is a very precarious business. Numerically the Church of England stands first; but to one who has from his youth upwards witnessed the social, ecclesiastical, and financial supremacy of the state church in England; who has been accustomed to see its ministers claim and obtain precedence; who has seen an irate rector withdraw from a Friendly Society's dinner, and account it unto himself for righteousness, because the chairman added to the toast of the bishop and clergy the words "ministers of all denominations"—the manner in which the ministers of the Church of England have here to struggle, and plead, and beg, to keep head above water is a sight as astonishing as it is distressing. There is an Episcopal church in Maryborough which, though not the oldest, is the largest in the colony; it will seat three thousand people. It owes its existence mainly to the fact that its clergyman was able and willing to subscribe £1,000 towards its erection. The parishioners, believing as people will, all the world over, that example is better than precept, put their hands into their pockets with a liberality that is the envy of all other portions of the

of a couple of hours—the Maryborough church stands, it has been stated, the only church in the colony which can say it was free from debt on the day of opening. This is the exception; the rule is the other way, and the consequence is that—where there are mortgages and other encumbrances—the clergyman is obliged to exist on a very beggarly stipend, and finds his energies and aspirations dwarfed in every direction.

Hitherto we have escaped anything in the shape of dangerous collision between the Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly, ours being, as I have stated before, a nominee Upper Chamber, and the traditions of the colony, since its establishment, being in favour of Lords and Commons working harmoniously. Occasionally, and generally on very trivial matters, there are symptoms of collision, but anything like the troubles lately suffered by the colony of Victoria has been out of the question. Upon one occasion only during the existence of the colony have matters been brought to such a pass that even a conference between the two Houses was necessary. The members of the Upper House are entitled to the prefix "honourable" as long as they remain members of the Chamber; and the proceedings of the Upper House are as tame, in comparison with those of the Legislative Assembly, as are the doings of the occupants of the gilded chamber at Westminster. Here, as at home, the questions are put by the President—"Contents" and "Non-contents"—instead of "Ayes" and "Noes;" and the President, like the Lord Chancellor, enjoys the right of descending from his chair and taking part in the debates. While upon the subject of titles of courtesy, it may be explained that a minister of the Crown, after being in office three years, has the right of being called "honourable" for evermore, and a few ex-ministers have claimed their right, and been gazetted honourable accordingly. One gentleman at least (the present Colonial Secretary), who was Premier of the colony long enough to qualify, has persistently laughed at the idea and refused to avail himself of the privilege.

The Queensland legislature is able to boast of possessing a treasure not enjoyed by any other representative assembly, I believe, in the world: it has its own official daily *Hansard*. Until within the last three years the records of the debates (which have always been called *Hansard*) were published as a weekly blue-book, but continual complaints were made that the newspaper reports did the Assembly scant justice. The Printing Committee took the matter up seriously; and the result was that the Premier, Mr. Macalister, the present Agent-General, while visiting London,

engaged a Chief of the Shorthand Staff, and sent him out with the direct object of organizing and starting a daily report of the proceedings. This has now been published for three sessions, and with a success of which the Parliament, and all connected with its issue, are very proud. The publication takes the form known amongst printers as a demy folio sheet, and contains an average of eight pages in bourgeois type with four columns to the page. On one occasion during the present session, when the House treated itself to a gigantic sitting of forty-six hours in length, the day's issue, brought into the House while the members were still sitting, occupied what would be equal to seven-and-twenty columns of an ordinary morning paper. A volume *Hansard* is still published at the end of the session, but this is merely the daily publication in book-form for the purposes of record. Such newspapers as desire it are supplied with the daily *Hansard*, in time for the morning trains, at something like the cost of the paper, and the public may purchase it at the low cost of a halfpenny per copy. The reporting is done by a staff of six, and the printing and publishing by the admirably furnished and managed Government Printing Office. From this establishment comes all manner of parliamentary documents, in which category must be reckoned such odds and ends as telegraph forms, railway time-tables, police sheets, and whatever et-ceteras are required by the numerous departments included in colonial government.

REDSPINNER.

*CERVANTES' VOYAGE TO
PARNASSUS.*

POETS, says old Justice Clement the merry magistrate in "Every Man in his Humour," are not born every year, as an alderman; there goes more to the making of a good poet than a sheriff. Cervantes was of the same opinion in this respect as Ben Jonson, and endeavoured in his "Voyage to Parnassus," if indeed he cared for aught more in the matter than his own amusement, to expose the false rhymesters of his time, and to set up a sort of intellectual breakwater against the sea of affectation which, when he wrote, threatened with ruin the poetical good taste of Spain. Good poets he revered as far as any man on this side idolatry. He was ready and willing to praise "those who paint the deeds of Mars in the rigorous palæstra, or the softer and more amiable deeds of Venus amidst the flowers—those whose lives pass in lamenting battles and singing loves swiftly as the hours of a gambler or a dream"—but he could not away with the paper-pedlars and ink-dabblers, whose perspiration produced such stuff as was found in the pocket of Master Mathew, the Town-Gull.

The true interpretation of the "Voyage to Parnassus" has been the cause of no little dispute among its critics. Some of them consider it generally ironic, others generally sincere. Some think that Cervantes says what his characters ought to be, others think he says what they are. Where one commentator perceives panegyric, another discovers contempt. Cervantes doubtless wrote partly in jest and partly in earnest. This opinion seems supported by what he says in his Prologue to the Reader: "If, O curious reader! it chance you be a poet, and this Voyage come to your hands, albeit sinful, give thanks to Apollo for his favours, if you find yourself named among the good poets, and if you do not, yet give thanks to him none the less—and so God save you!" May not this mean that the author mentioned, as he seems to have done, good and bad poets indiscriminately, and that, while the "curious reader" obtained honour by being named with the former, by being omitted from the latter he avoided disgrace?

The bachelor, Sanson Carrasco, on the occasion of Don Quixote's asking him to compose an acrostic on Dulcinea del Toboso, observed, among other matters, that there were according to report but three and a half famous poets in all Spain. Many more than these are mentioned in the list of the good poets in the Parnassus, but it is not easy to determine in how many cases Cervantes really believed them to be good. In the well-known scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, Lofraso's Ten Books of the Fortune of Love is said by the parson to be of its kind the best and most unique book ever published. He who has not read it, it is written, may make account that he has never yet read aught of delight. The parson considers it of higher value even than a cassock of coarse Florence cloth. Here the satire seems to disclose itself in the conclusion, but many more have been deceived by it than Mr. Peter Pineda, the Spanish master, who, since Cervantes gave it, as Pineda supposed, the highest character in the world, tried all sorts of methods to get it for five-and-twenty years; and having got it at last, published it in two volumes octavo, for the benefit of the English nation, which, as he tells us in his preface, "loves that which is good, prizes that which is rare, and seeks after that which is curious." Cervantes' real opinion of Lofraso the reader will discover by-and-by. He will find it to be far from anything complimentary. It is amusing after this to hear him saying in his Parnassus, "My humble plume never flew through the region of satire." It is evident, however, that by satire he understands a vituperative article, written without any other reason than the hope of gain or the gratification of a private grudge. With satire as it is understood at the present time almost every one of his writings teems, but it is seldom easy, as has been said, to separate the chaff from the wheat. It is probable, however, that he was laughing in his sleeve at such poets as he made the subjects of his most extravagant eulogy. He could scarcely have been sincere in calling one of them a Phoenix, another a Homer; in saying that one had thrown the bar over the tops of Pindus, and that another was more worthy of divine than of human praise. But his good faith is a subject of no mighty moment, when we remember that even the names of these poets are in many cases unknown. In the following analysis of the action of the "*Voyage to Parnassus*" no notice will be taken of them, though they occupy, as might be supposed, the greater portion of the book.

It is divided into eight chapters, and is dedicated to a certain Rodrigo de Tapia, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he was the son of the Counsellor of the Supreme Inquisition, a divine whose advice was taken in that holy office. It was one of Cervantes' latest works, being published in 1614, the year after the publication of his Novels, and only three years before his death. There is the usual licence or imprimatur—informing the reader of the religious shackles which fettered the fancy of the unfortunate author. It bears the signature of Joseph Valdivieso, who derived his name from the Spanish colony of Valdivia, on the coast of Chili, and was, perhaps is, represented by an opulent and well-known family. The *Viage*, says Valdivieso, contains nothing contrary to what is held and taught by our Holy Catholic Faith. Next to the licence is a page in which the members of the Council kindly and courteously relieve the writer of the work of any trouble or responsibility with respect to its price, by declaring that it shall be sold at forty-four maravedis, the equivalent of which sum in English money may be determined by those who are sufficiently interested and sufficiently able.

The poem opens with an allusion to a certain Cesare Caporali, an Italian of Perugia, who in the year 1580 published a burlesque poem, also written in *terza rima*, with the same title as that of Cervantes. This work, *fiction heureuse*, as it is called by Ginguené, *qui plairait dans toutes les langues et dans tous les temps*, has apparently never been translated, and is, if possible, less known than that of the Spaniard. It is divided into two parts, and is not a quarter the length of Cervantes' poem, which corresponds with it in but few particulars. Caporali sets out on a hack-mule, short-sighted but with a long tail, a description to which Cervantes has made no small addition. With him the beast is old, grey in colour, of a stuttering pace—a fearful hobgoblin, big-boned, but of little strength. In fine, with one of those puns which add so much interest to his style, and are so difficult or perhaps impossible to translate, he says :

Era de ingenio cabalmente entero,
 Cain en qualquier cosa facilmente,
 Así en Abril, como en el mes de Enero.

It is this mule which with Caporali brings about the conclusion of the poem. An accident occurs to it, through the Pegasus of the bad poets, of the nature of that which affected Rocinante in respect of the Yanguesian mares. The beast breaks loose, and the poet, pursuing it, departs from Parnassus, which he can never again re-
 re-
 re-
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If Cervantes may be believed, the Italian bard returned from his visit without a farthing. Urged, however, by his example, the Spaniard, having set his election on the saddle of destiny—a mount by no means peculiar to Spain, which no mortal may refuse—determines to make the grand voyage. A loaf of the best wheaten bread with eight morsels of cheese constitutes his larder, provisions of little weight and useful to the traveller. Whilst he is searching for a frigate by the sea-shore at Carthage, he sees a brave vessel sailing into the harbour with the early dawn. Out of this vessel, more rich and resplendent than Argo, descends Mercury, the messenger of the gods—the false gods, as he is careful to explain in wholesome recollection of the Supreme Office. The Cyllenian paranympth addresses him as the Adam of poets, and having congratulated him on the success of his works, which are borne into every corner of the universe on Rocinante's crupper, asks, on behalf of Apollo, his aid against a vulgar squadron of twenty thousand seven-months' beings, but half made up—men who without sweats and hiccoughs cannot compose a verse—men who would fain be fertile fields, but are mere stubble. Against this rude and reasonless rabble, which pesters every road and pathway to Parnassus, the very dregs and dross of the universe, the author embarks in Mercury's galley,—a ship which the god, not without cause, declares to be a subject of awe to neighbouring and remote nations. Its description, compact of puns, extends over several pages, and is extremely ingenious and bizarre. The whole of it of course bristles with expressions of ancient naval architecture. So many sea terms were perhaps never introduced into a poem not professedly marine. It reminds the reader in some measure of the famous passage in Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" which incurred the censure of Johnson.

This divine galley from keel to maintopsail is all constructed of verse, without a tittle of prose. Its crossbow port-holes are a hotch-potch of glosses, its poop is made of sonnets of strange and varied workmanship. Its first oars right and left are two valiant tercets, admirably adapted to give a long stroke; sixteen other oars are dactyls; its midship gangway is a long and mighty mournful elegy. Its mainmast is paid with pitch of a prolix canzone some six fingers deep, its sails are delicate conceits woven by love, its bannerols rhymes a little *licentious*, its crew romances, a forward but necessary folk suited to

running-rigging seguidillas, its lateen yard an estrambote, its bends or wales strong stanzas, and its upper works weighty sextains. Other technical terms abound, which, having in mind the temerarious explication of "belay" by the great lexicographer, a "sea phrase for splicing a rope," it were better perhaps not to attempt to define. Before their departure for Parnassus, to defend the beauty of the Muses and the immortal currents of Aganippe and Hippocrene, Mercury hands Cervantes a list of poets almost infinite in number, asking him to give his opinion of the merits of each. Then follows in the mouth of the author a short criticism on some fifty of the "gentle crowd"—poets of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other countries, from the Licentiate Juan de Ochoa to Don Juan de Vera—a criticism at the time it was written doubtless the most interesting part of the poem, but now, from our little knowledge of its subjects generally, almost as dry a catalogue of names as those ancient heroes of Homer, who seem introduced into the Iliad solely to fall in the Trojan war.

Soon after Cervantes has embarked, a storm arises, night is mixed with day, the sands are stirred up from the bottom of the sea, and in the midst of a general confusion of the elements, which causes his heart to fail him for fear, heavy clouds of poets pour upon the ship, which had speedily sunk but for the assistance of some thousand Sirens. One of these apologises for the tardiness of her arrival by saying she had been engaged in reading the observations of a certain Sancho Panza. Yet a little while, and down from an ice-grey mist patter thick drops, which afterwards become, not frogs or toads, as it is well known and verified frequently happens, but the identical poets already mentioned in the list. Mercury, finding his galley too full, takes up a sieve, and falls to winnowing his poetical freight. Much refuse and siftings he casts into the sea. Then the vessel weighs anchor to the sound of trumpets, and, being impelled by the Sirens, surpasses the wind in the swiftness of its course. The god sits as commander, adorned with crown and sceptre, on half a dozen reams of paper. Around him the poets, many of them naked owing to the heat, compose sonnets, pastoral eclogues, and love songs. One sings with rapture of whatever falls from his sweetheart's mouth; another, with surprising taste and no little elegance, compliments and commends his mistress's kidneys. Thus they reach Valencia, where another pregnant cloud discharges its burden. Passing in succession Genoa, Rome, and Naples, they come to the Straits of Messina, where the Sardinian Lofraso is within an ace of being offered as a propitiatory sop to the barking dogs which surround the waist of Scylla.

Still sailing onward, they discover the infamous Acroceraunian

mountains, and Corfu, and reach at last the notable hill where the mighty Bellerophon stables his good nag. Apollo appears, having, says the satirical Cervantès, removed the divine rays from his face, and donned a pair of trousers and an elegant jacket, in his desire to give satisfaction to all. Him the poets follow, some with a hop, some with a jump, ascending the hillside to the fount of Castalia, set in a garden more fair than that of Alcinous or the Hesperides, a garden not subject to the changes of time, wherein everlasting spring offers fruit in possession, and not in hope only. In this garden, kitchen garden, grove, wood, meadow, or dell—for, says the author, any one of these appellations is appropriate—they all sit down, save Cervantes, who can find no place. The time is three in the afternoon, but, says the parent of Sancho, the Delian never considered it was time to dine. Mortified at not obtaining a seat, which he says can seldom be got save by interest or by gold, he justifies his claim to one by a list of his writings, of some of which the names alone survive. The Thymbræan suggests that he should double his cloak, and sit upon that. The wretched poet replies that he has none. This incident will remind the reader of the monarch in Sádi's Gulistán, who, seeing a naked dervish lying outside his palace, held a bag of a thousand dinars out of the window, and asked the dervish to spread his skirt to receive it. To which that dervish replied, "How can I extend a skirt, who do not possess a garment!"

After a squadron of fair nymphs, Poesy appears attired in the richest raiment. Cervantes, who says he has always hitherto seen her robed in rags, does not recognise her. It is explained to him that there is a false and a true Poesy. The former is large-handed, but with little brain; the head, as Fielding would have said, only put on for the sake of conformity; devoted to births and weddings, a friend of the tambourine and the kettle-drum, of the cookshop and the alehouse. But the latter is the ornament of earth and heaven, with whom dwells Philosophy, and with whom all the Muses take their pastime. Suddenly a ship arrives of 4,000 tons burden, laden with poets from stem to stern. A palsy shakes the ruddy god, who prays devoutly for the destruction of the cargo; and Neptune, by opening the vessel's bottom, accomplishes his prayer. Then, as a greedy boy, with the point of a pin or a needle, pricks into his cap the grape-stones with which theft or fortune has favoured him, in such wise,

serge, made in the latest fashion: being, in fact, the mourning she wore for Adonis, which became her very well. Her the luckless poets invoke, and suddenly the sea becomes curded with pumpkins, some of them twenty feet long, and blown wine-bags in a thousand different shapes bob about over its surface. Into such forms has the Cyprian changed them; and, says Cervantes, "I know not whether I am right or wrong in doing so, but I never after could look on a pumpkin without being reminded of a poet, or on a poet without being reminded of a pumpkin." Meantime the north wind sweeps them away like a drove of pigs, Neptune sinks in a pet after vainly trying to wound their slippery skins with his trident, and Venus rises to heaven, and there, in token of triumph, leaves off her mourning, which none could induce her to do before. Then the shadows broaden, the day declines, and the company is covered by the black cloak of night trimmed here and there with stars. From his murky home of horrors languid Morpheus takes his holy-water sprinkle, with which he has overcome so many, and bathes with liquor distilled from the fountain of forgetfulness, the liquor known as Lethæan, the eyelids of all. Cervantes goes to sleep like a log. Eftsoons loosened fancy sets him in a meadow of a thousand flowers, breathing Sabæan odours, full of a noisy folk running up and down, some in poor apparel, others in dresses the colour of the day when the first light peeps through the tresses of the chilly dawn. In the meadows' midst, on a throne of gold and ivory, a girl is seated, a virgin—though on this subject the keenest sight may be mistaken—gigantic, full of majesty, and with eyes amorous and lifted up. Yet is she fairer at a distance, and the rays of her loveliness wax and wane. Hard by her two nymphs continually sing to her praise and glory. At the sound of their delicate voices her form dilates, her head rises above the clouds, and her arms extend from the birth to the death of day. "All this," says the author—unlike Boileau, who begins his *Lutrin* by declaring it a pure fiction, and not, as Ariosto's wildest tales, supported on Turpin's authority—"all this is no lie." This lady is the daughter of Desire and Fame. She is arrogant Vain-Glory, whose sole natural sustenance is air, the parent of more than seventy times the Seven Wonders of the World. The two fair-eyed girls, who serve like Atlas to support her immensity, are sisters. Their names are Flattery and Falsehood. Vain-Glory, or ere Cervantes is aware, bursts with a mighty crack, which wakes him from his sleep, to discover Morning sowing the earth with pearl and scattering flowers, while larks, linnets, and nightingales make love to her in music of untaught song.

Soon after the foe is discovered in the west, Apollo draws up his forces, makes a speech, and the fight begins. After asking Bellona for a good pen, Cervantes describes the assault by the enemy of the holy hill, defended by its Catholic band. On the standard of the one party is painted a murky crow, on that of the other a fair white swan. The earth trembles under the feet of the invaders, the air is filled with the noise of the drum and fife. A score of poets suddenly desert the side of Cervantes, among whom the only one named is the unfortunate Lofraso, than whom in this satire no man is treated worse. Whole volumes, harder than stones and more destructive than heated bullets, are from time to time discharged as from a sling or cross-bow. One of the combatants is wounded by a sonnet, another by a book of prose and verse as big as a breviary. The lay chaplain of the enemy comes up puffing and sweating under the weight of a heavy novel, which he nevertheless manages to hurl as from a culverin into the opposite host, causing thereby a terrific ruin. In a hand-to-hand tussle a lucky wight succeeds in shoving six seguidillas down the throat of his antagonist, who straightway gives up the ghost. Eventually, after six hours' hard fighting, the bad poets are defeated. Then it becomes their chief concern to escape—one, in a panic, leaps from the height of Parnassus into the Guadarrama, an accident new and never before seen, but, so Cervantes assures the reader, strictly true. As soon as the foe is out of sight, Divine Poesy, surrounded by the Muses, leaves the retirement to which, during the encounter, they had betaken themselves. Apollo washes off the dust and sweat of the turmoil in Castalia, dances a galliard to the sound of Mercury's lyre, and then proceeds to distribute donatives and largesses among his soldiers. These are taken out of five panniers of pearls of dew presented by Aurora, and as many baskets of roses, jasmins, and amaranths, the gift of the goddess of flowers. Every one of the host is more than content with a handful of pearls and a rose. To add to the splendour of the triumph, Pegasus is introduced, housed in the finest scarlet, and champing a bit of burnished silver. His shoes are of adamant, his hair and mane the colour of carmine or the poppy flower, both unique in the universe. His dove-hued tail hangs in a sling of satin, to prevent its trailing on the ground. The reader will remember *those wonderful Arabian sheep of Herodotus, with their tails of three*

Rocinante might have regarded him with an eye of envy, so brave is he. On the poets, however, he sheds an exclusive and surpassing satisfaction. They are busied about collecting what he leaves for them in two large leather ecclesiastical pouches. The contents of these serve, by Urania's assistance, as snuff, which cures swimming of the head in any poet of weak brains. To Cervantes, frowning at this unusual remedy, Apollo explains that the food of Pegasus is amber and musk in cotton, the very delicacies which Don Quixote told the merchants distilled from the eyes of Dulcinea, and his drink dew. Only occasionally is given to him a maund of starch or of carobs to fill his belly. Once more Morpheus appears, by magic, says the author, crowned with holy henbane in raiment of soft wool, accompanied by Sloth, who never leaves him at nones or vespers. On his right hand is Silence, on his left Negligence. He carries a sprinkle and a large kettle full of the waters of oblivion. Then seizing poet after poet by the tail, although his conduct turns their faces the colour of carbuncles, he bathes them all, including Cervantes, in that chill lymph, causing them to fall into the profoundest slumber. With this incident the Voyage seems fitly to end, but the author awakes again, and finds himself—poets, Pegasus, Apollo, and Parnassus having all disappeared—in the famous city of Naples, where he describes the champions of a tourney held in honour of a royal wedding. Finally, he returns to Madrid in the weeds of a pilgrim, observing parenthetically that no man ever lost anything by an appearance of holiness, and there meets other poets, whose anger at being left out of the list he endeavours to appease by informing them that Apollo himself so disposed it.

The Appendix, or *Adjunta*, to the Parnassus is written in prose, and tells how Cervantes, after some days' recruiting, goes out one morning from the gates of the monastery of Atocha. He has not gone far before he meets a young poet, one Pancraccio de Roncesvalles, a fop apparently of the first water. He comes rustling in a silk program. His ruff is so large and heavily starched as to ask the shoulders of another Atlas for its support. Lineal descendants of this ruff are a pair of flat wristbands, which, sallying from his wrist, mount and scale his armbones as if about to carry his beard by assault. Never, says Cervantes, have I seen ivy so anxious to climb from the foot of a wall to which it clings to its topmost turret, as these cuffs (*puños*) were eager to come to fisticuffs (*puñadas*) with their owner's elbows. Collar and cuffs, in fine, are both so exorbitant, that Pancraccio's face is hid and buried in the one and his arms in the other. Him Cervantes politely asks what sort of poetical pottage he chiefly affects.

He replies, "The comic," which gives the author an occasion of speaking of his own efforts in that line, in such fashion as has been mentioned in a preceding paper.¹ On the stage the race is not, he thinks, always to the swift, but time and chance happen to all plays. Comedies, like songs, have their seasons, and, says Cervantes, I have seen the same piece stoned at Madrid which was laurel-crowned at Toledo.

Panracio then tells Cervantes that he visited Parnassus some days after the great battle of the good and bad poets, and found Apollo and the Pierides busily engaged in ploughing up and sowing with salt the field of that terrible fight. For from the corrupt blood of the enemy's slain a crowd of pilfering poetasters, about the size of mice, was already sprouting, just as armed men sprang from the teeth of the dragon slain by Cadmus, and seven heads from the one head of the Hydra cut off by Hercules. So too, adds the author, with a noble resolve not to be deficient on this occasion in pagan embellishment or illustration, from the blood dropping from the head of Medusa all Africa was filled with serpents. Finally, Panracio gives Cervantes a letter from the Delphic god—which, as the postage of half a real is not paid, the wary poet at first refuses to receive—in which Apollo, after complaining of Cervantes' hurried departure without taking leave of himself or the Muses his daughters, sends him certain privileges, ordinances, and advertisements in reference to Spanish poets, and concludes by saying he is now putting on his spurs to mount the Dog Star. The ordinances are such as these: That if any poet declares he is poor, he is to be believed without an oath. *Item*, that if any poet being at a friend's house swears he had dined, he is not to be believed. *Item*, that no poet is to panegyrisse great people, as Apollo has determined that no flattery shall cross his threshold. *Item*, that no poet be held to have broken a fast-day by biting his nails in the composition of his rhymes. And, lastly, that no poet who has got a prince or great man for his patron is to be continually calling on him, but rather to let himself be carried along the current of his fortune; since "He who provides for the sustenance of the earth's insects, and of every worm in the waters, will also cater for the poet, insect though he be." A somewhat profane use of the same tag is made in Don Quixote, when the Don, being an-hungered after his defeat of the woolly hosts of Alifanfara of Terribona, tells Sancho that God, who feeds not

Cervantes has been blamed for speaking of his own works with praise, as for instance of his dramas generally, and especially of "The Confused Lady," in the Appendix to the Parnassus. He might fairly have made the same apology as St. Paul offered to the Corinthians. If he became a fool in glorifying, it was that those of his time compelled him, of whom he ought to have been commended. On the other hand, Cervantes in the beginning of the Parnassus introduces himself as one of a set of poets, idle, ignorant, and full of fancies, a swan in his white hair, but in his voice a hoarse black crow. Time itself, he says, is unable to shape or trim the hard trunk of his intelligence. Doubtless, however, he had waxed wroth had anyone taken him at his own estimation. Authors are wont to deprecate their abilities, as women to bully their husbands, but woe unto those in either case who offer to assist them in their work.

A few passages of beauty and many of interest may be found in the Parnassus. Here, for instance, is a description of Neptune: "He came seated on a car of crystal, his head encircled with two large lampreys like a crown, his beard long and crowded with shellfish. The polype and the limpet, the mussel and the crab housed securely as in some jagged rock under the sheltering shed of his hair. Arrayed in azure, green, and silver, he was of an old and venerable aspect, but robust withal and full of *point*." There is probably one of the author's favourite puns in this word *rejo*, which may refer to the trident of Neptune, or to his resolution. "But now his face was blackened with anger, for choler disturbs not only the senses but the complexion." The reader may have the satisfaction of seeing this passage in the only English translation of the Parnassus:

The crystal car at length to anchor came;
The beard was long, with shellfish sprinkled o'er,
And eke with two enormous lampreys crowned—
Two sheepfolds strong (*aprisco firme*) they of this beard did make:
A mussel, a morsillon, polypus, crab,
Such as are found within a rock or cleft;
An aspect very venerable and old,
Of green with azure, silver-plated o'er,
Strong to appearance and with iron points,
Although, as one enraged, quite darkened o'er

obscure, a circumstance which is doubtless owing to the exigencies of the blank verse in which the author, in his desire to make the poem a mirror of the original, has, as he says, infused it.

There appears to be no other translation than this of "The Voyage to Parnassus" into any language, save one into French by M. Guardia. This version is of a very different character from that just mentioned. In spite of the difficulties of interpretation of a text in many places apparently corrupt, and by no means deficient in obscure allusion, he has presented the French public with a well-executed and conscientious rendering of a work which, if we may take the expression in his preface for sober earnest, there are perhaps not more than half a dozen people in his country capable of understanding: "En France, parmi les lettrés, il en est peut-être une demi-douzaine en état de lire dans le texte espagnol le 'Voyage au Parnasse,' et de le bien entendre."

It may interest a certain portion of the public to learn that the desire in the author of a play to get it acted was no less fervid in the days of Cervantes than in ours. In the last chapter of the Parnassus a young poet is introduced, who has composed a comedy entitled "The Great Bastard of Salerno." I would, he says, deliberately, without any figure of speech, give five tumbles in hell to see it set up for rehearsal. Like the fop Pancraccio in the Appendix, he is of opinion, doubtless, that it is a mighty fine matter, and a thing of no small importance and satisfaction, to see crowds of people pouring out with delighted faces from the doors of the theatre, while the author himself stands there ready to receive congratulations from all quarters. But, as Cervantes replies to Pancraccio, these delights have their drawbacks, and the promised satisfaction is subject to a heavy discount, for sometimes the comedy is so exceedingly bad that none of the spectators will lift up their eyes to look at the author, nor will the author lift up his own within half-a-dozen streets' length of the place of representation, nor yet the actors theirs, disgusted and ashamed to think they have accepted a piece so utterly depraved.

Various sentiments of no inconsiderable value adorn the *Viage*. Here is one of many which show the author's knowledge of the world: "Doubt not, dear reader," he says on one occasion—"doubt *not that dissimulation* oft times increases the other virtues. Of this

Cicero in his "De Officiis," allowed the highest praise to Solon when he feigned himself insane for the preservation of his own life and the future service of the State. Cervantes' farewell to Madrid before entering the enchanted bark is full of bitterness: "Adieu," he says, "my humble cabin, adieu Madrid, Prado, and fountains which rain ambrosia and distil nectar! Adieu pleasant but deceitful place! Adieu public theatres, honoured by the ignorance which I see extolled in a hundred thousand absurdities! Adieu O delicate hunger of some hidalgo. That I may not fall dead before your doors, I this day depart from my country and myself."

The poem is not without classical allusions. The metamorphosis of the poets into pumpkins was perhaps a memory of Seneca's Apocolocyntosis. The opposition between Venus and Neptune, and the description of the warriors, remind the reader of the Iliad, and several lines are introduced out of the Latin poets. When Cervantes inquires in what manner the combatants will come to the scene of conflict, whether in a carriage or a cloud, on a courser or a dromedary, Mercury bids him be silent. I will, says Cervantes, *pues no es infando lo que jubes*, which recalls the well-known beginning of Æneas' reply to Dido. When, specifying some of the places they passed on the way to Parnassus, he speaks of the *Acroceraunos de infame nombre*, we have a repetition of Horace. *Facit indignatio versum*, says Juvenal, and Cervantes adds, it will be utterly bad *se el indignado es algun tonto*. In the description of the lofty throne of Vain-Glory, composed of gold and ivory, he is indebted to Ovid in his description of the palace of the Sun. In both cases, though the materials were rich and rare, the art displayed in the workmanship was still more so. *Materiam superabat opus—El arte á la materia se adelanta*.

The style of the *Viage* is highly praised by Bouterwek. He says: "Versteckter Spott, offener Scherz, und flammender Enthusiasmus für das Schöne sind die kühn verschmolzenen Elemente dieses herrlichen Werks. Die Diction ist überall classisch." He considers it as the best specimen of its kind, and, owing, as it does, little to Caporali but its name, without a model: "Es ist noch durch kein ähnliches Werk (und ein Vorbild hatte es nicht) erreicht, viel weniger übertroffen worden." The merit of the poetry is, the reader is aware, a difficult subject to determine. In the work itself the author says that from his tender years he has loved the sweet art of pleasing poesy, and spent much travail and many watchings to show that he possesses that poetical grace which Heaven has denied him. There are, indeed, none of his works in which some of his poetry is not

introduced. "I surpass," he says, "many in invention, and if a man fails in this, his fame must needs fail also." His claim to invention will generally be allowed, nor will many deny that this quality of mind is as important to a poet as is correct drawing to a painter. It is the foundation of the work of both. Careless and impatient of rules, Cervantes was perhaps, like Sidney, rather a warbler of poetic prose—as Cowper calls him—than a poet. But few will condemn his verses universally, like those of Cicero have been condemned. And in this very poem, as in some of the short ones in *Don Quixote*, he must be allowed that facile ingenuity of rhyme which distinguishes Barham and Byron among ourselves.

As has been already said, very little interest is attached to the real subject of the author. M. Guardia has given an alphabetical table of the poets cited in the work, but we search in vain for several of the combatants, those, too, that distinguished themselves most nobly in the encounter. All sympathy in the struggle has been abated by the hand of Time. We cannot understand the merits of the one party or the demerits of the other. Satire and panegyric affect us alike. We know not, indeed, which is which, in such a misty cloud of oblivion is the whole history involved. One Arbolanches, for example, is the head of the enemies of Apollo. Of him says M. Guardia, in his table, *On ne sait rien de la vie de ce poète*. Cervantes himself tells us that he wrote a book, called "Las Avidas," in verse and prose. The book, which is still extant, is, in fact, wholly written in verse, the greater portion, however, being unrhymed. The name is derived from one of its principal characters. Again, Gregorio de Angulo is one of the chief opponents of the squadron of Arbolanches. Cervantes speaks of him as a "valorous master and a luminary of Apollo." M. Guardia tells us that Lope praised him in his "Laurel of Apollo," and that he was one of the author's friends.

The reader may form his own opinion of the meaning of Cervantes in the following observations about the more important of such of the defenders of Parnassus as still excite some faint spark of interest. Quevedo, he says, being the son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope, is a very scourge of silly poets, and will soon kick all of their sort out of Parnassus. Lope de Vega is a remarkable person, whose poetry or prose none can attain to, much less surpass. A wonderful *thing it is to see a busy swarm of bards wholly occupied in the*

with grace and such acuteness as in this world to have no equal. In this last case the very extravagance of his eulogy makes us doubt the sincerity of the writer. But there are plenty of other cases in which the irony, if indeed it is irony, is so fine and delicate as to remind us of that celebrated paper on Pastorals in the *Guardian*, which produced what Dr. Johnson calls a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence between Pope and Philips.

Amongst modern books, the nearest approaches to the "Voyage of Parnassus" have perhaps been made by the works of Swift and Boileau. The former's full and true account of the Battle fought in St. James's Library, in which Denham and Davenant die by the hand of Homer, Cowley is cleft in twain by Pindar, and Boyle trusses Bentley and Wotton with his long lance, like a skilful cook with an iron skewer trusses a brace of woodcocks, comes not, however, so near the fatal fight on the heights of Parnassus, as some part of the *Lutrin* of Boileau, in which heroi-comic poem the dispute between the Chantre and the Trésorier of La Sainte-Chapelle is sustained by the use of books only as projectiles. The *Clélie*, fatal to more than one combatant, reminds us at once of the *Avidas* of Arbolanche.

"Who shall decide," asks Pope, in one of the most laboured, according to his own confession, of his compositions—"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" About the merit of the "Voyage to Parnassus" two of the best known certainly, and perhaps the soundest teachers of Castilian literature, entertain contrary conceits. Says Ticknor, "This poem of Cervantes' has little merit." Says Bouterwek, "Nach dem Don Quixote, das Feinste unter allem ist was je aus der Feder dieses ausserordentlichen Mannes floss." This difference of opinion is, however, the less surprising when it is remembered that even about the true meaning of the poem commentators are far from being entirely agreed. While Ticknor thinks that it is too good-natured to be classed among satires, even if its form allowed it, M. Guardia, an author of no mean intelligence and erudition, recognises its irony, and declares that Cervantes chose the tercet or terza rima as being excellent *pour le récit aussi bien que pour la satire*.

JAMES MEW.

GOLD IN INDIA.

IT must be conceded that the East is the region of hyperbole. How that has come about it is perhaps not very important to inquire. It may be that the leaving out the study of the exact sciences from the Eastern curriculum has something to do with it. It is certain that the books which are most studied in the East have a large share in promoting that appetite for the marvellous, and that dreamy indistinctness of ideas which so notoriously prevail from the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea. Even the Kurán, be it said without offence, is not blameless in this matter. The historical anachronisms of that book are not to be denied, and the constant hovering over the Wonderland of the supernatural, induces inclinations of the mind which are very much opposed to common sense. The books of the Hindús, especially those of the Buddhists, are infinitely worse, and quite justify the well-known sneer, that their geography is made up of seas of butter and seas of milk, and their history of tales of kings, each of whom reigned a thousand years, and was thirty feet high. In the Hindú and Persian poems fine descriptive passages are met with, and they are not altogether destitute of pathos, but they are inspired by an extravagant and erring spirit, which cannot be kept within the limits of nature and reality. The romances of the Sháhnámah and the legends of the Rámáyana and the Mahábhárat more or less pervade the whole atmosphere of thought from the Caucasus to the Five Rivers, and from the Indus to the Ganges. The truth of history throughout that vast region is altogether obscured by clouds of fictions, which, notwithstanding their absurdity, have an irresistible attraction for the Persian and the Hindú. The one tells us that Alexander the Great was the half-brother of Darius, and the other, *that his great hero, Vikram, the unconquered, cut off his own head*

stilt. No one who travels in the East can fail to be amused at the soaring metaphors in which the most common-place individuals indulge on the slightest possible provocation. Were you passing the remains of the once great city of Naishapur in Khurásán, and were to ask a peasant as to its former magnificence, he would say, as in fact was said on such an inquiry being made, "You see that gate—well, eighty thousand piebald horses issued from that gate every morning in the olden time! I leave you to guess how many myriads of other colours came out." Even the greatest individuals, and those, too, of the educated class, indulge incessantly in these astonishing flights. The curator of an Indian museum, a man who understood English well, was asked if he had seen the Táj at Agra? On his replying in the affirmative, he was asked what was the height of the minarets, and he said, with an imperturbable countenance, "About two miles." Everyone who has talked much with Orientals must have met with similar absurdities, and it must be admitted that exaggeration is only too characteristic of many Eastern works that claim the rank of histories.

Granting, however, all that can be said as to the inaccuracy too often to be met with in Oriental writings, it must still be maintained that the statements to be found in such writings have their value when corroborated by other evidence. It is the object of this paper to show that the extraordinary statements made by Indian historians as to the enormous quantities of gold which were found by the Muhammadan invading armies in India, are substantiated by irrefragable evidence, by the testimony of the writers of other countries, by contemporary inscriptions, and, above all, by existing facts.

To begin, then, with the Indian historians; we are told that Mahmúd, of Ghazni, made twelve expeditions into India, and that in each he amassed a great treasure. Not to take up too much space, let the seven first expeditions be disregarded, to come at once to the eighth. Now Firishtah, writing of this expedition, says that Mahmúd found in Mathura, in Central India, five great idols of pure gold, with eyes of rubies, each eye being worth 50,000 dinárs (the dinár = 9 shillings), and another great idol which produced 98,300 *miskáls* of pure gold, that is, about 12,000 ounces, and that the Afghan king returned to Ghazni from this one expedition with twenty millions of dinárs, or nine millions of pounds sterling. No wonder that after this success he erected a mosque, which was called the Heavenly Bride, and surpassed in magnificence all the buildings of that time, and that he caused to be made of the spoils

a throne and a crown of gold, weighing 1,590 lbs., or nearly three-quarters of a ton. In his twelfth expedition Mahmúd captured the temple of Somnath, in which was an idol fifteen feet high, filled with precious stones, and the treasure taken on this occasion exceeded that acquired in all the former expeditions, though, besides the enormous sum which was got in the eighth, which has been already mentioned, there was taken in the fourth at Nagarkat "a greater quantity of gold, silver, precious stones, and pearls, than was ever collected in the royal treasury of any prince on earth," consisting of 700,000 gold dínárs, 700 *mans* of gold and silver plate (the *man* being probably 25 lbs.), 200 *mans* of pure golden ingots, 2,000 *mans* of unwrought silver, and 20 *mans* of jewels.

It might be thought that expeditions that were rewarded with so many millions of dínárs, and such immense treasure of other kinds, would have denuded India of its wealth; but we shall see presently that the spoil of Southern India far exceeded even that which had been taken in the North. Nor is it possible to dismiss these statements with an incredulous smile. The vastness of the plunder taken by Mahmúd is convincingly attested by the splendour of the edifices he erected at Ghazni, and by the sudden uprise of the empire which he founded there. The still greater spoil captured in the Dakhan is still more clearly proved by the wealth which displayed itself at Dihlí in the 16th and 17th centuries. That city had been taken by Vikram about the beginning of the Christian era, and dismantled, the seat of empire being transferred to Ujjain. For four, or, according to some, for eight centuries, Dihlí remained comparatively deserted and impoverished; and when it was beginning to recover under the Chokans, it was taken by the Muslims, and again, in the 14th century, it was twice depopulated by the Emperor Tughlak; yet, in the centuries following, there is found in it a profusion of riches such as to astonish the world, especially during the reign of Sháh Jahán. The throne of that monarch, with its gold and precious stones, was valued at twelve millions sterling; and we see in the Táj, and other magnificent buildings of that time, what countless sums must have been expended in the matter of building alone. Whence came this wealth? Let the statements of Firishtah be *heard in reply*. Deogarh, probably the ancient Tagara, was a vast

ransomed, and the ransom is stated to have amounted to 17,500 lbs. of gold, 175 lbs. of pearls, 50 lbs. of diamonds, and 25,000 lbs. of silver. We may infer from what was paid as ransom how much treasure remained to the Rájah of Deogarh ; but, vast as it may have been, it was eclipsed by what was found in a capital much farther to the south, Dwára Samudra. Malik Káfúr, the fortunate general who captured this place, presented to 'Aláu 'd dín, who, by the barbarous murder of his uncle, had now obtained the throne of Dihlí, 312 elephants, 20,000 horses, and 96,000 *mans* of gold. As each *man* weighed 25 lbs., this offering in gold consisted of no less than 2,400,000 lbs., or over 100 millions sterling. Here two things are to be remarked—first, that the more the Muslims advanced to the South, that is, to the place where it will be shown that mines existed, the greater was the golden treasure they required ; and, secondly, that they discovered that there was no silver coinage in this southern province, but that the common coin was the golden hún, or pagoda, and a gold fanam, worth only sixpence. During this expedition of Malik Káfúr, we are assured by Firishtah that his soldiers threw the silver that fell into their hands away, as too cumbersome where gold was found in such plenty. “No persons wore bracelets, chains, or rings of any other metal than gold, while all the plate in the houses of the great was of beaten gold ; neither was silver money at all current in that country, should we believe the reports of those adventurers.” To come to more recent times, “Nádir Sháh found in the treasury of Kábul £2,500,000 sterling, and effects to the value of two millions more, in which were included 4,000 suits of complete armour inlaid with gold. Such was then the poverty of the now really poor Afghánistán ; and it was indeed poverty, as compared with the riches which Nádir captured in Dihlí. In the public treasury he found in specie nearly four millions sterling ; in the private vaults two and a half millions. The jewel office was estimated at thirty millions sterling, including the famous throne, which was valued at more than twelve. The royal wardrobe and armoury were reckoned worth seven millions sterling. Eight millions were raised in specie in the city by way of contribution, and about ten millions in jewels ; all which, together with horses, camels, and elephants, amounted to about sixty-two and a half millions.” In another place the historian says that the whole of the treasure which Nádir carried away amounted to eighty millions sterling. We need not add to this what is said by Wasaf of the wealth of Kales Dewar, Rájah of Mábar, who in 1309 had accumulated 1,200 krores of gold, equal to twelve hundred millions

of *dinárs* (the *dínár* = 9 shillings), enough to girdle the earth with a four-fold belt of bezants (see Col. Yule's "Marco Polo," p. 332, note 6 on Ch. xvii.).

These statements of Oriental writers might have been dismissed with a smile were they not supported by the strongest evidence in other quarters. We know on authority which cannot be doubted, that about 1,000 B.C., Solomon received enormous sums in gold in fleets which went and returned by the Red Sea to and from Ophir. It has been long disputed whether this Ophir was in Arabia, Africa, or India. Those who are of opinion that Arabia or Africa is meant, are obliged to resort to very strange reasoning. As the ships which brought the gold are said also to have brought ivory, the almug tree, apes, and peacocks; and as peacocks are not found in Arabia or Africa, it has been said that the word in the Hebrew which is rendered peacock, means rather parrot. But this word *tukki*, is evidently the same as the Tamil word *toka*, which means "peacock," as being *caudatus*, from the remarkable tail which distinguishes the bird. Those who believe Ophir to mean Arabia have, in the first place, to disregard the authority of Josephus, who distinctly states that it was a part of India; and support their view by referring to Genesis x. 29, where Ophir is said to be a son of Joktan, or Kahtan, the ancestor of the Arabs; for which see the genealogical table in Sales's Korán. But may not Ophir, or one of his descendants, have migrated to India, and so have given his name to that part where the Arab colony settled? Be that, however, as it may, it may well be asked where are the mines in Arabia which could have supplied the enormous quantity of gold which was brought annually to Solomon? If it be alleged that Ophir was an Arabian emporium,¹ to which gold was brought from some other region, then *cadit quæstio*, for that region was no doubt India. Probably, had it been known that there were enormous mines in India, close to the Malabar coast, between which and Arabia traffic has been carried on from time immemorial, no discussion regarding Ophir would have arisen, but it would at once have been admitted that the gold brought to Solomon came from those mines. We shall come to this point presently, but let us *first consider what sort of mines those must have been which annually supplied to Solomon during his reign of forty years 666*

remarkable point is that the tribute was paid in gold-dust, which could hardly have been collected except from gold-fields.

Coming now to the time of Pliny the elder, we find in his "Historia Naturalis," vi. 19, published 77 A.D.: "Of all the regions of India, the Dardenian country is most rich in gold mines, and the Selian in silver." It has been argued by some that the gold in India was accumulated by commerce, and a passage in Pliny, vi. 23, has been referred to in corroboration of that view, where it is said: "Digna res est! nullo anno minus H. S. DL. imperii nostri exhauriente India, et merces remittente quæ apud nos centuplicato veneant." But Pliny had already spoken of the gold and silver mines of India, and not to insist on his having done so, we may well exclaim, what a commerce must that have been which would admit of the enormous exportation of gold which India sent to Solomon and as tribute to Persia, and subsequently yielded to its Afghan and Persian invaders! But in point of fact, there is nothing but the merest conjecture to show that the balance of trade, if it was from time to time in favour of India, as Pliny alleges in the passage just quoted, was paid in gold. It is more than probable that Rome paid the balance in silver, for Pliny himself tells us that 364 years after Rome was founded, the whole amount of gold there did not exceed 2,000 pounds, and that 671 years after it was founded, all the gold in the temples and shrines did not exceed 13,000 lbs. weight. Sylla, indeed, caused to be carried in his triumphal procession, 15,000 lbs. weight of gold, but up to the time that Pliny wrote, there never was that abundance of gold in Rome as could have supplied any considerable portion of those millions which we have seen India was pouring forth into other countries for a thousand years before the Christian era. Had vast sums been transmitted from Europe to India in gold, it is certain that there would have been continual discoveries of European gold coin in Hindustan. A few coins have, indeed, been found, but, taken altogether, their value amounts to something very considerable. Thus, "in 1787, a peasant, who was ploughing near Nellúr, found his plough stopped by some brickwork. On digging at the spot he discovered the remains of a small Hindú temple, and from beneath the masonry he took out a pot containing Roman coins and medals of the 2nd century A.D. These he sold as old gold; and the larger number were melted down, but about thirty were saved from the fusing operation. They were all of the purest gold, and many of them quite fresh and beautiful. Some, however, were defaced and perforated, as if they had been worn as ornaments. Most of them were of the time of

Trajan, Adrian, and Faustina." (See Murray's "Handbook of Madras," p. 49). It is also true that within the last fifty years Venetian sequins could be purchased in the bazars of Western India, and were generally bought to be melted down and made into ornaments for women. But all these, and the Roman gold coins which have been found in India, would certainly not make up the sum of £100,000. But why resort to wild and unreasonable conjectures to account for the abundance of gold in India when there is the most irrefragable testimony as to the source from which it came? This source we shall now proceed to point out. But first let us mention an Inscription which carries down to the 12th century A.D. proof of the vast quantities of gold existing in India. This Inscription was round the base of the great Temple at Tanjūr, and would, if written out in a straight line, extend perhaps the length of a mile, and the translation would fill a thick quarto volume. This Inscription, written in an obsolete and difficult character, has been deciphered by the learned Dr. Burnell, and in a little pamphlet printed by him on the 12th November, 1877, and called "The Great Temple of Tanjore," he thus speaks of it: "Nearly all these inscriptions—there are only two or three of a later date—belong to the reign of Vira-Cōla, or from 1064 A.D. to 1114. During the reign of his father, Rāja-rāja, the Cōla power recovered from the defeats it had suffered from the kings of the Deccan, and, beginning with a conquest of the Telugu sea-coast, it soon became an object of alarm to the kings of the North. Five of these formed a confederacy and were defeated. The Cōlas then conquered not only the whole of the Deccan, but invaded Bengal and Oude, and reduced the kingdom of Ceylon to a miserable state. The whole of India, which in the 11th century remained subject to Hindoo kings, then became subject to Vira-Cōla, and he was, beyond doubt, the greatest Hindoo king known to history. As these inscriptions state, he did not spare the kings he conquered, and the enormous plunder which he gained became the chief means of building and endowing the great temples of the South. But his conquests cost the Hindoos a heavy price in the end; his kingdom soon fell to pieces, and by the middle of the next century it had become so insignificant that the Singhalese, who had already shaken off the Cōla yoke, invaded the Tamil country. The vanquished and plundered Hindoo kingdoms of the Deccan and the North fell an easy prey to the advancing Muhammadans, and in 1310 they conquered the whole Tamil country, and established a Muhammadan dynasty at Madura, which lasted for about sixty years. Thus all the spoils of India

came into the hands of the Muhammadans almost in a day, and were taken to Delhi. The full importance in Indian history of Vira-Côla's reign is only to be gathered from this inscription, but it contains other information also of great value. It proves, *e.g.*, that in the 11th century gold was the most common precious metal in India, and stupendous quantities of it are mentioned here. Silver, on the other hand, is little mentioned, and it thus appears that the present state of things, which is exactly the reverse, was only brought about by the Portuguese in the 16th century. These inscriptions will also throw much light on the history and geography of India in the 11th century, of which we at present know so little and also on the constitution of the village communities, a subject that is now of deep interest to the students of customs and comparative jurisprudence."

We must wait until the translation of this extraordinary Inscription is published to ascertain whether the "stupendous quantities of gold" of which it speaks are declared to have been taken from the mines which exist in the country then subject to the Rájá who was the author of the Inscription. But even if no such mention should be found, there is the fact that the mines belonged to him, and that they were unquestionably being worked at the very time he caused the Inscription to be made. These mines are situated in the Wynád country, at the distance of about 200 miles to the N.W. of Tanjúr. The first thing to be noted with regard to these mines is that they have been extensively worked from a very ancient time. In 1832 Mr. Nicholson, an officer who was directed to make inquiries regarding them, reported that "the whole of the lower slopes of the Wynád hill ranges were mined throughout." It was subsequently ascertained (see the *Madras Mail* of June 17, 1875) that in the neighbourhood of Devala, in the same district, there was not a hillside to which water could be turned where the whole surface soil had not been washed away; every stream had been diverted from its course, and the bottom washed out. Every reef had been prospected, and the underlie, where easily got at, turned over. Mr. O. Pegler, a gentleman who had been sent to examine the mines, reported on *November 22, 1877*, that there appeared to be no limit of the extent of these workings both ancient and modern, and that he observed

he discovered a complete chain of pits extended on sets of triangles, comprising twenty-seven shafts in all, these workings being of some age, and no doubt of great depth, though as all old shafts are apt to fill up, their real depths are necessarily a matter of pure speculation. From all this he came to the conclusion, that a sound system of mining was followed in those days, and that, considering the absence of science and the want of application of improved machinery, the intelligence of the miners of that date must have been very great, and could only have been arrived at by years and generations of application to mining pursuits. These ancient miners sank rows of triple shafts along the reefs, one shaft for drawing up material, another for the ingress and egress of miners, and a third for ventilation and unwatering, serving as a sump, and always deeper than the workings, and the workings were carried in honeycombed chambers to each side of the line of pits. Without doubt the ancient miners used underground fire to break up the lodes or reefs: the third shaft here played an important part in supplying the necessary air for combustion, and the sump allowed the water to settle so as not to interfere with the burning. This underground burning is practised now in Germany and other countries. In the Wynád they evidently worked the chain of pits and line of operations up the slope so as to facilitate drainage and the ascension of smoke. After opening out sufficient ground they filled in the fuel, and lighting the fires, left the mines till combustion was completed, and they then found much of the reef broken up and easily removed. The pyrites contained in the veinstone would sustain combustion, and considerably tend to break up the stone. On securing the quartz at surface it was evidently spalled, that is, broken by the hand into small pieces, and the poor stone rejected, as is now done in Cornwall and elsewhere, and then again calcined in order to decompose the pyrites, and finally crushed, probably by means of large hard stones in cavities in stone bedding. It was then washed, and if mercury was procurable in those days, amalgamated with it. Evidently the inducement must have been great to have caused such extensive and well-organised works to be carried out. Now the antiquity of these workings is established in the first place by their skilful organisation, which could have been arrived at only after the experience of centuries, for there were no scientific books, no lectures, no School of Mines to instruct the workers of those days—nothing, in short, but the results of experience handed down by oral tradition to teach them. In the second place, the age of the workings is shown by their vast extent.

In many places numbers of funnelled depressions occur, which are evidently shafts which have crumbled in. In these places vast heaps of comminuted quartz fragments exist from the breaking up of the mine-stone. Along the beds of streams enormous quantities of broken quartz are found, brought evidently by the old miners to be washed. On one of the escarpments Mr. Minchin drove an adit, and cut into extensive old workings, and the reef whose outcrop did not show at the surface, here contained very massive auriferous pyrites. At the place called Bear and Korambar a gully has been removed away bodily by ancient miners, and Mr. Minchin uncovered numerous old workings on either side, and here fire has evidently been much used. At Richmond Mr. Paylen prospected to the west of the reef on low ground, and discovered a vast extent of comminuted fragments of quartz, obtained by the underground working of ancient miners. Here he observed the system of washing, gutters being placed in stages and then flushed with water. The face of each stage was built up with stone of the locality, with granite, or other material.

The descendants of the ancient miners are probably to be found in the Korambar, a tribe which inhabits part of the Nilgiri Hills and have spread into the Wynád. They are a most intelligent set of men, and by their stature and countenance are shown to be far superior to the native Indians generally met with. They carry on mining operations to the present day, but having no longer the support of the Government to fall back upon, and to supply them with money in unfavourable seasons, do not work with the energy and success of ancient times. Still, they show much intelligence in their manner of working, which must have been inherited; and there can be no doubt that their method of assaying ore, of burning before washing, and of sluicing, must have been handed down to them from distant times by their ancestors, generation after generation. If an individual Korambar should make a lucky find, the whole tribe will set to work on the reef until the whole of the rich stone is worked out. Thus a gang of Korambar in 1870 obtained between 2,000 and 3,000 rupees. As they have no machinery, a man cannot crush more than 10 or 12 lbs.

material, granite, for example, using as a pestle another stone or a piece of wood shod with iron. They then wash the crushed substance in a circular bowl slightly depressed in the centre, until all except a very small residue, usually of pyrites and gold, is removed. Vanning motion is then applied, and the gold separates and is taken up with mercury, of which very little is used, never a superfluous quantity. The Korambar in the hand-washing of the pulverised stones gives the wooden bowl a rotary motion, and thus the lighter particles are carried up the sloping side and washed over the rim. The principle is identical with Bazin's new washer, and it is only at the last moment, when but little residue is left, that the true vanning motion is resorted to.

Now with regard to these operations of the Korambar, it must be remarked that in some points they display very considerable acumen. Thus it is only very lately that calcining the stone was thought of by Europeans, though it has been practised by the Korambar from time immemorial; and this clearly shows the length of time the tribe must have been employed in mining operations.

Here for a moment it may be permitted to digress in order to show the progress adopted in India for separating silver from gold in the time of Akbar. This process shows how carefully the subject of the refinement of metals had been studied. The process is described in the 8th 'Aún, at p. 25 of Blachmann's translation, in which are a few errors, natural enough where the translator was not a metallurgist. It is said that "the composition of gold and silver is melted six times; three times with copper, and three times with sulphur. For every tolah of the alloy they take a máshah of copper, and 2 máshahs and 2 surkhs of sulphur. First they melt it with copper, and then with sulphur. If the alloy be of 100 tolahs weight, the 100 máshahs of copper are employed as follows:—they first melt 50 máshahs with it, and then twice again 25 máshahs. The sulphur is used in similar proportions. After reducing the gold and silver to small bits, they mix it with 50 máshahs of copper and melt it in a crucible. They have near at hand a vessel full of cold water, on the surface of which is laid a broomlike bundle of hay. Upon it they pour the melted metal, and prevent it, by stirring it with a stick, from forming into a mass. Then having again melted these bits, after mixing them with, not the remaining copper (as Blachmann translates it), but with half the other ingredient, that is the sulphur in a crucible (not as Blachmann has it), they set it to cool in the shade, but, and putting it in the fire, when it melts they take it off and set it to cool in the shade: and for every tolah of this mixture

2 máshahs and 2 surkhs of sulphur are used, *i.e.*, at the rate of (not one and one-half quarter ser, as Blachmann translates) but at $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of a ser per 100 tolahs. When it has been three times melted in this manner, there appears on the surface a whitish kind of ashes, which is silver (thus far Blachmann) that has been separated in this form. This is taken off and kept separate ; and its process shall hereafter be explained. When the mixture of gold and silver has thus been subjected to three fires for the copper and three for the sulphur, the solid part left is the gold. In the language of the Punjáb this gold is called *kuil*, whilst about Dihlí it is termed *pinjar*. If the mixture contained much gold it generally turns out to be of $6\frac{1}{2}$ *bán*, but it is often only 5 and even 4.

“ In order to refine this gold, one of the following methods must be used : Either they mix 50 tolahs of this with 400 tolahs of pure gold, and refine it by the *Paloni* process (*i.e.* with salt), or else they use the *Aloni* (without salt) process. For the latter they make a mixture of two parts of wild cow-dung (dung of the wild cow) and one part of saltpetre. Having then cast the aforesaid *pinjar* into ingots, they make it into plates, none of which ought to be lighter than $1\frac{1}{2}$ tolah, but a little broader than those which they make in the *Suloni* process. Then having besmeared them with sesame oil, they do not strew the above mixture over them (as Blachmann translates), but they cover them over with the mixture, giving them for every covering two gentle fires. This operation they repeat three or four times, and if they want the metal very pure, they repeat the process till it comes up to 9 *bán*.”

The mistakes which are here noticed were thus discovered. Dr. Percy tried the process as described by that translator, and found it failed. He then mentioned the circumstance to Mirza Mahdí Khán, a young Indian gentleman who is studying mining in England, and has lately passed a brilliant examination and become an Associate. This gentleman pointed out the mistakes, and the process, being then tried afresh with these corrections, turned out successful.

It only remains to mention that the process now adopted in England as the simplest and most economical, for there are five

grey powder is then precipitated, the copper having replaced the silver.

And now to recapitulate. It has been shown on the indisputable authority of Scripture that gold in such vast quantities as to be paralleled only by the produce of the Australian or American mines was brought to Judæa during Solomon's reign, that is 1,000 years before the Christian era, from some country reached by vessels descending the Red Sea, and which brought also from that country silver, elephants' teeth, apes, peacocks, and almug trees, things which collectively were to be procured in India alone. That India was intended, is further shown by the word for "peacock" being a Tamil word; and by the great probability that the Jews translated almug, "coral," from the resemblance of coral in colour to the red sandal-wood, which on other accounts is generally admitted to be the wood referred to. It has been further shown from the *Rámáyana*, the most ancient Hindú poem, that India about the time of Solomon abounded in gold. This abundance a few centuries later is confirmed by the distinct declaration of Herodotus that India, the twentieth satrapy of the Persian Empire, paid the largest tribute of all the countries subject to Persia, and paid it to the amount of upwards of a million annually in gold-dust. It has been next shown from the writings of Pliny the elder, whose "Natural History" was published seventy-seven years after the Christian era, that India was believed at that period to possess both gold and silver mines. Further, numerous passages from Oriental writers have been cited, to show that from the 11th to the 13th century A.D. immense quantities of gold were collected by the Muhammadan armies from India, and especially from the Dakhan or southern portion of that country. The existence of gold in stupendous quantities in this part of India, in the 11th and 12th centuries, is further confirmed by an Inscription of prodigious length in one of the most sacred temples of the Hindús of contemporary date. Subsequent histories show that a vast amount of this gold was carried away by the Muslim conquerors to Dihlí, and there is undoubted evidence to show that in the 18th century Nádir Sháh seized on millions of that wealth—part gold and silver—and took it with him on his return to Persia. Lastly, there is the positive fact that gold-fields of vast extent still exist in the Wynád country, that is in the Western Gháts near the Malabar coast, in the very locality where Pliny and other classical writers had placed them (see Pliny, H. N., vi. 20, and Heeren, vol. iii., p. 365, note). Careful examinations, made by scientific persons deputed for that duty, prove that these gold mines have been worked for ages, and

such an extent that "the whole surface of the land has been denuded of its gold by human action." The coincidence of all these authorities in different ages can hardly fail to prove to demonstration that the mines in the Wynád and the adjacent country were the chief source of this profusion of gold which existed in India, and especially in the southern part of that country. Some gold may, perhaps, have been obtained by commercial transactions, as from the Golden Chersonesus, which, according to Dionysius and the Periplus, was the most distant country east (see Vincent's "Commerce of the Ancients," vol. ii., p. 610). "But Ptolemy has two provinces—one of gold and one of silver—before he arrived at the Chersonese; and if his Kirrkadia be Arracan, these provinces must be on the western coast of Ava, above the Golden Chersonese of his arrangements. All this mention of gold would surely direct us to some conclusion from the general nature of the country; and it does seem very probable that both the wealth and ostentatious display of it in Ava, Pegu, and Siam, may well have given rise to the report which attributed so large a share of the precious metals to this great peninsula. The glory of Pegu and Siam has sunk under the ascendant of Ava; but in all these Courts, the exhibition of gold in their temples, public buildings, galleys, habits and decorations of every kind, was, while they existed, the summit of Oriental pomp, as it continues in Ava to the present time; and if we should decide to carry the silver metropolis of Jebaddoo to Sumátra, the splendour of Acheen, in its better days, would bear its proportion to the gold of Ava." So writes Dean Vincent, and it is clear enough that he leaves it extremely uncertain where this Golden Chersonese really was. Moreover, granting that it may have been where he is inclined to place it; and assuming that it was as productive of gold as is represented, there is not the slightest proof that any great amount of it was brought to India. As a matter of conjecture it may be said that commerce would bring some of its gold to the Coromandel coast, and gold may have been similarly brought from Ceylon and other countries, but the fact remains incontestable that the chief source of Indian gold was the mines in India itself, as shown by the extent to which the mines in Wynád have been worked. If it is allowable to indulge in conjecture, it might be fairly supposed that

before the Christian era, and the temple of Chedambaram was probably built about 471 A.D., and at both these places there were so many ancient legends about gold as would well beseem the localities adjoining gold-fields. Thus, at Madura there is the tank of the golden lilies, and there are the sixty-four miracles of Shiva, which are depicted over the walls of the temple, and are called the stories of the Golden Lingam. The first of these stories regards the erection of a golden shrine over this Lingam, gorgeous with precious stones, and containing eight figures of elephants, thirty-two of lions, and sixty-four of celestial messengers, all of gold. In the forty-third story Shiva, or Pundaneshwar, as he is here called, presents the musician of the Pagoda with a thick plate of pure gold on which he might stand above the water that covered the floor of the Pagoda. In the solid rock which forms the side of what is called Sundara Pandya's temple, it is said that that king made his flag fly in the golden mountain, and that he took from the Chola king his crown of pure gold and anointed himself in the Hall at Agirattali, surrounded with golden walls, and visited the god Nateshwar in the Kanaka Sabhá, or Hall of Gold. The Kanaka Sabhá, or Hall of Gold, at Chedambaram, is constantly mentioned in books and inscriptions, and the circumstance that three thousand high caste Brahmáns migrated to Chedambaram from Bengal about the time when the temple there was first erected leads naturally to the inference that they were attracted by the odour of wealth. These golden legends lead to the very plausible inference that the gold-fields of the South were well known in those ancient times, and they would hardly have been invented if there had not been a bruited abroad of the rich harvest that was being gathered from those fields.

But the question may now be asked, supposing all that has been said regarding these Indian gold-fields to be true, *Cui bono* now, when they have been worked out with so much care that perhaps no more gold remains to be extracted? The answer to this question is at hand. There is evidence that 2,000 feet at least have been removed by time from the present land surface, and as that no doubt held upper lodes or reefs, and the higher position of present reefs, it may be expected that these reefs will continue in the present ground to great depth, and that parallel lodes exist more profoundly still. It must be remembered that when the rich surface finds in Australia failed, the true remunerative and lasting operations in quartz mining set in, and this now gives employment in Australia to thousands of workmen, and forms the most important industry of that colony. Owing to the absence of proper machinery, the miners

who have hitherto worked in the Wynád country have left a vast amount of quartz untouched ; and though they have removed all the surface gold, and much of that which existed down to the depth of two hundred feet, they have in no case gone lower than that, and of course have left a vast store which lies below that point. Mr. R. Brough Smyth, who has had extensive experience in Australia, and is a most competent mining engineer, reported to the Government of Madras, under date the 5th of November, 1878, that on the 17th of October gold was found in large quantities in a quartz vein about thirty chains S.E. from the Alpha Mill in Devála, near an adit known as Wright's Level. "The structure of the reef at the point where the 'run' of gold occurs is nearly N. and S., and the vein dips rather rapidly to the east. The average thickness of the vein is about four feet, and throughout a thickness is found of two feet or more. The stone is veined and seamed with sesquioxide of iron, derived mainly from the decomposition of pyrites. Fine gold is disseminated throughout the blocks of stone which have been taken out, and it occurs also in well-defined layers associated with the ores of iron. When the blocks are broken, jagged pieces of gold are seen, and thin leaf-like forms are found in some parts. The yields of gold from the stone obtained at this spot are as follows:—where no gold is visible, 11 dwts. 6 grs., up to 2 ozs. 16 dwts. 16 gr. per ton of 2,240 lbs. ; where a little gold is seen, 56 ozs. 13 dwts. 19.5 grs. per ton; and where gold is plainly visible in the stone, 204 ozs. 11 dwts. 16.7 grs. At another place called the Cavern Reef, pyritous quartz was found which yielded 4 ozs. 19 dwts. 3 grs. per ton." Mr. Brough Smyth adds:—"It may be regarded as certain that an area measuring twenty-five miles from east to west and thirteen miles from north to south—three hundred and twenty-five square miles—is intersected by quartz veins in this district (Devála) alone. But beyond this district, and probably the whole way to the Nilgiri mountains, and in parts of those mountains, there is no doubt that auriferous quartz will be found. The prospecting, however, and careful examination of so large a tract necessarily takes time." Mr. Brough Smyth, with praiseworthy caution, is for the present devoting all his energies to an exact study of the country. When that study

done some work, but had never obtained more encouraging results than 19 dwts. 22 grs. per ton. The machinery of the company was defective, and the engine never worked up to the power stated (15-horse power), and "complete extraction was not effected in the pulveriser, or, as it might more properly be called, amalgamating pulveriser, for much float-gold and gold associated with sulphides, which ought to have been taken up by the mercury, passed away with the slime." Hereafter better machinery will be employed, and, instead of fuel, which is liable to deterioration in such a climate as Wynád, no doubt water-power, where practicable, will be used.

After completing his report of the Alpha Mine and works, Mr. Brough Smyth surveyed the Richmond, Elizabeth, Downham, Provident, Trevelyan, Dingley Dell, and Needle Rock properties. He also examined and delineated on the maps reefs and native workings on the Sandhurst and Glenrock estates. He found on the summit of a hill called Little Hudish Mount, north of the Glenrock banglá, many deep pits, perpendicular for some feet, and then continued downward to the underlie of the reef. These workings are traceable by deep excavations and adits quite to the base of the hill, where, in a swampy spot, heavy gold is said to have been found. On the Sandhurst estate is a large outcrop of quartz in the midst of native workings, which are a sufficient proof that gold will be found there. Gold has been found in a vein not far distant from the Devála bázár, and near the summit of a hill on the Elizabeth estate. Here, under Mr. Brough Smyth's supervision, several pieces of quartz showing gold have been got from leaders which the natives have followed by making an adit about thirty feet in length. The native workings on the north-west face of the hill cover a very large area. Indeed, the workings are nearly continuous from Richmond to Glenrock, and in another direction from Richmond through Rosedale, St. Thomé, Caroline, Adeline, and Yellaman to Yellam-ballé or Parcheri Hill. In all these places, and in many more, there is a good prospect of a large return of gold in the operations which are on the point of being initiated. The science and experience of such men as Mr. Brough Smyth cannot fail to discover fresh deposits of gold, even in places which have been already worked by the natives, and will assuredly also find virgin lodes and new gold-fields which have hitherto escaped notice.

It is no idle surmise, then, but an assured inference ascertained by an accumulation of facts, that the mines which in former times enriched India with an unparalleled supply of gold will ere long pour forth a fresh supply. The result, it cannot be doubted, will be so

restore our great Empire in the East to that flourishing condition which seems of late to have been almost despaired of. And yet fair consideration will show that India even now cannot be regarded as poor. A country that can support a native army of 300,000 men and 60,000 foreign soldiers, as well as thousands of Englishmen holding civil employments, and can remit to England thirteen millions at least—call it not by the invidious name of tribute, but as payment for succours—cannot be poor. But India, besides doing all this, supports in idleness millions of devotees, who, as the Arabic proverb says, glory in their poverty, but take very good care that the labouring classes shall provide them and their dancing girls with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Under the potent influence of these men the shrines of the great temples, such as that of Madura, are continually being re-gilt, and their marble pavements renewed. What does it matter that a few millions of human beings, “reduced to skeletons by starvation,” are strewing their parched-up fields? They perish, while the sacred monkeys and bulls of Banaras and Bidar, and a thousand other cities, are devouring all the grain and fruit of the surrounding country. The holy men of India will see without a murmur such an affliction as the late great famine in the Dakhan, but they would rise in tumult if one of those sacred pests that eat up the food, which should belong to man, were destroyed. The Prince, who by careful management, wisdom, and justice, has in many years amassed treasure, will dispose of it all in a day by weighing himself against gold and distributing it to a number of sleek and well-fed Brahmans, who have never earned a meal by a stroke of labour. Let us hope that if a new tide of wealth should flow in from that source from which an ocean of gold has in times past deluged India, it will be expended in really reproductive works, and that the long dreary reign of superstition will be followed by that of humanity and common sense.

*THE IMPROVVISATORE SGRICCI
IN RELATION TO SHELLEY.*

THOMAS MEDWIN records in his "Conversations of Lord Byron" (4to., 1824, p. 137) a talk on the subject of Improvisation: "The greatest genius in that way that perhaps Italy ever produced," said Shelley, 'is Sgricci.' 'There is a great deal of knack in these gentry,' replied Lord Byron; 'their poetry is more mechanical than you suppose. More verses are written yearly in Italy than millions of money are circulated . . . But Sgricci! To extemporize a whole tragedy seems a miraculous gift. I heard him improvise a five-act play at Lucca, on the subject of the "Iphigenia in Tauris," and never was more interested. He put one of the finest speeches into the mouth of Iphigenia I ever heard. She compared her brother Orestes to the sole remaining pillar on which a temple hung tottering, in the act of ruin. The idea, it is true, is from Euripides, but he made it his own. I have never read his play since I was at school. I don't know how Sgricci's tragedies may appear in print, but his printed poetry is tame stuff. The inspiration of the *improviser* is quite a separate talent: a consciousness of his own powers, his own elocution—the wondering and applauding audience—all conspire to give him confidence; but the deity forsakes him when he coldly sits down to think. Sgricci is not only a fine poet, but a fine actor.'"

It does not much matter whether the inconsistency of the "fine poet," whom "the deity" so far forsakes when he sits down to think that his printed poetry is tame stuff, is to be put to the account of "Lord Murray," as Severn facetiously called Byron, or to that paragon of inaccuracy and inconsistency who noted his Lordship's sayings at Pisa, and afterwards did his unconscious best to becloud the life of Shelley. The point of the reminiscence is that Sgricci really impressed Byron as well as Shelley as a person of genius; for our chronicler of conversations had neither the imagination nor the will to invent, of malice prepense, anything so bold. His inaccuracies and misstatements all resolve themselves into recombinations of ideas; where a title or a date is concerned, it is deadly to trust him; but for

so broad a fact as Byron's opinion of Sgricci, we may confide in him to some extent. It needs no great stretch of faith to receive at once Medwin's reminiscence and Byron's own estimate of Sgricci's "extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers," referred to in the historical notes to Canto IV. of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

In his "Life of Shelley," Medwin records that Shelley was struck with the same passage in Sgricci's "Iphigenia." "I remember," says the biographer (Vol. ii. p. 44), "Shelley's admiring greatly his comparing Orestes to one high column, all that remained for the support of a house. Shelley said that 'his appearance on the stage, his manner of acting, the intonations of his voice, varied to suit the characters he impersonated, had a magical effect, and that his Choruses, in the most intricate metres, were worthy of the Greeks.'" Even supposing Medwin to have somewhat mixed up, in his conversation notes, what Byron said and what Shelley said, it still remains unlikely that Byron's view of the dramatic improvisation was other than favourable. Perhaps we are even safe in accepting Medwin's record that the Improvvisatore shortly after this occasion obtained a pension from the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and died, still young, in 1826 or 1827. That the occasion referred to above was the last on which he "appeared on the boards of a theatre," however, we cannot, as will be seen, admit.

As to Medwin, it is much to be regretted that one cannot hold him in more respect as a worker; for we certainly owe him a good deal for the documents and data he has preserved in connection with Shelley's works and life. That he was endowed with any remarkable talent is not to be gathered from any of his numerous books; and it is quite possible that he may have appeared to others much as he did to Mrs. Shelley when she wrote the following letter, detailing, mainly, her impressions of one of Sgricci's astonishing performances. It seems likely that Mrs. Shelley and Medwin never got on very well; for in after years he was as ready to find fault with her editorial work as she was with his.

coaches. No, I have no events to record, except a journey hence to Lucca—a day spent there, and my return.

I mentioned that on Thursday Sgricci was to give an *accademia*, which I had little hope of attending. Tuesday and Wednesday came, and I had still less, for Shelley's boils got worse, his face swelled dreadfully, and though not very ill, he was in no travelling condition. However, with his permission, I cooked up a party with Pacchiani, and Thursday evening, at 6 o'clock, I, Babe, Pacchiani, and Maria set out for Lucca. It had rained the whole day, and the day before besides, but it held up as we went, and we had a pleasant ride. It was 8 when we arrived, and we hastened to the theatre. We entered the box of a friend of P[acchiani]'s. There was no Sgricci, but a bad orchestra, a screaming *prima donna*, and a worse basso, pouring forth mel[odious] notes on an inattentive audience. The *accademia* was put off for the following night, and Pacchiani, who had already missed one lesson in that week, was obliged to return the next morning to Lucca [*sic*, but *Qy. Pisa?*], and how could I stay and go alone?

Pacchiani introduced me at the theatre to a friend of his, called Giorgine, a mathematician and a man of talent, and very gentlemanly in his way. It would seem that this gentleman took compassion on me, and he came early the next morning with a message from one of the first ladies of Lucca, a friend of his, to offer me her box and company if I would stay. So I staid, and Pacchiani, to my infinite relief, returned to Pisa.

The Marchesa Eleonora Bernardini, who was thus polite to me, is thus described by Pacchiani: "È richissima, ma questa nulla, è la prima donna di Lucca; buona come un angelo—ha più genio che alcuna altra donna d' Italia; quando parla, è come un bel libro, e scrive lettere benissimo, come la Viviani; la stessa ha cosa, ma ha l' uso del mondo, e poi è richissima, ma questa nulla."

She is thus described by Sgricci: "È ricca assai, ma sicuro, questa è nulla per lei, perchè spende quasi niente—la di lei erudizione è quella che nasce delle giornale. Lei è la più gran' politica in Italia—ogni sera alla sua conversazione legge con voce alta le gazette, una dopo l' altra, dal capo fin al ultimo; è dogmatica assai."

I have seen so little of her that I can't decide between the two opinions, yet I will tell you what I think. I think that she is most exceedingly polite, easy mannered, and pleasing—a blue she certainly is; from her remarks on Sgricci's improvising, and her evident struggle to bring all things into her square and height, I should instantly decide that she had no genius. Her love of journals is probably true, since she sent me a couple to amuse me. Well, she sent to ask me when I would have her carriage, and sent her secretary to conduct me to see some pictures in the town, and in the evening came for me to take me to the theatre.

We went late, and Sgricci had nearly finished his canzone. When it was over, somebody came to the box to call out our male attendant—an *certo cavaliere* (who had known L[ord] B[yron] at Rome, who had made him a *Regalo* of his works)—who presently returned to say that the Duchess of Lucca, who was present, had ordered S[gricci] to treat the subject of *Ignez de Castro*, and that he did not know the story. *Ignez* is not, as you said, the daughter of Count Julian. I knew nothing of the story, the Signora B. little, so we made out a story among us, which, by-the-by, is little like the *Ignez* of *Camoens*, as I have since found, though it may bear some affinity to the French tragedies on that subject. However, while S[gricci] delivered the argument, I heard some one in the pit say, "Ha fallito nell' istorica." However unhistorical the argument of his tragedy might be, Sgricci acquitted himself to admiration in the conduct and passion and

poetry of his piece. As he went on he altered the argument, as it had been delivered to him, and wound up the tragedy with a scene both affecting and sublime. Peter of Arragon wished to marry his son Sancho to a princess of France, but Sancho obstinately refused, and neither his mother's tears, his father's menaces, curses, or entreaties could induce him to comply. In truth, he was already married to Ignez, and had two children. Pietro, irritated by his son's opposition, cast him into prison, and then Ignez, to save her husband, comes forward and confesses that she is the obstacle which causes his disobedience. The Signora B. had said that the story was that this came to[o] late, for that Sancho had already been put to death by his father, who now put Ignez to death also. But Sgricci, as one inspired, became possessed of the truth as he continued to improvise, and leaving this false route, came upon that which was the real one without knowing it. Was he not inspired? While Ignez is trying to move the compassion of the king, Sancho, who had been freed by his mother, comes in wild and aghast. The king pretended to be moved by their prayers, said that he would sanctify their marriage, and takes Ignez and the two children under his care, giving orders for the ceremonial. The moment comes. Sancho arrives in confidence, and his bride is produced by his inexorable father—dead. It seems impossible that a tragedy represented by one man should in any way create illusion. Others complained of the want of it, yet when Pietro unveiled the dead Ignez, when Sancho died in despair on her body, it seemed to me as if it were all there, so truly and passionately did his words depict the scene he wished to represent. The Signora B. said it was “una cosa mediocra;” to me it appeared a miracle. Of course this lady was not quite silent during the whole time, and I lost much of the poetry, though nothing of the scenic effect of this exhibition.

The next morning I returned early to Pisa, and found S[helley] a great deal better, though not well, and still tormented with boils.

I like Pacchiani less and less; there is no truth in him, but a love of wealth, and a love of boasting infinitely disgusting. It would require volumes to tell you all the proofs that occur daily of this disposition. What think you of his relating how when David, the divine David, first came out, how he, seeing that he failed in some points of melody, went to him and put him right, and how the applause of the Florentine audience crowned his instructions, and how the old David came to thank him!

Emilia will perhaps relate to you the coin in which he intends to make her pay for his friendship;—so through her he is to gain favour and dinners from the English. When he talks of any one his first words are, “È ricco, ma questo è nullo, ma poi è ricchissimo.” And then his innumerable host of great acquaintances!—He would make one believe that he attracts the great, as a milk-pail does flies on a summer morning. Of Emilia I have seen little since I last wrote, but she was in much better spirits when I did see her than I had found her for a long time before. Sgricci is returned from Lucca, and will, I fancy, soon proceed to Florence. We want very much to cook up an accademia for him here, but we have no power. P[acchiani] says that he can—perhaps he will, we shall see. To me, I own, it is no slight delight to be a spectator (to use such a term) of the rich and continuous flow of his poetic extasies. I do believe them to be something divine. In a room he is amusing; I believe him to be good. Time will show if that be frankness, which now looks like it, for as I read the other day in Sophocles: “You may know whether a man be bad in a day, but length of time alone discovers virtue.” But on the theatre he is as a god.

Well—good night, I will finish my letter to-morrow. I will keep back the

papers a few days, and then send them you, with a parcel of such books as we have, and thus, I think, it will not be dearer than the postage of the papers.

(Monday morning). You see that you need not complain of want of letters from me, since I write quite enough in all conscience. I write generally of an evening after tea. You have no idea how earnestly we desire the transfer of Medwin to Florence. In plain Italian, he is a *seccatura*. He sits with us, and be one reading or writing, he insists upon interrupting one every moment to read all the fine things he either writes or reads. Besides writing poetry, he translates. He intends, he says, to translate all the fine passages of Dante, and has already [done?] the canto concerning Ugolino. Now, not to say that he fills his verses with all possible commonplaces, he understands his author very imperfectly, and when he cannot make sense of the words that are, he puts in words of his own, and calls it a misprint, so sometimes falsifying the historical fact, always the sense, he produces something as like Dante as a rotten crab-apple is like a fine nonpareil. For instance, those lines of Dante—but I have not time or paper for examples. We have had a droll letter from Hogg, which I will send in the promised parcel. We have heard from no one else. I think the Williams may stay a month here, since Medwin has taken lodgings for them, and then proceed to Florence. I hope he will go before, or at least when they come—he will be much with them—for otherwise S[helley] does nothing but conjugate the verb *seccare* and twist and turn *seccatura* in all possible ways. He is commonplace personified. Yesterday it rained all the afternoon, after a cloudy morning; to-day is fine, with, I fancy, a little tramontana. I wish you could *stringere amicizia* with Eliza; but I fear the attempt is vain: at least you can do nothing more than you have done till she answers your letter.

S[helley] is now somewhat better. Little Babe is well and merry. Do not send this long-retarded stove, for I fancy it would only be ready to be lighted the day of our departure from these disagreeable lodgings.

I envy you the gallery. I do not know what you can envy in us, since now we are dried beyond our usual dustiness. I do not think we shall come to Florence; if we do, it will be only in the progress of a tour which I do not think we shall make.

There is no news in the papers of any kind, so be patient during the fine days I hope we are to have, and before the next rainy weather comes I hope you will receive them. Pray write to Emilia. Pacchiani asked me for your name yesterday, since he is going, he says, to write to you. If he does, pray preserve the letter, for, as I believe, no one ever, ever saw even his handwriting. It would be a curiosity for a museum.

Ever yours,
MARY W. S.

The references to Medwin are amusing, considering the manner in which he subsequently magnified his friendship with Shelley. It is probably a fair assumption that Shelley, whose letters to him are certainly full of kindness and forbearance, treated his cousin with every consideration; and that the unperceptive Medwin failed to discover himself to be *de trop*, and merely on sufferance. As Shelley revised the Ugolino passage from Dante referred to above, this letter of Mrs. Shelley's has an additional value as fixing approximately the date at which the poet did that particular piece of work; for he did enough

to the lines of Medwin's rendering to give them a place among his own translations.

It may perhaps be well to note in passing that Pacchiani, whose name occurs so frequently in the foregoing letter, is the reprobate known in Shelley literature as "il Professore," to whose discredit tales abound. His chief, if not his only, claim upon posterity is, that he brought the Shelleys acquainted with La Contessina Emilia Viviani, and thus had a hand in preparing the way for what is probably the most exalted strain of poetry produced in modern times—"Epipsychidion."

The man would seem to have succeeded in his endeavours to get up an "accademia" at Pisa; at all events, it came about; and it is to him that Mrs. Shelley refers in the opening of the following passage from a letter written to Miss Clairmont almost immediately after the last. The date at the head of the letter is "Jan. 21, 1821."

MRS. SHELLEY TO MISS CLAIRMONT, FLORENCE.

Upon the occasion of Sg[ricci]'s Second Accademia he wished this latter to give him 200 tickets to distribute among the poor sc[h]olars, to fill the pit—(I have not the smallest portion of a doubt that he intended to sell them at a paul or $\frac{1}{2}$ a paul a piece). Sg[ricci] refused to *mendicare così i lodi*: in consequence, this excellent friend did not attend his accademia yesterday night. We went, as you might suppose, and after much deliberation and consultation we agreed that the best way would be to give a sum at the door, as is the custom for the friends of the actor or poet to do. Accordingly we left 10 sequins, a small sum, but, as you know, as much as we could afford. Hardly had we entered our box, keeping ourselves for a while in the obscurest part of it, than we heard it announced in the pit that "dei Inglesi hanno lasciarti (*sic*) dieci zechini all' uscio"—the words were repeated again and again. I sat in the greatest fear I ever felt. You could not have watched and doubted more the shaking posts of our carriage windows than I feared (not then knowing that P[acchiani] was not in the house) that he or others would find us out, and that the Scolari, ever in search of amusement and most riotous in Carnival time, should treat us to some of their sonorous approbation. But our Black Genius not being there, the sound of the zechini died away from the voice of man, and we heard no more.

The subject of the tragedy was the Death of Hector. Sg[ricci] was in excellent *inspiration*, his poetry was brilliant, flowing, and divine. A hymn to Mars, and another to Victory, were wonderfully spirited and striking. Achilles foretold to Hector that he (Achilles) was the master spirit who would destroy and vanquish him. Victory, he said, sits on the pommel of my sword, and the way is short from thence

effort of the imagination, or rather, shall I say, of the inspiration of some wondrous deity.

(24) I was interrupted last night¹ in my letter by the entrance of Prince Mauro. On the day before the Williams and Medwin (the latter to our infinite joy and good fortune, for he threatened us with his sec[c]a presenza at the theatre) went to Livorno, and yesterday S[helley] went to join them, so I was alone. Prince Mauro is a man much to my taste, gentlemanly, gay, and learned, and full of talent and enthusiasm for Greece—he gave me a Greek lesson and staid until 8 o'clock. About half an hour after Sgricci came and we had a tête-à-tête for two hours until Shelley's return. I was extremely pleased with him—he talked with delight of the inspiration he had experienced the night before, which bore him out of himself and filled him, as they describe the Pythoness to have been filled, with divine and tumultuous emotions. Especially in the part where Cassandra prophesies, he was as overcome as she could be, and he poured forth prophecy as if Apollo had also touched his lips with the oracular touch. He talked about many things, as you may guess, in that time—with a frankness and gentleness beyond what I have before seen in him, and which was the best and a conclusive answer to what has been said of his irregular life.

Adieu. I will write to you soon again. Sgricci conveys this to you. I am sorry he is going, yet in some sort glad, for Florence is better suited to him than Pisa. He talks of giving an accademia there in the Quaresima.

Ever yours,

M.

When Mr. Garnett was preparing his "Relics of Shelley" (1862), he found a poetic fragment in Mrs. Shelley's writing, "Orpheus" by name, which he put forth as the work of Shelley, relying upon the internal evidence of the composition, for no trace of it was found in Shelley's note-books. The poem, though not characteristic throughout, could not reasonably be attributed to anyone else; and, though somewhat thin in texture here and there, it is a notable and a beautiful relic. Mr. Garnett tells us that Mrs. Shelley "has written [presumably on the manuscript of this fragment], in playful allusion to her toils as an amanuensis, '*Aspetto fin che il diluvio cala, ed allora cerco di posare argine alle sue parole*;' 'I wait the descent of the flood, and then I endeavour to embank his words.'" On this circumstance, and on internal evidence, Mr. Garnett bases the conjecture that the poem was an attempt at improvisation; he tells us that "Shelley had several times heard Sgricci, the renowned *improvisatore*, in the winter of 1820, and this may have inspired him with the idea of attempting a similar feat;" and it is further suggested that "Orpheus" "may be a translation from the Italian." The fragment, one hundred and twenty-four lines of blank verse, is, it will be

¹ This indicates either that the date at the head of the letter was erroneously written as *Jan. 21* instead of *Jan. 23*, or else that its composition was interrupted more than this once.

remembered, a dialogue between a single speaker and a "chorus," as if it were meant for a portion of some tragedy on the Greek model. We have seen that the Shelleys were greatly impressed with Sgricci's powers, and that Mrs. Shelley on more than one occasion carried away a great deal of the performance in her mind, while the poet at one point seems to have supplied from memory a passage of the original improvisation. Thus the question suggests itself whether he may not have remembered a considerable portion of a tragedy of "Orpheus and Eurydice," improvised by Sgricci, and have, in his turn, rendered it into English in the same method. Mr. Garnett is assuredly right when he remarks that the "Orpheus" fragment "hardly attains" Shelley's "usual standard of thought;" but when he adds, "or expression," one is disposed to demur; for though the highest Shelley standard of expression is not kept up throughout, it is attained in passages. Some of the verses describing a group of cypresses, and again those depicting the trees and flowers grouped around the lyre-player, rank very high as descriptive verse, being full of the keenest feeling for the poetic attributes of the things described, and having a most noble and easy cadence. But where we get the true Shelley is in those passages which unveil his lyric sympathy with the Orphic soul, learning "in suffering what" it teaches "in song":—

Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
 Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words
 Of poesy. Unlike all human works,
 It never slackens, and through every change
 Wisdom and beauty and the power divine
 Of mighty poesy together dwell,
 Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
 A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
 Driving along a rack of winged clouds,
 Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
 As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
 Twinkling and dim peep from between the plumes.
 Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
 Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
 Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon
 Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
 Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
 I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not

The Improvisatore Sgricci in relation to Shelley. 123

had they been embodied in any finished work, they would doubtless have undergone much of that subtle revision that we know of by record only, and never by any traces of it in the final result. Adopting the theory of an improvised rendering of some passage from one of Sgricci's *accademia* tragedies, it would be evident that, so long as the thought in "Orpheus" remains unnoteworthy and the verse on the lower level of impulse, the poet was performing the mechanical part of his task of recollection; but that, in the higher passages, he had fired up into his own supreme individuality, and almost, if not wholly, forgotten Sgricci. Of Shelley's own world of work it is truly to be said that, "unlike all human works, it never slackens," and only on some such supposition as Mr. Garnett's could we receive this poem, which it is none the less impossible to reject. The world has nearly forgotten the once so celebrated Sgricci; but if he really entered into the "chain of causation" which terminated in the passage of noble verse just quoted, he is certainly worthy of a place in the grateful regards of all lovers of English poetry; and we may congratulate ourselves on the good hap that gave so admirable a letter-writer as Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley the opportunity of setting down for us her vivid recollections of some of his performances.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

TABLE TALK.

IT is only a few of the people who talk glibly enough of the works of Dickens and Thackeray who have read the whole of them. Quite apart from the question of their general relative merit, it is curious how very much more unequal is the latter than the former; how much oftener, that is, he is inferior to himself. It is not only that the author of "Vanity Fair" also wrote "Catherine," but he wrote a number of other things even less worthy of his genius, and which might have been written by almost any lively young writer. In Dickens's case, on the other hand, though some things he wrote were much better than others, one could hardly say that anyone else could have written any one of them, with a single exception. This exception is his "Strange Gentleman," a little farce produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1836. As he was then but twenty-five years of age, it would be a most ungrateful task to criticise such a production; but the wonder is that—since, young as he was, he had already published "Sketches by Boz"—he could yet have penned so feeble a play. It is true, however, that he may have written the play before the Sketches, and that the success of the latter may have induced him to put the former on the stage. I know of no dramatic production so dull, except Charles Lamb's "Mr. H.," which indeed might well run in couples with it. Of plot there is absolutely none, and only once or twice does the 'prentice hand suggest the coming master.

There is a touch of fun, however, in the description of the fulness of the coach as it drives up to the inn door, "four inside, five out, and the guard blowing the key-bugle in the fore-boot for fear the informer should see that they had got one over their number." When the landlady asks the waiter what is the relationship between the new arrivals, "Can't be husband and wife, mum, because I saw

TOM. "That's the line o' argument I should take up. But that ain't exactly my meaning. A secret's a thing as is always rising to one's lips. It requires an astonishing weight to keep one down. I don't think I could keep one snug—regular snug, you know—if it had a less weight a-top of it than ten shillings."

The chief interest of this little play, however—to which, as far as I know, the public attention has never been drawn—is that it undoubtedly contains the original sketch of Sam Weller.

Here is the immortal Sam (under the name of Tom Sparks) going round for the boots in the morning, just as he was afterwards to do at the famous inn in the Borough. Even the peculiarity of language is, it will be seen, identical.

TOM. "I may as well go my rounds and glean for the deputy. (*Pulls out a piece of chalk from his pocket and takes up boots from No. 23.*) Twenty-three. You wants new soles, No. 23. (*Goes to No. 24 and takes up boots and looks at them.*) Hallo! here's a *bust*; and there's been a piece put in at the corner. I must let my missis know. The bill's always doubtful when there's any mending. (*Goes to No. 21 and takes up boots.*) French calf, Wellingtons. All right here. These here French calfs always comes it strong—light wines and all that 'ere. (*Looking round.*) Very happy to see there ain't no highlows—they never drink nothing but gin and water. Them and the cloth boots is the worst customers an inn has. The cloth boots is always abstemious, only drinks sherry wine and water, and never eats no suppers."

This idea of there being "nothing like leather" for an indication of the characters of its wearers seems to me very happy in Tom's mouth, and exceedingly characteristic of Dickens. But the chief interest of the matter lies, as I have said, in this being evidently the outline drawing of the portrait of Sam Weller.

IT is an answer to the outcry concerning Rabelais, and to the kind of persecution to which his works have been subjected, that a Rabelais Club has during the last month been founded in London. It is intended, I believe, to have affiliated clubs in Paris, Boston, and other intellectual centres, and the fact that M. Edmond About, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Leland (Hans Breitmann), and Mr. Henry James are among the members will probably render such an extension easy. I will not describe the "inaugural" proceedings, nor will I give the name of anyone, except Sylvanus Urban, who took part in them, or who belongs to the club. I may without indiscretion, however, state that many of the best-known English poets, novelists, and essayists are already enrolled, and that it is proposed to add to their number by a process of invitation instead of the form of candidature ordinarily employed in clubs. The great Rabelaisian motto, *Fays ce que voudras*, having received uncomfortable associations from its adop-

tion, without justification, by a society that has not left behind it the most pleasantly odorous of reputations, the club has taken as device the legend *Sursum corda*. Its purposes are not purely social nor recreative, though sociability and recreation form indispensable portions of a Rabelaisian gathering. With these things will be combined an effort to spread a knowledge of the significance of Pantagruelism by the collection of a library of Rabelaisian literature, and by the publication of reports and works by members of the society. A publication committee has already been formed.

IN an essay on Dramatic Reform to be found in last month's number of a contemporary magazine, which seldom stoops to notice things dramatic, the rather startling theory is advanced, that to play the female characters of the great dramatist an actress must lead a life congenial to that of the being she represents. This serious promulgation of a theory which Dr. Johnson put forward in banter, in his well-known line—

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,

would move nothing more than derision, but for the fact that it is accompanied by reflections upon the character of a living actress such as I have never before seen in print. It is no part of my duty or pleasure to censure the work of others, and when I cannot praise I am ordinarily silent. I do not like to pass, however, without stern reprobation, a violation like this of all canons of taste and good feeling. The condemnation of the dead involved in the view expressed is less harmful. I am sorry, however, for the fame of poor Mrs. Yates, the first Cleopatra in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" concerning whom any record exists, and for that of Miss Glyn, its greatest living exponent; while poor Mrs. Giffard, the original Lady Macbeth when the version of Shakespeare supplanted that of Davenant, must have had lurking in her mind unsuspected tendencies to murder, which were subsequently shared by Mrs. Siddons. There is small cause for surprise that no manager has dared to produce "Troilus and Cressida," considering the character of the heroine; and the only marvel is that Shakespeare could have imagined a character, the assumption of which, according to these new canons, would involve a woman's confession of impurity. What shall be said of Rachel, whose performance of Phèdre ranks as her highest

memory as Araminta and Cynthia has hitherto so pleasantly survived! Alas for Mrs. Mountford and Mrs. Oldfield, for poor Nelly, who, in spite of a dying monarch's injunction, was left to starve, for all of whom it has been pleasant to read in the delightful succession of critics and chroniclers from Pepys and Colley Cibber to Lamb, and for their French rivals, from Mdlle. Béjart or Mdlle. Champmeslé to poor Desclée, whose death was so recently and, as it appears, so ridiculously mourned. Their fame is undeserved, and to their other delinquencies must now be added the crime of having stolen a reputation to which they were not entitled. I will not mention the living actresses who are shown to be incapable or are held up to obloquy by this latest censor, nor will I even give the name of one other actress to whom other artists, in the essay under discussion, act as foils, and who is singled out to occupy a position in art so exceptional and isolated that the suggestion of it savours of insult. I can but hope that this lady, to whom our stage owes much, may in her retirement remain in ignorance of the employment that has in the present case, and not only in the present case, been made of her name.

APROPOS of the premature death of poor William Jerrold Dixon, which has elicited singularly warm and numerous manifestations of sorrow, a curious discussion has arisen as to whether men whose Christian names are softened into diminutives often make a name in letters. A writer in the *Athenæum* is of opinion that they do not, and is answered by Mr. Joseph Hatton. Now, it is true we do not think of Chaucer as Geff, as people still speak of poor Prowse, a man to whom full justice has never been done. We do not speak of Frank Bacon as of Frank Talfourd, nor do we hear of Jack Milton, Sandy Pope, Joe Addison, Tommy Hobbes, nor Johnny Locke. Still, in Scotland you may hear of Bobbie Burns, and there is something endearing in the name Dick Steele, which is still preserved. I have heard, too, of Tom Moore and Tom Hood, and more rarely of Tom Campbell. It should be remembered, moreover, that Heywood (Tom Heywood) shows in famous lines that the leading dramatists of Shakespeare's time were known by abbreviations. In the book of Dominations, lib. 4 of the Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, he describes, in lines with which a few of my readers may be familiar, but which none will object to see again, how—

Greene, who had in both Academies¹ tane
Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
To be call'd more than Robin : who had he

¹ Oxford and Cambridge.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Profest ought saue the Muse, Serv'd and been Free
After a seuen yeares Prentiseship, might haue
(With credit too) gone Robert to his graue.
Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could n'ere attaine beyond the name of Kit,
Although his *Hero and Leander* did
Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*
Was call'd but *Tom*, *Tom Watson* though he wrote
Able to make *Apollo's* self to dote
Vpon his Muse, for all that he could striue
Yet neuer could to his full name arriue.
Tom. Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.
Excellent *Bewmont*, in the foremost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was neuer more than *Franck*.
Mellifluous *Shake-speare*, whose enchanting Quill
Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but *Will*.
And famous *Johnson*, though his learned Pen
Be dipt in *Castaly*, is still but *Ben*.
Fletcher and *Webster*, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Iacke*.
Deckers but *Tom*, nor *May*, nor *Middleton*,
And hee's now but *Iacke Foord* that once was John.

It seems worth while to add to this list, which has before been more than once quoted, Heywood's summing-up of the matter. I preserve still the quaint orthography of the original edition :

Nor speake I this that any here exprest,
Should thinke themselues lesse worthy than the rest,
Whose names haue their full syllable and sound ;
Or that *Franck*, *Kit*, or *Iacke* are the least wound
Vnto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Thinke others what they please) accept that heart
Which courts my loue in most familiar phrase ;
And that it takes not from my paines or praise.
If any one to me so bluntly com,
I hold he loues me best that calls me *Tom*.

All that need be said on this point is that those men who have mixed most frequently with their friends in social gatherings have been—unless when, as in the case of Johnson, some special natural gifts rendered such an address unseemly—addressed in such familiar phrase. It is different with one of whom it could be said, as of Milton, that his

Soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

have sometimes incurred a diminution of name not
on the part of those who employ it.

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QUEEN COPHETUA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER IV.

Will the great gods take naught of all they gave—
Not even such back-cast as one little ring?
Shall Ocean be for souls a sateless grave,
Yet find no nook to hide so mean a thing?
What rede hath Fate, when thus the winds and seas
Fear to share fortunes with Polycrates?

"I 'VE heard a skunk called a mean beast," was Victor Waldron's first reflection as soon as Helen had left him alone in the belfry. "Perhaps he may be—but if he is, he can't help his attributes—so any way he's not so mean as those who can. I know one biped that has no business to call a skunk names—and his name's Victor Waldron. What would that girl call me if she knew me to be a traitor and a spy? I have a pretty fair notion that she wouldn't think twice before calling me what she thought me. I should say that girl has more devil in her than most girls; and it's a good, honest, downright devil that couldn't be mean or small if it tried. I didn't know there was a girl in the case, anyhow. I wish I *had* known. It would have saved me from feeling like a skunk, and like a fool for feeling like a skunk, and like an ass for feeling like a fool. Well—no harm's done so far, and not much seems like to be. I always did think my friend Gideon a man with more gas in him than ballast—the sort of man that would climb a tree to look for an oyster if he was lost in the woods at lunch-time; and I'm more sure of it than ever now I've seen that girl. Yes; Gideon Skull is a hopeful man. Well! Let him be. He's a good fellow,

and hope's a good thing. I hope I'm not a bad fellow, way deep down, and content's not a bad thing. I've seen the old place, and the old tombstones : and I couldn't do more than see them if they were my own. I believe I told that girl more truth than I've ever told myself when she struck it out of me that I'd crossed the Atlantic only to look around. I suppose it takes a woman to make a man own up to being sentimental. I suppose it takes the dusty society of one's great-great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers to make one feel that, when one's going to join them for good and all, it will be good to feel that it wasn't among their dust that one grubbed for the gold one won't be able to carry away. I dare say all these Waldrons weren't fine fellows. There are too many, for a knave or two not to be among them. But I should like to be in with the best of them. And somehow I can't fancy the worst of them coming from America or the Crusades, or wherever it might be, and being received just for his name's and his country's sake, by the first far-off cousin he meets with free and open welcome, and then saying to her, 'Excuse me, mademoiselle. Don't ask me to *your* house. Don't shake hands with *me*. It's true I want to see the old place and the home which has become sort of sacred with me. That's why I've come, and that's why I would have come, sooner or later, if there was no other why. And, if there'd been no other why, I'd have taken your hand as the best thing I've found. But there is another why. I've always had a dream of being Waldron of Copleston again, as I ought to be, and as my father and grandfather ought to have been before me: and I've found reason to think that the dream may be more than a dream—so I've come to investigate how much more than a dream it may be—and so that's why I'm here—sentiment deep down at the root, but by no means without very practical fruit, mademoiselle.' Or if I can fancy not quite the worst of them saying that, I can't fancy the very worst and meanest of them taking the hand, and accepting the unsuspecting welcome, and saying nothing but just the mere core of the truth, and still going on. If my own great-great-great-grandfather did that, I'd disown him for an ancestor. Let me see what I've learned already. There's a father—a mother—a son—and a girl. Suppose there's anything to *be found* in this ancestral dust-heap—which, now I've seen it, looks *improbable*—of course the father, if he's an honest man, wouldn't

break up a couple of women's homes? Haven't I got legs and hands too? No—the more I think of it, the more I realise the sanguine nature of the temperament of Gideon Skull. I must investigate, if its only to convince myself there's nothing in it, and to make things clear to Gideon. I'll do it now. If in five minutes I'm convinced that I'm Victor Waldron of Copleston, I write to Mr. Reid, and regret that circumstance as politely as I can. But if I'm convinced I'm not—why, then, I'll call at Copleston to-morrow, and feel myself a better Waldron than if I were of twenty Coplestons. No—five minutes is *not* short allowance—when one knows beforehand that one would find out no more in five years. And then I shall be clear to make a holiday what it ought to be—and to call at Copleston to-morrow. I'll spend five minutes and five shillings on old Grimes. If in his capacity of clerk, sexton, and old inhabitant *he* knows nothing, one may take it as certain that nobody else will."

The bell and Victor Waldron's reflections went on together; and when the bell stopped, these stopped with it, as if the toll had been their support and had fixed them into words. Some people always think in words when their thoughts are accompanied by a regular and continuous sound, such as the roar of the streets, the tick of a loud clock, or the rattle of a railway-train. But when old Grimes, having finished his work, came into the upper loft, the stranger had lapsed into a mere brown study, so forgetful of place and circumstance that he was instinctively lighting a cigar.

Old Grimes jingled his keys. "I'm going to shut up, master," said he.

"Oh—it's you? Wait five minutes—I want to ask you a question or two."

"Sir?" asked Grimes, with his hand at his ear.

"I want you to take this," said Victor, raising his rather naturally high-pitched and incisive voice a tone and a half higher, as he held out a half-sovereign. "And I want to ask you some questions."

"Oh!" said old Grimes, taking the piece of gold, without any questioning—probably, in the half-dark, he thought it a sixpence; for why should a stranger give half-a-sovereign to old Grimes?

"Did you ever hear," shouted Victor, "of George Waldron?"

"Did I ever hear? P'raps *you* didn't hear when I said I'd come to shut up?" said old Grimes.

"Of George Waldron?"

"Out of the churchyard, turn to the right and follow your nose—that's the George."

"George—Waldron?"

"Yes, master, there's a sight of Waldrons here—a sight of 'em. They keep a mazin' good brew at the George."

"I must try another tack," thought Victor. "How long—have you been pulling—that bell?"

"That bell? Thirty minutes—that's the rule for a dead 'un."

"How many years, I mean? You've been clerk and sexton half your time?"

"I've been parish clerk of Hillswick long time enough to know when to shut up—and that's now. And it's against my rule to have strangers after dark up in my belfry. I've got to go my rounds and sweep up arter the ladies—wasted litter it's been to-day, to be sure! If you want to see this church, you can come to morning service to-morrow and hear me and Mr. Skull." He took an old horn lantern from a peg, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for a minute, and struck a lucifer on the bell-rope. But the hands which had tolled so many dead men and women out of this world had grown slow and clumsy, and the coin which had been fixed between the left fore and middle fingers interfered with them; the five minutes that Victor Waldron had given himself were well over before the glimmer of the lantern transformed the loft from the bower of the romantic *Glockendame* into the likeness of one of the tombs he had come to find, with old Grimes for its ghostly denizen. "I feel like a Ghoul, come to pick my own great-grandfather's bones!" thought he, with something in him that was not a laugh at the fact, though with a laugh to himself at the fancy. He was thinking that he had already done more than enough to satisfy himself, if not enough to content a jury, that further investigation into the lawful possession of the Reids—especially of Miss Helen Reid—would be thrown away, when—

"Holloo!" exclaimed old Grimes, with a start that almost infected Victor.

The sexton was staring hard at the despised coin between his fingers—the light of the lantern had performed a trick of magic for him also, by transmuting one silver sixpence into twenty golden ones. "Begging your pardon—you was asking about somebody?" asked he.

Victor was quick-brained enough; but a true-born Briton, without *half his quickness*, would have been far less puzzled by this sudden *effect of a lighted lantern* upon hearing, memory, and manners. Victor

"Only after one George Waldron, who died some fifty years ago. I thought you might have heard of him—that's all—before he left Hillswick—when you were a boy. He was my grandfather—old Blundel Waldron's son, of Copleston."

"Ah, sir!" said old Grimes, with a sympathetic screw of the face and with the merest pretence of raising the half-sovereign to his ear. "This church is your regular family vault, sir! And those old boxes, there—they're the old registers, and accounts, and nobody knows what not, as full of Waldrons' names as the ground is of their bodies. If you're a pedigrestian, sir, or an antiquity, you'll find lots there, what the rats have left of 'em, to last you weeks to come. And you do seem to me, sir, to be the sort of gentleman that would make himself heartily welcome. You wouldn't believe it, sir, but there was a gentleman of the antiquated sort that enjoyed himself over those old boxes a whole afternoon, and never gave me a half-crown over my fees. He was writing a County History, he said. And p'raps it paid *him*."

Victor looked at the old lumber. Why had the sexton been so perverse as to suggest to him the very search that he had been inventing reasons for avoiding and ignoring? It would certainly interest him to spend a good many hours over the mouldy records of his family history; but then it must be for sentiment's sake and with an honest mind; not in the hope of unearthing from among those boxes a skeleton who should give him Copleston and—forbid him to call there.

So he fell back upon personal inquiry once more. The sexton's sudden lapse out of deafness disappointed him; but he resolved to give him no more half-sovereigns. He thought, "It's as mean to buy as to spy"; he felt, "He'll remember too much unless I give him too little." And the thought and the feeling, though starting from different ends, met half-way. Why should a chance meeting with a strange girl have almost piqued a grown man into rejecting every chance of finding what he had crossed the Atlantic to find, as if it were a point of honour? He could not answer the question, because he never asked it—but he knew, without any question, that he could never again think of himself with any comfort unless he could look as straight into that girl's eyes and take her hand as frankly to-morrow as to-day.

"Perhaps," he said, "I will have a time with the rats—some other day. And, when I do, I won't forget that dust means thirst, and that, as you inform me, the beer at the George is 'mazin fine. So you don't remember my grandfather?" He took out his watch—

ten minutes had gone, and the conscience which confuses rights with duties might be at ease and trouble him no more.

But the motion of his hand to his waistcoat pocket was suggestive.

"Wait a bit, sir! Your grandfather! I remember things farrer off than him. I remember Boney—and old Mr. Skull reading himself in. I remember when King George was king. I remember when wheat was a hundred and twenty-six shilling a quarter, and when the farmers was happy—and that's a long time ago. I remember Mr. George. He was a fine young gentleman—he used to mind me of him that's been cut down to-day. I mind his wedding too, slip of a boy as I were."

"Ah!" said Victor Waldron, his face brightening. "He did marry, then—in England? And that's so?"

"If he didn't, then my father, that married him in this very church, was liar too, as well as clerk and sexton, afore me. And if he were, then I, that says he weren't, be one too."

"Mr. Grimes! I *am* what you call a pedigrestian—or an antiquity. I believe your father, and I believe you. If you can make it as clear as daylight to me that George Waldron married, anywhere on earth—mind, I say, *married*—any woman before he left Great Britain, I'll give you a fifty-dollar bill, and—call at Copleston!" he added to himself. "It'll be a blow to Gideon—but he didn't know there was a *Miss* Reid of Copleston."

"Fifty how much, sir, if you please?"

"Fifty dollars—ten pounds."

Old Grimes meditated. "Ten pounds be a goodish bit of money," said he. "Gentlefolk don't give ten pound for nothing. They may chuck away a loose sovereign, but I never knew one to chuck away ten—none but one, and he'll chuck no more where *he's* gone. *You* aren't writing no County History, sir."

Victor Waldron was beginning to know his man. "The information I require," he said, "happens to be worth exactly ten pounds. And I have them here."

"Aren't what's worth ten pound worth ten pound ten?"

"It is not worth ten pounds one, Mr. Grimes. In the country I come from, we name our prices down; and if people don't like them, we don't trade."

"Then, sir—you come along of me."

Victor followed the sexton from the loft, and waited on the steeple-flight while the door was being locked after them. Then, following old Grimes's lantern, he groped his way down the dark corkscrew, and was led through a short passage into a small square room with

one table, one chair, and a clean white surplice hanging against the wall. Old Grimes unlocked and opened a large wooden box in the corner, and took out a long-shaped, half-bound volume, which he laid before Victor, without any further motion towards helping him. He was clearly not going to do one pennyworth of work beyond his undertaking, or to throw one unpurchased word into the bargain.

Victor opened the volume, and found it to be a register of the marriages solemnised in Hillswick parish church from the year 1754 to the year 1769. He knew the dates of the family history well enough to begin his search from the end : and his search did not take long. There, the very last entry on the very last page of the volume, stood that which, not many hours ago, he would have given nearly all he possessed in the world *not* to have found. Nothing could be clearer, even by the quarter-light of old Grimes's lantern, than that register of a marriage, on the 10th of October 1769, between George Waldron, son of Blundel Waldron, of Copleston, Esquire, and Hannah Rich, of Hillswick, spinster.

"Well, that's clear enough," thought Victor. "A fancy that one's got a right and a claim to a landed estate isn't wholesome food—and there it goes. Sour grapes? Not at all. If they'd hung down to my fingers, and if I'd taken them—then they'd have been sour. If a man wants sweet grapes, he must grow his own, and not in a churchyard. But I guess Jove must have had a good time, laughing at my grandfather when he went courting my grandmother—the old villain! And he'd have saved his grandson a voyage, if he hadn't been so dark about a Mrs. George Waldron number one. Why, he may have left a first family for aught I know, and I mayn't be even his heir at law—not that that's of much account, since it turns out that there's nothing to be heir of. So now I'm shot of that rubbish, and a free man.—Mr. Grimes, I thank you, sir. Here are your ten sovereigns. Count them, if you please. While you are counting them, I will make an extract of this register. Gideon must have proof. Gideon will be vexed—but——"

"You're a gentleman, sir. And *to* a gentleman my charge is One Shilling per extract," said Old Grimes, dropping his sovereigns into his pocket with one hand, and holding out the other.

Victor had needed no directions to the George, for he was lodging there : he was more in title than in fact a guest of the Curate in charge, who had neither house-room nor purse-room to be hospitable to the casual acquaintances of a long-lost and by no means over-welcome nephew. Hearing that his friend and travelling companion

had not yet returned from his uncle's, he sat down, alone in the coffee-room, to a joint of cold roast beef, and did not find his appetite a whit lessened by the presence in his pocket-book of the evidence that his half-sentimental, half-ambitious dream of being the owner as well as the lover of the home of his fathers was at an end. He even, as the beef lessened before him, recognised in himself a school-boy's pleasure in having with his own hands destroyed at a blow what he had been taking such long pains to build. And one minute he liked to think he had done it all himself, because to walk in dead men's shoes was unbecoming to his notions of the proper attire for an American citizen, and because Helen Reid's face looked at him approvingly from out the ruins of his house of cards; another minute, he was glad to tell himself that his escape was due to accident and old Grimes, because that relieved him from the alternative responsibility of meanness if he had taken Copleston and of folly if he had thrown it away. He preferred folly to meanness in his heart, but was still too young to be quite indifferent to the charge of being a fool—and a fool's cap was, in his opinion, as little fitting for an American head as, for American feet, were his great-grandfather's shoes. So luck and good management had for once leaped together, and made him feel, by the time he had finished his cheese, that each of them was the other.

He had half noticed, as he entered the inn, that a great deal of gossip was going on at the bar, and, while feeding, that the waiter wore a curiously funereal air, and hung about as if waiting for a question. At any other time Victor would have questioned the waiter to his heart's content, and have been at the bottom of all the gossip in Hillswick in no time; but he had other things to think of, or at least to think that he thought of, and old Grimes had rather exhausted his turn for investigation. The waiter was doomed to be disappointed. For the time for sweeping off the bread-crumbs, and an order for a pint of port, had barely given him a chance of beginning on his own motion the talk with which he was bursting and burning, when it was caught from his tongue by another gentleman who just then came into the coffee-room.

"Gideon!" called out Victor cheerfully. "Just like you—just too late for the beef, and just in time for the wine! Have you had a good time with your aunts and your cousins? I have with mine."

Gideon Skull, the curate's and the curate's sisters' nephew, did not look as if he had been having a good time. He pulled a chair to the table sharply and roughly, and called out, "Waiter—whisky! Ah, Waldron, family affection is a nice thing, an exceedingly nice

thing, as long as you don't cut the doll in two. Then out comes the sawdust."

"What! weren't they glad to see you?"

"Glad? Isn't my uncle a parson, and aren't my aunts parson's sisters? And isn't there more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth—? You know? Well, there's been more joy over me because I'm come back with a decent coat and a good yellow lining to it than if I had never gone away in a bad one with no lining at all. Much joy there'd have been over me, I can tell you, if I'd come back as I went away. It's a world of humbug, Waldron; and you'll find it out when you're half as old as I."

Gideon Skull was as strong a contrast to his friend from head to foot as one can easily find; more so than is common even between friends, who choose by contrast hardly less than lovers. He was big and broad, with the face of a thorough-bred Englishman; fresh-complexioned, short-featured, brown-bearded, and grey-eyed. And it was better still—it was full of the sort of honesty of which we English plume ourselves on having the lion's share; a rugged, somewhat sullen sort, taking refuge in cynical speech when it is too honest to acquit itself of being touched by sentiment deeper than the outermost skin. The more prominent features were rather broad and blunt—the lion's and not the eagle's—and the mouth, though rather large and heavy, was appropriate to the sort of face, and handsomely formed, at least so far as could be seen through a full brown moustache that nearly hid the upper lip and fell naturally into the full brown beard. "I mayn't be a saint; who is? But I hate humbug," the whole face seemed to say for itself; more especially the well-opened, out-looking grey eyes—those features which, we are told, are alone incapable of a lie. Victor Waldron's elaborate and obtrusive dandyism became downright effeminacy now that it was opposed to one who was so much of a natural man—natural and manly, not only in his broad build and British-lion-like aspect, but in a carelessness in dress that no man can afford unless he be either a peer or a millionaire, or too honestly unaffected and indifferent to appearances, whether in himself or in others, to think of coats and hats save when he is compelled. His easy shooting-jacket, crumpled felt hat, absence of ornament, and boots careless of shape, were in themselves honest and sensible protests against the principles of one who dressed for Hillswick more than most men would for the whole world in mid-season. But when I use the word "sullen" as an epithet of Gideon Skull's style, it must not be taken to go beyond its precise bearing. He might—out of a sort of shame at *being accused of the possibility of entertaining domestic emotions—*

prefer to pull up the hood of cynical ill-temper for a blind ; but neither his eyes nor his lips were those of an ill-natured or ill-tempered man, however much they might be those of a reserved and stubborn one. For the rest, he had grossly exaggerated his forty years or so when speaking of his friend's reaching half his age ; and, to sum him up, the man, woman, or child lived not who would not put implicit trust in the good sound sense, as well as in the pluck and honesty, of Gideon Skull. If he was really of the sanguine and gaseous nature for which his friend had given him credit, then appearances were liars indeed.

"Not a bit of it, old friend," Victor answered him as he lighted a cigar—for the port of the George was not of a vintage to be kept sacred from tobacco. "You're the biggest humbug of them all. I have no sympathy with your 'British phlegm ;' a man who has got it by nature can't have any room in him for a soul, and even then a good tough sign-post will beat him at his own game ; and if he only pretends to have it, why then he's a humbug—like you. Offer me Tartuffe and Timon, and of the two hypocrites and humbugs I'll take Tartuffe ; I'd rather have him round than Timon. Come—light your pipe, and own up like a man—I don't mean like an Englishman—that you were very glad to see your people at home, and they to see you."

"You may take it that one's people at home are always glad enough to see the back of a bad coat and the front of a good one. That's fair enough ; and I didn't make the world. I didn't stop long. They'd got some confounded sort of a feed on—and I know my reverend uncle's best wine too well—at least, I used to ; and then all the old maids of Hillswick ! We're both in for dining there to-morrow, after church. So I got clear for one day. I found you weren't here, so I took a tramp over the hill, with a pencil. There *was* a sunset, Waldron, as good as anything out West ; *that* was no humbug, any way. Where the deuce have you been all this afternoon ? Don't drink that blacking, Waldron. You boys have no notion of the fitness of things. Drink port when you dine with the Bishop ; but—at the George ! It's almost as bad as my uncle's."

"What have I been doing ? I have been meditating among the tombs. I didn't see any sunset—and I got locked in : and I've been listening, with my eyes, to a pretty girl playing the organ ; and I've been interviewing the parish Character—being a character, I needn't tell you a thoroughpaced humbug. You're unjust to the 'George' port, Gideon : I've drunk worse. But, by the way, talking of humbug, I've not been wasting my time, and I've got no more

claim on Copleston than you have on Queen Victoria's crown. That's so. You'll be sorry to hear it, old friend, but—losing somebody else's land isn't like losing one's own temper. So that's settled and done with, that's one good thing."

"Will you allow me to ask you what the deuce you mean? And if that's your first pint—"

"My first—unfinished still. You shall see if I'm not clear-headed enough for a lawyer. Blundel Waldron disinherits George Waldron if he marries Hannah Rich. George Waldron, being a grandfather after my own heart, and a predestined rebel against tyranny whether of kings or fathers, makes a point of marrying Hannah Rich, publicly, in Hillswick Church, just to show off the free-born Briton he fancied himself and the free American he was going to be. I'm proud of my grandfather, George Waldron—it does him credit; and if he did it more out of love than out of liberty, I'm prouder of him still. You may say what you like, Gideon, as a misogynist; but there are girls it's worth pitching all California to the dogs for, let alone a few beggarly square feet of grass like Copleston. I guess Hannah Rich was that sort of girl. Only I must say my grandfather, George Waldron, would have behaved more to my liking, and saved a pile of trouble, if, instead of leaving it to his grandson to pry it out, he'd let my grandmother know he was a widower when he came courting her. A cottage beauty, no doubt, was Hannah Rich; courting her turned out pleasanter than marrying her, I presume, and General George Waldron, when he'd cut off all his other connections with the old country, wasn't sorry to drop the tightest of them all as soon as he was free. My grandmother was a Hudson, one of the first families in Maryland. She wasn't the sort of woman for a man to tell that she'd have to play second wife to the sort of girl my grandfather had with him when he came out—and whom my father, from all he heard of her from others, no more believed was his wife than—but it seems she was, though; and—why, there may be dozens of Waldrons besides myself, for aught I know. So there's the case. George Waldron *did* marry Hannah Rich. So Copleston went to his sister by will, and then to the Reids by marriage. I've seen the register—and there's the copy—as clear as a horn lantern would let me write by. Waldron of Copleston—Waldron of America! I guess I've got the biggest place, after all."

Gideon Skull might be a sanguine man, but he did not seem an excitable or hasty one. He examined the piece of paper slowly, and then lighted his pipe with it, without a word. He blew six circles of smoke before speaking.

"How did you get hold of that rubbish?" asked he.

Victor shrugged his shoulders. "There's Gideon all over," meant the shrug. "He's after oysters in a wood, and sees a brown leaf at the top of a tree—and up he goes! I purchased it," he said, "from an old gentleman named Grimes, for the sum of ten pounds one. He is a Character, is Mr. Grimes; so, being a character, I needn't say that he makes character pay. He has been ringing curfews and dead bells till he has become feudalised—which means ossification only to be vitalised by tipping. You may travel throughout the United States, and you will not meet with a Grimes. Why, for twice the money, the old scamp would have let me take out the entry and burn it in his lantern. I believe I could have burned myself into Copleston for a hundred dollars, if I'd pleased."

For one infinitesimal instant, the oddest look, half questioning, half—it was impossible to guess what, crossed the table from under the brows of Gideon Skull. Most decidedly Victor Waldron was not thinking of King Henry the Second just then, though there were Waldrons in that reign also. But if his eye had happened to catch sight at that moment of a sprig of broom, and if that had suggested far-off history, and if he had suddenly imagined to himself the first look between Fitzurse and Tracy when the king said, "Will nobody rid me?"—then the oddness of Gideon Skull's look would certainly not have injured the illusion of fancy. Perhaps the "George" port was playing tricks with him, after all. Probably it was making him a little sleepy. At any rate, he was wide awake now, and the glance must have belonged to the twilight of a moment's dream.

Gideon took a big sip of his grog and laughed. "Yes," he said, "felony's no doubt as purchasable as any other truck, but not for twenty pounds, as a rule. That's too much or too little. I believe in Walpole—he knew the world. There are two sorts of felons for money. There's the sort that cries halves, and there's the sort that wouldn't understand what ten pounds meant, but would go to the gallows for a pot of beer."

"Timon was a philanthropist to you, Gideon. It's the one thing I don't like in you. To listen to you, one would think there wasn't an honest man or an honest woman in the world. If I didn't know you, I'd pass you the bottle flying—as hard and as quick as you would at Walpole, if he'd offered *you* a pot of beer. Perhaps you think I have a price—or you—or—"

"Of course I do."

"Well, have your dog's fit out. What's yours?"

"It depends. If I was starving, I suppose a crust of bread. If I was dying of thirst, a glass of water. There was a time when I'd have done most things for a pretty girl."

"And now?"

"Ah, my boy! that's where the statesman comes in. It's for the buyer to find that out; the seller never knows. Do you think any man knows his own weak spot? or that, if he did, he'd be more open than Midas was about his long ears? If you want to know that, you must hide among the reeds."

"Well, then, what's mine?"

"Your price? If I wanted to buy you, I should go to work with the pretty girl—say, playing on an organ."

Victor smiled, no more touched than if he was not, in spirit at least, fresh from selling Copleston for the right to look into the eyes of Helen Reid. "Then, that's just the very last thing!" said he. "Say a good cigar."

Gideon smiled too. He had a broad, daylight smile, not without grave sweetness in it, which made up for an air of superior wisdom which—perhaps rightly enough—also had part therein. "If you want to know a man's soft places," said he, "ask him which are his hard ones, and hit him there. But we're talking nonsense, and nonsense won't help us to Copleston. The story you've been patching together is just absurd. Think a minute—you, a New Yorker and half a lawyer. George Waldron married Hannah Rich? Maybe. But how do we know there wasn't a later will? What do we know of the title of these Reids, except the reputed marriage of George Waldron's sister? Do we even know that Copleston wasn't entailed? You've come to England to look into lots of things besides an old parish register that may be right or may be—wrong. And there might be a flaw, even there."

"I was afraid you'd be vexed, old fellow. But— No; there's no flaw. George Waldron didn't trick a girl into a false marriage, you may be sure. He was a soldier and a Waldron. And—well, I'm satisfied. Don't think I haven't inquired. I've been a regular detective. After all, it was only a fancy that I never believed in. Let it go."

"You call me a cynic, Waldron, you expect me to respect humanity in the abstract, when my own friend—Where's your purpose? Where's your strength of it? Was it a dream that you were going to set right the grossest piece of tyranny and injustice that even a testator ever committed?—that you were going to make the example of one American-taught man a shining light to all the

landowners of the Old World?—that you would be a missionary to your mother country?—that you would be a social leaven at work among us and our prejudices and conventions? I thought it a noble scheme, cynic as I am. Don Quixote was a hero. He's waited three centuries to be understood, but he's being understood now. What the world wants is more madmen. I'm not mad—but I hoped you were, and was content to be your Sancho. And now you tell me that all this was a mere—dream; and that a pretty girl can't turn you round her little finger. Cynicism! Common sense, I call it—common knowledge of the world, where Don Quixote's dead and buried. You're not even his fetch, Waldron. I've not seen Helen Reid since she was a baby; but I suppose, being a girl, she's grown up good-looking enough to catch a man's first sight if he's inclined that way, and if the tombs of his fathers have given him a sentimental turn. You needn't tell me the pretty organ girl's name. Perhaps you think to get Copleston that way. But unluckily there's a brother; and old Harry, as they call him, isn't the man to take up with what he'd call a somethinged Yankee—especially when he came to know your notions. I won't say, Don't be a fool. I might as well say to a man five feet ten tall, Don't be five feet ten. But I'll tell you this, Waldron—if a woman puts her finger in this pie, I won't leave in it so much as a little-finger-nail. Well, it's your own affair. As you say, let it slide. Only, you mustn't ask me to say I'm not disappointed. I *am* disappointed. There goes *my* dream."

"I knew you'd be vexed—for you *are* a good fellow, deep down. But Miss Reid—caught at first sight! Bah! How can you talk such rubbish, Gideon? I left college ten years ago—and it was never less than third sight with me, even then. And I tell you, if I knew Copleston was mine, in a clear, open-handed, straight-faced way—as I came over to find—"

"You'd take your clear right? In spite of Miss Reid?"

"You'd see!" The boast had been stung out of him: but he might make it safely, and think he made it truly, knowing that honest ways were as much closed to him by law as dishonest ways by nature. "Yes—"

"Good evening, gentlemen!" said Dr. Bolt, who strode with a sort of dignified haste into the coffee-room, followed, close at his heels, by the waiter with a steaming tumbler. "Ah—Mr. Gideon Skull? I heard you were here. I'm glad to see you—you must dine with us before you leave. But you have come on a sad day—a sad day indeed. It's a sad house I've just been leaving. Of course you've heard?"

"No," said Gideon Skull indifferently. "I never was much of a hand at hearing news. Won't you sit down?"

"No—I must swallow this dose down, and be off again. It's a physical necessity—after a day like this, and with six miles more to drive out and back after another patient before I can turn in. Do you mean to say you haven't heard?"

"I've heard nothing. What is it?" asked Gideon. "I've been taking a stretch out over the hill, and my friend here is a stranger—so far. Allow me—Dr. Bolt : Mr. Waldron."

Victor rose to bow, but the doctor was in the middle of a hot gulp, so that at any rate the second part of the introduction missed fire.

"You've not heard that Reid of Copleston is dead?" asked he, half amazed that such a piece of news should need telling—half pleased that it should be left for him to tell.

"Dead!" exclaimed Gideon, startled into a voice as strange and unlike his own as that passing look had been.

"Found by Copleston Brook, with his rod in his hand. Dead, when they sent for me. Dilatation of the heart, I expect; unquestionably heart-disease. The sort of man who lived so healthily and with so few worries that mischief might be going on for years, and never be suspected till *post mortem*. He was a bad patient—but, as a man, and as a friend, one in a hundred—one in ten thousand. Young Reid's a fine young fellow, but his father he'll never be. You remember him—you'll understand what we shall feel at Hillswick, where he was about most days; and when there was good to be done, all days. I could better have spared a better patient, Mr. Skull. There hasn't been a dry eye in the place since the news; the church dressing was stopped, and I took up Miss Meyrick at your uncle's on my way to Copleston. There's no good that isn't being said of old Harry—and what that means in Hillswick perhaps you *don't* remember; but if they said twice as much, it wouldn't be half what he deserves. Everybody's friend, and no man's enemy—no, not even his own. I should like to have that epitaph—it would be worth living to earn. Good night; I've twelve miles, and a new fellow-creature to bring into the world before bed-time. Yes, one out; another in."

"Dead!—to-day!" said Gideon Skull.

"And how little he looked for it you may judge from the positive fact that he made no will—everything left to the law! Evans, the lawyer, told me he'd talked of it twenty times a year, but it was always to be 'in plenty of time.' It's strange that a place like

Copleston should go without a will. But luckily, Evans tells me, it won't make any difference—Alan Reid's heir at law, and he's not the man to turn his mother out of doors or let his sister marry without a penny; and of all that isn't real estate, Mrs. Reid and Miss Helen will each have her third. The young lady must take care not to marry a spendthrift—that's all. Good night, Mr. Skull; good night, Mr. —; when we meet next, I trust it will be a better day."

It was Victor, this time, who forgot to return the Doctor's parting bow. His cousins were still strangers to him—but he could only think of that poor girl, all light and life, going home in high spirits to find her father dead; talking nonsense and laughing at idle nothings even while her own father was lying dead by the brook-side—even while her own father's death-bell was tolling in her ears! He turned aside from his own thoughts—it was too cruel to face or to follow.

"Waldron!" exclaimed Gideon, abruptly and suddenly, as soon as the Doctor had gone.

"Well?"

"I'll tell you something that I never yet told you, and for this reason—it concerned nobody then. But now—are you listening to one word I say?"

"Go on."

"Have you ever studied hereditary influence? Of course you haven't. But I have, though. It's the whole principle of family likeness—family propensity—family disease. Why are you You? Because your father represented a line of old English country Tories, and your mother one of American traders; mix the two, and dash in a spice of your grandfather, George Waldron—and there you are. But don't forget the spice of George Waldron. He was He by inheritance too—rebel blood came out in him; democratic blood; a need to go down hill for love—a gipsiness, if I may make a word. Why did he marry Hannah Rich—if he married her? Why else did he give up Copleston for her, if he did not marry her? But whatever he was by inheritance his sister must have been, at bottom, too; his blood was hers, the same in kind, the same in the mixing. And if it didn't come out in her woman's life, it was bound to come out double in her son. Who *was* her son? Old Harry Reid, of Copleston. If you want to know the bottom of old Harry, don't listen to Dr. Bolt. Look at his uncle, George Waldron—look at him, though the uncle was an American rebel general, and the nephew an easy-going English country squire. I dare say if George Waldron had been let do as he liked with Hannah Rich, and not kept from her by will, he'd have settled down, too, into a Squire of Copleston, and

not left a dry pocket-handkerchief in Hillswick when he died. I dare say if old Harry Reid had found things made hard for him, he too would have become a general or a prize-fighter. But things *were* made easy for him, you see. And that's why his uncle's blood in him never made any show. But, all the same, it's why his uncle's blood had its way. Before he was one-and-twenty—when he was at Oxford—he took up with a woman too, like his uncle before him. And he *did* marry her. He liked to think himself a gentleman—did Harry Reid. Unluckily, she wasn't a lady. Unluckily, or luckily, he found himself obliged to pay her off; she was the skeleton in his cupboard for many a long day. She went out at last—as she never troubled him any more, of course she'd died. When he was sure she was dead, old Harry married a Miss Hoel, of Pont-something in Wales. She had no money, but she was a lady. Her ancestors were in the Ark with Noah. What manner of beast they were I don't know, or how far she takes after them. Pretty far, I fancy. And there was an end of his troubles. But, all the same, Mrs. Henry Reid the first is as alive as you or I. I met her in Broadway six months ago, and I talked with her too about old college days. She was a pretty girl then—she isn't now. Do you see?"

"I see that—he—once made a fool of himself, when he was a young man. It's a stupid story, Gideon, and not worth telling. Good night—I've had enough of to-day. If there's anything not quite straight about his children's birth, who's to tell them—or the poor widow, their mother? Not you, and not I. Good night, Gideon."

"Talk of Don Quixote! He was Solomon to you. What was I to see if Copleston came to you 'in a clear, open-handed, straight-faced way'?"

"But it doesn't. What are that poor old fellow's wild oats to me? Good ——"

"Heavenly Powers! Didn't you hear five minutes ago that he died without a will? Then who's his heir-at-law? A son born out of wedlock? No. Copleston is now the law's. We—you, take it from the law—open-handed, straight-faced, and clear. You can laugh at registers, and laugh at wills, and may don Mambrino's helmet once more, without wronging even a girl—not even a man. Hail to thee, Waldron of Copleston!"

"Good night, Gideon," said Victor.

CHAPTER V.

'Tis good to walk the garden through
 Where bees are hunting honey—
 To lift the lily from the dew,
 And kiss the rose so bonny ;
 And when the stars are in the sky
 And shining o'er the meadow,
 'Tis good to sleep, and dream good-bye
 To lily, rose, and shadow.
 Ah, if the lily looked not wrath,
 And if the rose could pardon
 The steps that leave the mountain path
 To loiter through the garden !

THE morrow came and passed—that Easter Sunday on which, according to his promise, which was the promise of his whole heart, Alan Reid was to ask Bertha Meyrick to marry him, and when her lips would say the yes which her eyes had already spoken yesterday. It passed as silently as it came. Bertha would have remained to share in the sorrow of those whom she loved and who loved her, her sister and her more than brother ; but she was sent for by her own people, and she felt that even her presence, for all its sympathy, was an intrusion upon grief too deep and sacred for any eyes to see save those to whom it belonged. It would pass in time, and joy would come back again ; but meanwhile old Harry's epitaph had to be wept out—and it was like to take long.

To Alan it was not the loss of a father only. Old Harry had been so young in spirit—and in body to boot, despite all hidden mischief—that his son had lost a father, brother, comrade, and friend, all in one. They had shared the same life, the same duties, the same tastes, the same pleasures ; and if this had led to their treatment of one another almost too much as if they had been equals in age, old Harry had always, not by force of authority, but by force of doing everything best, kept over his son the influence of a comrade whom one looks up to as one's better—which is stronger than a father's. In spite of youth, Bertha, and of the more than enough life to which he looked forward, he almost felt as if all firm earth had been removed ; what had happened felt impossible to be true, then impossible to bear. A veil hung over the vision of the time—not so very far away—when he would ride to hounds or whip the brook with a heart as glad as ever, and much more strong, because every sound he heard and every step he made would be a link to bind him

closer to what he would find most hope as well as pride in remembering ; when he would daily feel more and more that his father's spirit was living more and more strongly in his own. Now, when he looked forward to these things, he could only perceive the dead voice and the lost hand ; love was left, but how could joy come to life again ? He did his best to speak of courage to Helen ; but, in truth, it was he who needed courage more than she.

She hardly knew what to make of herself, when the first hard blow had been struck, when Bertha had gone, and when she also had to realise her special share in the first real sorrow, great or small, that had ever come to Copleston. Her grief for loss, great as it was, seemed scarcely to be wholly her own. She loved her father dearly, but she was in such sympathy with her brother that his more complete loss seemed to absorb and take the place of hers. Alan lived, and would live ; and the place that their father held in Alan's life, Alan himself held in hers. There was something in her that seemed incapable of seizing the idea of death, even though it had come. When she felt how Alan felt, she could hardly help fancying herself heartless or imbecile. What had gone out that could not be relighted ? what place had been made empty that could not be refilled ? She asked no such questions ; but the sun of those glorious spring days still shone on as brightly as on Easter Eve ; and the thought that he who would most have lived in it was now deaf and blind to it all was too self-conscious a piece of mere sentiment to find its way to her before grief had had time to turn poet—which means, to be cured. The awe and dread of sudden death felt ashamed of their heathenism when she saw her father's face, and how little its dead peace spoke of dying. It was desperately hard to conceive that any sort of force could be stronger than life as she had known it ever since she was born. She felt as strong as ever ; even while sorrowing with her true heart, something below her heart seemed rebelling against sorrow, and leaping forward to the days to come which were veiled to Alan. She was walking in a valley, and felt all its darkness and chill ; but the sun was shining as brightly upon the mountain-tops before her as upon those she had left behind.

But to hear the Hillswick people talk, one would think that Mrs. Reid of Copleston was a nobody all this while—a mere appendage to her husband, daughter, and son. And it was certain that even Alan and Helen, whether they thought or talked, put their father first and let their mother follow. But such her husband himself had *never done* ; nor would any stranger who saw her for the first time.

So, most assuredly, did not the Reverend Christopher Skull—that old Mr. Skull who was curate-in-charge of Hillswick—think of her, though he had seen her a great many times. It was the day after the funeral; and they sat together in Mrs. Reid's own private room. To a certain extent, the curate carried out the theories of inheritance on which his nephew had insisted so strongly at the "George." He also was a tall man, made with a view to breadth and thickness; but circumstance had prevailed over nature in his case, and had left him a sketch in outline. The nephew's features were short and blunt; the uncle's exaggerated this peculiarity into a breadth and flatness suggesting that the stuff of which he was made, though fairly economised save in the matter of length, had run out just when it became needful to give him a nose and chin. He was wanting in colour, also; so that his general air of sketchiness was borne out thoroughly. It was carried out yet further. The rare but winning smile of Gideon was chronic with Christopher—at least, such a travestie of it as to make one think it the earliest experiment towards the production of Gideon's. Gideon's expressed a lofty bonhomie; Christopher's a conceited sort of sympathy, as if perpetually saying, "Ah—what proper feelings yours are! They must be, for they are precisely my own." He was esteemed a deep scholar in Hillswick, and had never done anything to disprove the esteem: he was charitable, according to his narrow means, and was labelled a shrewd man of business by all who knew him—very poor preachers are safe to be accounted shrewd, sound, practical men. Perhaps he would have preached better but for his voice, which was weak, dyspeptic, and the most sketchy part of him. And his nephew's lion-look of honesty was also outlined in him, in spite of his smile. He was dressed in loosely fitting and loosely worn black of what was even then beginning to be looked upon as insufficiently clerical cut, and wore a large white bow that must have been among the very last of its kind.

Mrs. Reid was sitting with her back towards the window, dressed in the deepest mourning, but with no exaggeration of weeds. She must have been at least something of a beauty when she was Miss Hoel of Pontargraig, and there were still notes of Helen about her which might have interested Gideon Skull. She was by no means an old lady—not even in years. Her husband was barely more than sixty when he died, and must have been the elder by ten. With her back to the light and her well-kept figure she looked even young. Very grave she was, of course; but, apart from grief, the lines of her face were grave. She was of that rare dark Welsh type, which sometimes

in Caernarvonshire reminds us strangely of Rome beyond the Tiber, and has nothing to do with the common Celtic pattern. It was not hard, tracing those lines backward, to surmise how and why a careless, easy-going man of the woods and fields like Harry Reid had been drawn to his born contrast—a quiet, dark girl, with proud lips and thoughtful eyes. Most surely no stranger, then or now, would have taken Mrs. Reid to be the person of least account in Copleston. Even her way of sitting was distinctive—Nature, or habit, or an instinct for what became her best, had given her just one graceful pose, from which she never stirred, even when she spoke, by so much as moving a hand. And yet it had no look of stiffness, or study, or want of ease.

“Thank you,” she said, “for coming.” Her full, yet easy and untroubled life, so full of youth everywhere, had left her voice well-nigh as young as Helen’s; but it was very unlike Helen’s in other ways. Helen’s made one think of the ring of the rising lark’s; her mother’s must always have suggested the blackbird’s in the fewness of its notes, as well as in their clearness and purity, and in being so slow and soft, as well as so quiet and clear.

“It is very good of you to say so, I’m sure,” said Mr. Skull.

“I’m not sure you will say so presently—but—”

“It is my most treasured memory, dear Mrs. Reid, that my dear, good friend never failed to send for me when he wanted me, and that I never failed to come—except once, when I was really too unwell.”

“He trusted your judgment, in some things, more than most men’s.”

“Ah, dear Mrs. Reid—he did, indeed! Comfort, under these afflictions, especially when they are premature as well as sudden, is indeed hard to find. But you know where it is to be found; and if any mere mundane reflection can console us when those who are dear to us are called upon to submit to the common lot, it is that they died regretted and respected by all who knew them. Yes, dear Mrs. Reid—even by old Grimes. It is touching indeed when such sentiments are shared in by all alike; when the peer and the peasant mingle their tears over the grave of one who is gone. The poor old man has been unfit for work ever since last Saturday afternoon; he has been behaving quite strangely; I feared he would be incapable of officiating at the melancholy ceremony yesterday. And as with him, dear Mrs. Reid, so with all. In him we have lost more than a friend. We have lost a poet—an orator—a steward of ten talents—one who might have been member for the county, even a baronet,

if he had pleased—ah, dear Mrs. Reid, it is more than commonly gratifying to think of all he might have been, now that he is gone.”

“Might have been!” echoed Mrs. Reid—but not to Mr. Skull. It was not likely that there was a single chord in her that his hands were capable of touching, even by chance; but just one there was, and his sermon had gone to it straighter than many better sermons go. What had she sent for him for but to help her mend the skeleton in *her* closet—that very “might have been”?

“Mr. Skull,” she said gently, “I have not asked you here to give me comfort, God knows. I hope I know where to gain some, as you say; and for what I can find nowhere, well, I have lived too happy and too dear a life, thank God, for nearly thirty years, to cry out even if it were all over. . . . It was only too happy, too dear . . . more than most women have spread over fifty years. . . . No; I don’t want comforting. And I have Alan, and I have Helen. Forgive me if you find me hard to understand. . . . I have asked you here to make a request of you. You will think it a strange one when you first hear it; but you will grant it, for it is right—absolutely right—though there may be difficulties to remove, and for that I *must* look to you. I have been thinking, night and day, of Alan. And——”

“His own father’s own son—every inch of him.”

Once more Mrs. Reid winced a little; but so little—so little that a much keener observer than the curate, and one far less satisfied with the tact and propriety of his own speeches, would have taken it for no more than a natural movement of weakened nerves.

“Every inch of him, dear Mrs. Reid. Paternity is a great responsibility; but I must confess to some regret that, when I myself have to submit to the common lot, I shall leave no image of myself behind. But there is no loss without compensation. I have a nephew, who is all that I would wish my own son to be. When the great healer, Time, has done a little of his work, I must crave leave to introduce to you my nephew Gideon. He has returned from America a wealthy, I may even say a prosperous, man. When we consider the extent of America, we cannot but admit that it is a remarkable nation; and when we consider, more—over——”

“I am glad to hear that your nephew has done so well. And so——”

“Nay—he has done even splendidly—my nephew Gideon, dear Mrs. Reid! If I were twenty years younger, and less unfortunately

dyspeptic, and not in orders, I should think three times before deciding not to follow his example. He has done splendidly—my nephew Gideon! He went out with nothing; in hardly twenty years he returns with I don't know how many thousands of dollars—a dollar is about four shillings, dear Mrs. Reid. He is a self-made man. And though, I need not say, by conviction as well as by sentiment, education, and association, I have a right and natural preference for those whom Providence has thought fit to make—for it were unchristian to hold any other views—still, I am very far from being so narrow-minded as not to perceive, though all men do not, that it is better to be self-made than not to be made at all. That may sound a somewhat bold, even advanced opinion, but one cannot be blind to the facts of the age; and my nephew Gideon is a Fact, dear Mrs. Reid. I trust you do not wholly disagree with me?”

“So far from that . . . You tell me,” she said suddenly, with an almost eager interest in her voice—a strange interest, for one in the first days of her widowhood, in the fortunes of the nephew of the Reverend Christopher Skull—“you tell me that a man like Gideon Skull, like even Gideon Skull, simply by being thrown upon himself and on his own resources, has conquered the world—even a little?—a man who, if he had been born rich, would have—excuse me, but you have interested me; and if he has answered to the spur——”

The speech was not complimentary to Gideon, and its manner of reference to his early youth was not far from insulting—except on the assumption that its character was too notorious to need a pretence of veiling. But Mr. Skull simply waved it away. “Not a little, dear Mrs. Reid. Cæsar said, *Veni, vidi, vici*, which means, I came, I saw, I conquered. My nephew Gideon may say the same.”

“I should like to see him. What is he—by profession, I mean?”

“What is he? You have asked me a question that I must admit my present inability to answer. But I have long been of the opinion that no calling is *per se*—which means in itself—dishonourable if it be honourably pursued. Many people have a prejudice against lawyers, for example. I have none; always with the proviso that they be worthy. I think that old Grimes, for example, may be just as respectable as——”

“Mr. Skull—in spite of all I have lost—if my boy could only lose Copleston this day, I should be the happiest mother in all the land!”

CHAPTER VI.

Conrad.—Nay,

I did not serve for pardon. If my death
 Be right reward for lifting up my hand,
 Ay, with a sword in't—smiting at a blow
 Into its proper dust her serpent head
 Whose hairs were chains to hold thee from a crown,
 Then give me death, sire—give me death, and pride!
 No pardon! When full days of high renown
 And kingly joys have blossomed forth in fruit
 From roots thy tears turn bitter, sovereign thanks
 Will be *my* pardon. And if after-time
 Brings from her grave some sweet, empoisoned sin
 To melt thy strength to weakness, thou wilt cry,
 "Oh for the blade that flamed in Conrad's hand
 To stab my heart again, and save my soul!"

MR. SKULL was so amazed that, if he had only had presence of mind enough, he would have ceased to smile. Had her husband's sudden death sent her out of her mind? He could not help looking round to see if the bell-rope was anywhere near.

"You have been making excuses for your nephew," she said, "and for your belief in a man strong enough to make himself and conquer fortune, as if you thought excuses were needed—to me. I am glad you think as you do; it will make you the readier to help us, and make what I have to say so much the easier. Thinking as you do, you will not think my request so strange as I feared. Alan's likeness to his father simply terrifies me, Mr. Skull."

"My *dear* Mrs. Reid!"

"Terrifies is all too weak a word—and it grows stronger day by day. And there was such sympathy between them! Alan will think it his duty to follow in the same footsteps, and they will bring him—where?"

"To a happy and useful life, dear Mrs. Reid; and to an honoured and respected grave."

"To a useless life, Mr. Skull—to a useless end! To the sentence upon him who hid the talent in a napkin. Don't misunderstand me, for God's sake; I loved my husband with all my heart and all my life; . . . but what folly it is to say that love is blind! And he had excuses that could never be Alan's. He was brought up in a bad old school. He was taught to think killing foxes and fishes the only pursuit worthy of a reasonable man. He had genius, Mr. Skull—and I know that, for I knew *him*. I was his wife, I *am* his wife, but I am too jealous in my judgments of those I love to be deceived.

Genius is not an ambitious thing. You said, 'Might have been !' Had he been born poor, Hillswick might never have heard of him—but the world would have known him. Do you think me hard? I tell you that all his neighbours' praise is blame before my fault-finding. What do they know of him? That he was a great sportsman and a good neighbour, who could speak well when he had dined, and make rhymes when the frost kept him at home. It is all false—he was a great man, whom the curse of ease threw back on dogs, and those who serve them. God will excuse him—but if Alan throws away *his* life, and I stand by and look on, who will excuse *me*? And—so like his father! I can see his life, if he is left to himself, every year, every day of it, before my eyes. 'He had no enemy but his mother.' How will that epitaph read?"

"My dear Mrs. Reid!" said Mr. Skull, with breath scarcely yet recovered. "My nephew—Gideon—!"

"One minute, if you please. It was hard to begin, but what I have to say is soon said when once begun. Alan has not his father's genius. That has been thrown away—for ever. But he is strong, he has good talents, he has high principles; he has courage, perseverance, and energy; he has every quality that a man need have to live the life of a man. As owner of Copleston, and living here, he will be content to fritter all his gifts away in doing rather better than others what is not worth doing at all, and in doing a few useful trifles no better than a hundred of his neighbours could do them. He will lose his energies; he will lose all account of life; he will learn to choose ease before all things—perhaps even before honour itself, if he came to be tried. On the other hand, with all things to be conquered before they were enjoyed, am I unjust—forgive me if I am—in placing Alan Reid before Gideon Skull? The need of work would bring love of work; love of work would bring ambition; ambition, with *his* qualities, would bring more than its own end. I should be the mother of a great and noble man. I cannot sit by and see his life murdered by sloth and ease. I have tried to inspire him with enthusiasm for a career a hundred times; and a hundred times I have failed. He worships his father, and his father's life is his ideal. In honour and goodness, yes—but even a woman might live such a life as he plans. He must be spurred, and that hard."

"You wish him to enter a profession? He will do that to please you, I should say. Many of our best families have sons in the church, or in the army, of course, or at the bar. I would not *advise the church*, though," said the curate hastily; for the absentee

Rector of Hillswick was older than he by full six months, and a worse life, and a Reverend Alan Reid's claims to a vacant living might sadly interfere with the life-dream of the Reverend Christopher Skull. "The church should be more than a profession, dear Mrs. Reid. But he might be a captain in the Guards, and experience at the bar gives importance at Quarter Sessions."

"You misunderstand me utterly. I would sooner be in my grave than see my boy a family rector, or a sham soldier, or a make-believe lawyer. Can't you understand me when I say that I want him to work as if he believed every hope he had in life, even his daily bread, depended on himself alone? He would be driven to use his talents then! And how can he do this with the weight of the millstone of Copleston? Simply, what Gideon has done, Alan must do. He must be a man."

"Your sentiments are always noble," said Mr. Skull, but very feebly.

"Do you understand me now?"

"Thoroughly, dear Mrs. Reid." But, nevertheless, he felt himself at sea.

"And so I send for you—"

"To ask my poor advice? Well, dear Mrs. Reid—"

"I need no counsel. And you have already given me, without knowing it, more than I need. I have to carry out a plan—and I cannot, without you. My husband always placed trust in you. He has named you co-executor with myself of his will."

"Of his will!—me!"

"It was too simple to need a lawyer's help; everything is Alan's. My plan is this—to keep my boy from his inheritance for at least seven years of apprenticeship to life—to life as it is, not a mere game at play. For at least seven years he must be a poor man, that he may learn how to *use* Copleston. In the first place, you will keep my confidence; it is necessary somebody should be acquainted with the truth, in case I die before the end of seven years. Secondly, you must help me with a colourable excuse for keeping gossip from meddling. I know how to deal with my son. I need no help there. But Copleston must for seven years, at least, be in some hands that will hold the estate as a trustee, be content to be repaid by the income for the time, and surrender faithfully when the time comes. I have heard of such arrangements in the case of livings and other offices; I believe they may be made by deed. Lastly, you will not contradict the public opinion that there is no will. A will would compel inquiries, and——"

"Mrs. Reid!"

"Well?"

"I may be right or I may be wrong. But it seems to me as if I was being asked to help you to conceal a will, and to hire somebody to rob your son for seven years. Let me implore you to reflect, madam. I am not competent to give counsel. I don't know if there isn't a law against concealing wills. Go to a lawyer—go to Evans, dear Mrs. Reid."

"Do you think a mother would ask you to rob her son? But do you think there is anything she would not do to save him from a life of ruin? But there is no crime here. Even if the will were destroyed, there would be no fraud—Alan would still be his father's heir. Thank God, Alan will understand me, and thank me with his whole heart, in seven years—"

"But yourself—but Miss Reid—"

"Oh, Helen is a child—a girl. I have to think of Alan."

"But who, in the name of goodness, madam, would consent to be the owner, the ostensible owner, of Copleston for seven years? My poor friend was accustomed to think somewhat highly of my poor capacities for business, and by making me his executor he has given expression to his opinion. I presume it is partly in that capacity you request my counsel. In that capacity—"

"Excuse me—your aid, not your counsel, Mr. Skull."

"Advice is a form of assistance, dear Mrs. Reid. Your plan, I need not say, does your heart honour. But I must confess myself as yet unacquainted—deeply as my calling has obliged me to sound the depths of human nature—with one who would consent to accept such a trust without a full understanding of circumstances which are not wholly intelligible even to me."

"You have found a woman to contradict your experience of human nature. Why may there not be a man to contradict them still further? What is to prevent your nephew, for example, being appointed steward and receiver to the estate for a term, on the understanding that he shall not be called upon to account for his stewardship? He need not live at Copleston unless he pleases; he can let the place for a term, in a good hunting country. It will be no more than a nine days' wonder in Hillswick that a young man should wish to travel for a time, or otherwise see the world, if you, my good friend, my husband's trusted friend, will only confirm my opinion of your right to the great trust of the living of Hillswick by keeping my confidence in a matter of such small account to the world, but of such infinite moment to me and my boy. Alan will consent to the

appointment—of that there is no fear ; and as to his ignorance of ownership afterwards, in that I need neither counsel nor aid."

" My nephew—Gideon ! Irresponsible steward of Copleston for seven years ? "

" Within limits, irresponsible. I must trust some one largely, and yet that some one must not be so excessively scrupulous as to make it needless to compensate him largely ; and nothing would in itself seem so natural in Hillswick as that the near relation of its clergyman, its future rector, should be appointed steward of Copleston. It will not be as if Mr. Gideon Skull had not earned a right of his own to be trusted. He is, you tell me, a prosperous and successful man."

The future rector of Copleston—it was the first time those welcome words had ever fallen upon his outward ears—felt all firm ground slipping away from under him. The text about the rich man and the camel fought hard with his over forty years' experience of the difficulties of a poor one ; that about not doing evil that good may come fought yet harder with its inherent want of application to such a benefit to the whole parish as having a man like Christopher Skull for its rector ; his secret distrust of his label of worldly wisdom contended against an incapacity to make his great lady's humour square with common sanity. " My nephew—Gideon ! " was all he could say. Gideon was the only fragment of firm ground left him.

" That is settled, then," said Mrs. Reid. " Kindly offer Mr. Gideon Skull, in Alan's name, the appointment in the terms I have mentioned. He will not refuse. For all explanations, refer him, if you please, to me. I trust wholly to your absolute silence on all else I have said to you. You need say nothing to your nephew but that the offer is made. It is natural it should come through you. Before leaving Copleston I shall see you again, and give you all the further instructions you will need. You will excuse my asking you to leave me now ? I have to speak to my boy."

Mr. Skull could not determine whether he had been convinced, persuaded, bought, or ordered, or all four together. Convinced, he trusted—for certainly some of Mrs. Reid's arguments had been very weighty. But ordered, he half feared, when his last attempt at a protest was cut short by her rising to ring the bell. " Gideon knows the world—I must consult Gideon," thought he ; and then he remembered that his silence implied a promise only to make an offer to Gideon—not to consult him. It was needful to speak one word more. " My nephew Gideon," he began.

But the bell rang. " Good-bye," said Mrs. Reid. " I thank you,

Mr. Skull, with all my soul. Thanks to you, my boy will be a Man."

"I hope it's right—I hope with all my heart it's right—and I hope it's impossible!" he was able to bring out at last. But there was nobody to hear him; for by the time words had come to him, Copleston was a full mile and a half behind.

"I know I am right!" was all Mrs. Reid could find to tell herself as, after no more than a minute's pause, she went downstairs to the little room where Helen used to sit and read, or write letters, or otherwise amuse herself whenever she happened to be indoors, which was seldom, with nothing in particular to do—which was pretty often. Since her father's death, she had spent most of her days there, whenever she happened not to be with Alan or her mother. She was there now, as her mother entered, apparently reading, but really building castles, which, in spite of their foundation, were by no means wholly sad ones. The months would pass, and the cloud that hung over the house would not prove thick enough to keep the sun from shining through. Life would be the deeper and fuller for the shadow they had all passed through, hand in hand, and joy would be all the deeper and fuller too. The father's life would have been indeed thrown away if the good of his presence could be turned even by death into evil. If they had really loved him in the way he would have chosen, his children would learn to remember him as the cause of their happiness, and in no wise of pain. Perhaps, thinking or rather feeling thus, there was more of sympathy with the dead father's living spirit in her unquenchable hope than in Alan's grief, which as yet could not look beyond the gloom of the day. She read in her book, held upside down, how, in due course, all things would go on as of old, only growing better with their fuller lives—how her Alan would marry her Bertha, and bring all sorts of new love and life into the old ways—how the mother would learn comfort and content, and perhaps a little more softness, thought Helen, in time, when all sorts of new and sweet things came—and how she herself would rejoice, even for the rest of her days, in absorbing and sending out again all the sunshine round her. Perhaps something else, also, might come to her; if it did, it would be in the way of some wonderful double joy, and, if not, things were more than good enough as they were going to be.

"Helen," said Mrs. Reid, "where is Alan? I thought he might be here. I have something to say to him—to both of you—that——"

"Mamma, what has happened? What is wrong?"

"Did I say anything was wrong?" She was speaking in her

natural voice, and seated herself opposite Helen in her natural manner : yet Helen felt that there was a shadow round her. "Where *is* Alan?"

"He is seeing somebody in the library."

"Seeing somebody? Who? Surely Mr. Skull is gone?"

"Doctor Bolt, perhaps—or Mr. Evans—I don't know. I don't suppose he will be long now. Mamma, what is it you have to say to Alan and me?"

"You love Alan more than most sisters love their brothers. Is there anything you could not do for him?"

"I think—I *know*, nothing. Why do you ask me, mamma?"

"Is there anything you would not give up, Helen? Would you do anything less for him, or give up less, than I? We live for him, both of us—don't we? *Only* for him, now?"

"Mamma, there is nothing I would not do for Alan; nothing I would not give up for him. But, mamma, tell me What am I to give up for him? What am I to do for him?"

"I believe you, Helen. I know how you love him, and I don't think even I love him more than you do Hark! Isn't that the front door? . . . Yes: whoever it is, he is gone."

Helen went to the window, which had a view of the terrace, to see who the departing visitor might be; but she caught no more than a glimpse of a tall stranger just disappearing into the avenue. What was she to give up for Alan? Not her whole dream? But, short of the whole, anything in the world—as concerned herself, all. But what could it be?

Alan entered the room before she turned back from the window. And, when she did turn, remembering her mother's words, her heart sank in her.

Her brother must have expected to find her, but he started when he saw his mother. The young man, so gently grave even in the depth of his great sorrow, was changed; he looked as if just startled out of a terrible dream. His eyes were bloodshot, and his skin fearfully pale; and there was a set hardness about his mouth which frightened her. But her mother's eyes seemed to be looking far off, and to observe nothing.

But when the first start was over he went straight to his mother, lifted her hand to his lips, and kissed it reverently and tenderly. It was natural enough greeting to a widowed mother, but it was a new and strange caress in that most English of households, where no feelings had ever until these days been deeply stirred. It was especially new in Alan. Mrs. Reid looked up for a moment half in

wonder, and her voice was broken, though ever so little, when she first spoke to him.

"Alan," said she, "who was that who was with you just now, and is just gone?"

"Gideon Skull." Helen wondered why Alan's eyes—so unlike *his* eyes—remained fixed on the floor.

"Gideon Skull?"

"He came over with his uncle. He stayed to speak to me."

"I was never told . . . Alan, you are like your father; and he was a Man. Can you—you *can* bear to be told you are poor. That we are all poor. That—that, Alan—wait, before you speak—that, except for immediate needs, and perhaps a very little more, we have nothing but one another to call our own. Look me in the face, Alan, and show me, who say this to my son, that he can bear it bravely! I—Alan—things have happened—things have failed—have gone wrong—you will have to appoint some one—"

It was turning harder than she had looked for to lie, for his good, to her son. But her sense of a right purpose must have been terribly strong not to break down once for all and wholly, in the atmosphere of Helen's little room, into which the sun, that even death had left so bright and fair, was still shining. It did not break down. "Alan," she said, "I need not tell you that there is no disgrace, no shame. There is none—absolutely none. But there may be sudden misfortunes; there may be secrets; in short, Alan, *you* will believe *me* when I tell my son that he must accept a life of labour without asking why; content to know, till the time comes for his knowing all, that there is nothing to lessen his pride. Look in my face, Alan, and let him tell me, not that he must—for that is not for him to say—but that he *will*."

"Mother!" cried Helen, "Alan! I do not understand. What is happening? How can Alan lose our father's land?—how can he lose it without knowing why? Who has a single right to it but he? What have you been hearing? Alan is a man; he will know what is right and what is wrong. Is that what you meant when you asked *me* what I can give up—what I can do? Have *I* to give up anything that Alan may keep his own? Alan, you *must* know why!"

"Hush, Helen!" said Alan. They were his first words. He raised his eyes at last, and looked his mother in the face, as she had bidden. "Say no more, mother. Never speak of it again. Whatever you say, I believe. Never think for one instant that I should dream of shame to—us, in how it has gone. Dearest mother, since you are brave, you *shall* see how brave *I* can be."

Helen turned towards him amazed. Was it possible that a human being should let himself be told in this fashion, on some unknown authority, that he, and his sister, and his mother, had been suddenly reduced to poverty for no imaginable cause, and submit as calmly and unquestioningly as if he had been a well-behaved baby who had been ordered to give up an unvalued toy? Mrs. Reid herself appeared for a moment bewildered by an obedience so implicit and so sudden. The need of giving circumstance to her lie had been its hardest part, and the need was gone. She had almost gained time enough to repent and stay her hand. Had he not been tested enough when he had proved himself capable at starting of the courage that was to be his apprenticeship's chief end? But then—his very submission to her, without question or effort, was far too much a child's instead of a man's, and it hardened her again. She only sighed to think of the inheritance of weakness that had been bequeathed to him, and which would find a terribly fruitful soil in Copleston unless the root were torn out and the soil left fallow for years.

She rose and placed her hands on his shoulders. "Don't fear for us," she said. "With you and for you we can bear all. Win for yourself—you will best know how—and we shall be glad and proud. There! we may sleep here one more night, and to-morrow we will talk of what must be done. We trust in you, Alan, and we believe in you; we will. Alan, not one of us will ever regret this day."

"Mamma!" cried Helen; but her mother was gone. "Alan!" she cried; but she held out no hand to him. "It is terrible! what *can* it mean? And you—you looked so strange, even before she spoke to you!"

"Yes, Nelly. It means that you must be the bravest girl alive. It means that our poor mother and you will have to depend on what I can find to do to keep the wolf away. I wouldn't mind for myself—not a scrap, Nelly. I should make a first-rate gamekeeper, if I was alone—better than our Tom Basset, by a long way." It was the lightest thing he could find to say; but it helped him to find a sort of smile. "But we'll do better than that, Nell dear, God helping."

"Oh, don't smile like that, Alan! *What* has happened to us all?"

"Nelly, it is true. You thought it strange that I never asked a question. Nelly, I know what mother means. And she knows I know—and we understand one another, through and through. Any word I could have spoken more than I did would have given her pain. And now, my dear, brave, true Nelly, don't ask me to tell you one word more."

"Alan! *You won't tell me?*"

"I can't. Don't ask me, Nell."

"There *is* disgrace, Alan?"

"No."

She held out both her hands. "You know what is right—you will do what is best; I will try to help you. I will never question you. But . . . Bertha!"

He turned away his face, and his chest heaved. Then he drew her towards him by the hands she had held out to him, stooped down, and kissed her on the brow.

"I have a sister," said he, "and she must help me this minute by leaving me for ten minutes while I write a letter or two. Come back in ten minutes, Nell, and we'll——"

But what they were to do together she did not hear. She escaped to some hidden corner of the house of all her nights and days, where she might weep her heart out over Alan. "I have a sister?" Then all was true—all was lost indeed! What ruin could Death have brought that Love was not strong enough to overcome?

Victor Waldron had not yet left Hillswick. Exactly what it was that kept him there he did not trouble himself to inquire. Of course his call at Copleston had been knocked on the head by the sudden death of its master, and Hillswick, though it might be the tomb of his ancestors, was hardly the place for the holiday of an American who had as yet seen neither Rome, which is his national duty, nor Paris, which is his national reward. Still, he had found plenty of occupation. Not another word had been spoken between himself and his friend Gideon on the subject of Copleston—much to Victor's relief, as it seemed evidence that Gideon, like a right-minded fellow and a sympathetic friend, had come round to his way of thinking. So, with a mind at ease, he amused himself with investigations into the fascinating subject of family history, though more to the profit of old Grimes than to his own. And family history led on to public history. He found out, for example, among the churchwardens' accounts, exactly how many pints of beer were drunk by the ringers when some small Waldron was christened in 1592, and could tell to a fraction the average price of ducking-stools. He smoked a good many cigars in the belfry, and occasionally helped Old Grimes and his fellows with the bells—and plenty of time may pass very pleasantly in that way. Was it quite impossible that, before he left Hillswick, he might have another glimpse of the Glockendame—*only he did not hurry away?*

Gideon and he were capital comrades, for the simple reason that each followed his own pursuits during the day, so that they had plenty to talk of between dinner-time and about two in the morning. But it was not nearly so late as that when, on the eve of a glorious spring day, which Gideon, who was a great pedestrian, had spent out-of-doors, and Victor, who never walked for pleasure, had passed more or less in the steeple, the waiter brought the latter an unstamped letter with a black border.

Surely it must be from Copleston? Perhaps, since the funeral was well over, the presence in the place of a far-off cousin might be held to claim recognition. He opened it with affected deliberation; he read—and presently a frown drew his brows tightly together as he read on. It *was* from Copleston.

“Sir,—I have this morning seen your representative, Mr. Gideon Skull. He has laid before me evidence that Copleston belongs to you and not to me. As he has doubtless informed you, I told him that I should take legal advice. Since then, I have learned by the strongest proof that what he asserts is most unquestionably true. I shall not contest your claim, and you may enter as soon as you please. Mrs. Reid and Miss Reid will require a day or two for preparation, but that shall not take a day longer than is necessary. I will not occupy a house that is not mine a single unnecessary day. On all business matters I refer you to Mr. Evans, of Hillswick. You will understand that it is too painful for me to meet you, especially as by employing a representative you showed your own unwillingness to meet me. You will also understand that my reason for giving up Copleston to you in this informal manner is to avoid taking even a lawyer into confidence concerning the circumstance on which you found your claim. You will understand, moreover, that I thus surrender Copleston to you because it is my duty to yield to you your lawful right, and not because I do not maintain that my mother was my father's wife in truth as well as before the world. That I do maintain, and always shall, in all ways, as well as by signing myself, with regrets that my occupation should have deprived you of the enjoyment of your rights for a single day,

“ALAN REID.”

“Read that!” exclaimed Victor, starting from his seat and throwing the letter across the table to Gideon.

Gideon read it. “He is a reasonable young man,” said he, “and an honest one—as the world goes.”

Victor swore roundly. "What the hell do you mean by meddling with what concerns me?"

Gideon opened his eyes and stared. "What sort of a friend should I think you if you stood by and saw me fooled out of my birthright by a girl? Is that what you'd do by me?"

"Gideon Skull, I will never forgive you this day's work—no, not if I live a thousand years!"

(To be continued.)

THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

IN my treatise called "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy" there are two essays on the great pyramid, one dealing with the strange fancies which have been associated with this building by Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, the other advancing a theory respecting the building which seems to me, on the whole, more probable than any other. I do not now propose to go over the ground covered by either of those essays, but, following the practice which I have formerly adopted in like cases, to indicate at full length in the present essay only such points as I have noted since the two former papers were written. If in such study as I have given to the subject in the interval I had found any evidence bearing unfavourably upon the views I have advanced in those papers, I should have judged it right to point out clearly and definitely the nature and weight of such evidence, and to withdraw, if the evidence suggested such a course, from positions taken up in error—not merely abandoning views which appeared erroneous, but pointing out such errors as I had recognised. Since, on the contrary, the evidence I have obtained and the points which I have noticed in relation to the pyramids, and especially to the great pyramid, appear strikingly to confirm the theory I advanced in the essay entitled "The Mystery of the Pyramid," it is but just to indicate the nature of this new or recently noted matter, even as I should have indicated any adverse evidence. If I should thus appear *tenax propositi*, I believe such persistence has its origin in a wish to be just and truthful (qualities which, as we know, Horace associated with tenacity of opinion). I think too that readers of my former papers on the pyramid may find as much interest as I have found myself in the new matter thus submitted to them, respecting the oldest remaining monuments of human labour (except such as are to be regarded as subjects rather of palæontological than of antiquarian research).

I will first run briefly through such matters of detail as are necessary preliminaries to any discussion respecting the pyramids, following the line laid down in Sir Edmund Beckett's treatise on

Building. I may remark that much which he there points out, and especially the theory which he advances respecting the measures of length used in the construction of the great pyramid, was not known to me when I wrote the papers above mentioned. It appears to me that he makes out a very strong case for his theory. I must frankly admit that he by no means entertains a similar opinion respecting my own views as to the purposes for which the pyramid was constructed. He can find nothing, he tells me, to suggest the idea that the builders of the pyramids had any astrological ideas in view; and so far as I can judge, he would not admit that even astronomy entered into the plans of the pyramid architects otherwise than as an adjunct to the work of building. I believe, however, that Sir E. Beckett's objections to the astrological interpretation of the pyramids, or rather to the association of the astrological theory with the tomb theory, have their origin rather in the idea that such a theory would be associated with my astrological interpretation of the origin of the Sabbath, than in any circumstances known respecting the pyramids or their builders. I have certainly found nothing in Sir E. Beckett's reasonings respecting his own theory (which I consider the most probable theory of pyramid dimensions yet advanced) opposed to my own views, but, on the contrary, much which seems strongly to favour them. Whether the astrological theory has or has not much to be said in its favour is a point which I willingly leave others to decide upon. I think I shall be able here considerably to strengthen the evidence I formerly adduced to show that the pyramid's present features cannot well be accounted for on any other theory.

In the first place, Sir E. Beckett starts with the statement, almost amounting in itself to an admission of the astronomical significance of the pyramid relations, that the great pyramid was built in the year 2170 B.C., by Cheops as Herodotus calls him, but Suphis or Shufu as he is named in hieroglyphics painted on large stones over the king's chamber. This, says Beckett, was in the time of Peleg, "ages before the Israelites were in Egypt, whom some persons have hastily guessed to have been employed in building the pyramids"—an argument effective indeed against Professor Smyth and those followers of his who see in the pyramid a sort of stone Bible, but scarcely as against those who believe no more in the 239 years of Peleg's life than in the nine hundred odd years of Methuselah's, or in the literal interpretation of the six days of creation. If we are to start with the theory that, in the year B.C. 2348, there were eight living persons in the world, and that, less than two centuries later, a monarch, *ruling a nation large enough to provide tens of thousands of*

workers, erected the greatest mass of stonework ever raised on the face of this earth by man, we need not trouble ourselves to explain how and why the great pyramid was built. We might as well admit at once that the pyramid was built under the direct personal superintendence of Uriel, the Archangel who has special charge over the astronomical relations of the solar system,

The same whom John saw also in the sun ;

who also explained earlier to an inquiring angel how, in the beginning,

This ethereal quintessence of Heav'n

Flew upward, spirited with various forms,

That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars

Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move.

One idea is not a whit more untenable than the other.

Secondly, it is to be noted that according to some traditions the second pyramid, though somewhat smaller than the first, and altogether inferior in design, was begun somewhat earlier. I would invite special attention to this point. It is one of those perplexing details which are always best worth examining when we want to obtain a true theory. The second pyramid was certainly built during the reign of the builder of the first or great pyramid. It must have been built, then, with his sanction, for his brother, Chephren, according to Herodotus; Noun-shop, or Suphis II., according to the Egyptian records. Enormous quantities of stone, of the same quality as the stone used for the great pyramid, were conveyed to the site of the second pyramid, during the very time when the resources of the nation were being largely taxed to get the materials for the great pyramid conveyed to the place appointed for that structure. It would appear, then, that there was some strong—in fact, some insuperable—objection to the building of one great pyramid, larger by far than either the first or second, for both the brothers. Yet nothing has ever been learned respecting the views of the Egyptians about tombs (save only what is learned from the pyramids themselves, if we assume that they were only built as tombs) which would suggest that each king wanted a monstrous pyramid sepulchre for himself. If we could doubt that Cheops valued his brother and his family very highly, we should find convincing proof of the fact, in the circumstance that he allowed enormous sums to be expended on his brother's pyramid, and a great quantity of labour to be devoted to its erection, at the time when his own was in progress at still greater expense, and at the cost of still greater labour. But if he thus highly esteemed his brother, and, regarding him as the future ruler of Egypt, recognised in him the

same almost sacred qualities which the people of Egypt taught their rulers to recognise in themselves, what was to prevent him from combining the moneys and the labours which were devoted to the two pyramids in the construction of a single larger pyramid, which could be made doubly secure, and more perfectly designed and executed? Is anything whatever known respecting either the Egyptians or any race of tomb-loving or rather corpse-worshipping people, which would lead us to suppose that a number of costly separate tomb pyramids would have been preferred to a single, but far larger, pyramid-mausoleum, which should receive the bodies of all the members of the family, or at least of all those of the family who had ruled in turn over the land? If we could imagine for a moment that Cheops would have objected to such an arrangement, is it not clear that when he died his successors would have taken possession of his pyramid, removing his body perhaps, or not allowing it to be interred there, *if* the sole or even the chief purpose for which a pyramid was erected was that it might serve as a gigantic tomb?

We may indeed note as a still more fatal objection to the theory that the chief purpose for which a pyramid was built was to serve as the builder's tomb, that it would have been little short of madness for Cheops to devote many years of his life, enormous sums of money, and the labour of myriads of his people, to the construction of a building which might and probably would be turned after his death to some quite different purpose from that for which he intended it. It is not to be supposed, and indeed history shows it certainly was not the case, that the dynasties which ruled over Egypt were more secure from attack than those which ruled elsewhere in the East during those days. Cheops cannot have placed such implicit reliance on his brother Chephren's good faith as to feel sure that, after his own death, Chephren would complete the pyramid, place Cheops's body in it, and close up the entrance so securely that none could find the way into the chamber where the body was laid. Cheops could not even be certain that Chephren would survive him, or that his own son, Mycerinus or Menkeres, would be able to carry out the purpose for which he (Cheops) had built the pyramid.

Apart, then, from that feature of the tomb theory which seems so strangely to have escaped notice—the utter wildness of the idea that even the most tomb-loving race would build tombs quite so monstrous as these—we see that there are the strongest possible objections against the credibility of the merely tombic theory (to use a word coined, I imagine, by Professor Piazza Smyth, and more convenient perhaps than defensible). It seems clear on the face of

things that the pyramids must have been intended to serve some useful purpose during the lifetime of the builder. It is clear also (all, indeed, save the believers in the religion of the great pyramid, will admit *this* point) that each pyramid served some purpose useful to the builder of the pyramid, and to him only. Cheops's pyramid was of no use to Chephren, Chephren's of no use to Mycerinus, and so forth. Otherwise we might be sure, even if we adopted for a moment the exclusively tombic theory, that, though Chephren might have been so honest as not to borrow his brother's tomb when Cheops was departed, or Mycerinus so honest as not to despoil either his uncle or his father, yet among some of the builders of the pyramids such honesty would have been wanting. It is clear, however, from all the traditions which have reached us respecting the pyramids, that no anxiety was entertained by the builder of any pyramid on this score. Cheops seems to have been well assured that Chephren would respect his pyramid, and even (at great expense) complete it; and so of all the rest. There must, then, have been some special reasons which rendered the pyramid of each king useless altogether to his successor.

Nay, may we not go somewhat further, and, perceiving that Chephren's pyramid must have been built chiefly at his brother's cost, and nearly all of it during his brother's lifetime, may we not assume that the particular purpose which Chephren's pyramid subserved to Chephren only, was nevertheless such a purpose as in some way advanced the interests of the dynasty? Nothing in the history of the dynasty implies that the relations among its members were very much more cordial than those usually prevailing among kings and their relatives. It would have implied singular generosity on Cheops's part, renewed by Chephren towards Mycerinus, and by Mycerinus towards Asychis, thus to have helped in the erection of mere tombs for their several heirs while these were still dependent upon them. But if the fortunes of the dynasty were in some way involved, or supposed to be involved, in these structures, the case would be entirely altered. It is a characteristic feature of my theory respecting the pyramids, though it certainly was not the point which suggested the theory (and, as the reader of my "Myths and Marvels" is aware, was not even touched upon in my original presentation of the theory), that it explains not merely satisfactorily but fully this particular circumstance, viz. that it was worth the reigning king's while to have special attention paid to the construction, not merely of his brother's pyramid, but also of his eldest son's large pyramid, of his three other sons' small pyramids, and of his

six daughters' still smaller pyramids. There seems reason to believe that all these were put in hand, so to speak, nearly at the same time, though the great pyramid of Cheops, owing to the enormous scale on which the preliminary works were constructed, was probably not actually begun till some time after the others. Very probably the three small pyramids beside the third, the largest of which is the fourth pyramid or the pyramid of Asychis, were all commenced during the lifetime of Cheops. Thus the relative dimensions of the several pyramids, as shown in the accompanying map, Fig. 1, would correspond to the relative importance attached by Cheops to the fortunes—always as associated with his—of the various members of his own family. This would explain, what has hitherto been thought perplexing, the singularly reduced scale on which the pyramid of Mycerinus is built, and the still further and most marked reduction in the case of the pyramid of Asychis. It is not at all likely that Mycerinus, if building a pyramid for himself, would have been content with a smaller pyramid than that of Cheops himself. On the contrary, all that we know of human nature, and especially of the nature of the Egyptian kings, assures us that each successive monarch would have endeavoured to surpass his predecessors. On the other hand, if Cheops assigned the proportions of a series of pyramids, one for each member of his family, he would naturally arrange them in order of magnitude as we see them in Fig. 1. To his brother and next heir, his right hand probably in the government of Egypt, he would assign a pyramid second only in dimensions to his own, though greatly inferior in quality. To his eldest son, young doubtless when the pyramids were begun, he would assign a much smaller pyramid (No. 3); but as this son was to succeed Chephren as king, Cheops would give him, like Chephren, a separate enclosure; while to his younger sons and to his daughters he would assign pyramids not only smaller, but enclosed within the same area as his

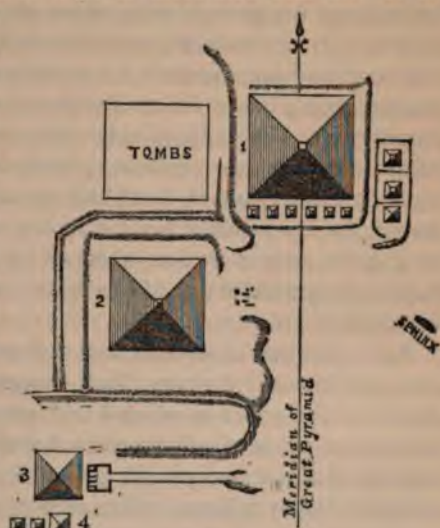


FIG. 1.

pyramids not only smaller, but enclosed within the same area as his

own. Space seems to have been left for Chephren's family, should he have any; but it appears he had no children. To Asychis, his grandson, Cheops would assign a pyramid about as large as those of his own younger sons. It is noteworthy, by the way, that the linear dimensions of the pyramid of Asychis are less than those of the pyramid of Mycerinus, in the same degree that those are less than the linear dimensions of the pyramid of Cheops. Most certainly this distribution of the dimensions was not that which Asychis himself, or Mycerinus, would have selected.

I would submit in passing that this explanation of the relative dimensions of the pyramids of Ghizeh is somewhat more natural than that given by the pyramid-religionists, who insist that the great pyramid was built under divine superintendence (or by divinely inspired architects), and not intended for a tomb at all, while all the other pyramids, being meant for tombs, were therefore inferior in size and construction. Not only is this explanation—the only one ever attempted of this most significant peculiarity of the pyramid group—singularly extravagant in itself, and unsatisfactory further as leaving Cheops, the first pyramid builder, without any pyramid for his tomb, but it gives no explanation whatever of the descent in scale from Chephren's pyramid to that of Mycerinus, and from this to the pyramid of Asychis.

Again, however, I have to note that the circumstance here dwelt upon was not one of those which suggested my theory, nor was it noticed in the paper in which I first advocated that theory. It is one of those pieces of evidence which is almost certain to be noticed in favour of a true theory some time after other evidence has caused such theory to be adopted. But such things do not happen in the case of untrue theories, save by very rare accident. It will presently be seen that the two characteristics of the pyramids, formerly regarded as perplexing, which find a natural and ready explanation in the astrological theory, are by no means the only ones of which the same may be said.

Among points to which my attention has been specially directed by advocates of the exclusively tombic theory of the pyramids, one of the chief, one which, indeed, I was assured by several persons would convince me of the sufficiency of this theory, was what is called Lepsius's Law of Pyramid Building. It is thus referred to and described by Professor Piazzi Smyth: "All the Egyptologists of our age, French, English, German, and American, have hailed the advent on their stage of time of the so-called 'Lepsius's Law of Pyramid Building'; they universally declaring that it satisfies absolutely all the

observed or known phenomena. And it may do so for every known case of any Egyptian pyramid, *except* the great pyramid; and there it explains nothing of what *it* chiefly consists in. Taking, however, the cases which it does apply to, viz. the profane Egyptian examples, this alleged 'law' pronounces that the sole object of any pyramid was to form a royal tomb—subterranean, as a matter of course—and that operations began by making an inclined descending passage leading down into the rock, and in cutting out an underground chamber at the end of it. The scheme, thus begun below, went on also growing above-ground, every year of the king's reign, by the placing there of a new heap or additional layer of building stones, and piling them, layer above layer, over a central square-based nucleus upon the levelled ground, virtually above the subterranean apartment; and it was finally (that is, this superincumbent mass of masonry) finished off on that king's death by his successor, who deposited his predecessor's body embalmed and in a grand sarcophagus in the underground chamber, stopping up the passage leading to it, cased in the rude converging sides of the building with bevelled casing stones, so as to give it a smooth pyramidal form, and left it in fact a finished Egyptian and Pharaonic pyramid to all posterity; and no mean realisation either of prevailing ideas among some early nations, of burying their monarchs *sub montibus altis*, in impressive quiet, immovable calm, and deep in the bosom of mother earth."

Although Lepsius states that he discovered this solution of the riddle of pyramidal construction, it was in part suggested earlier by James Wilde, and is thus described in the letterpress accompanying Frith's large photographs of Egypt: "A rocky site was first chosen, and a space made smooth, except a slight eminence in the centre to form a peg upon which the structure should be fixed" (which is absurd). "Within the rock, and usually below the level of the future base, a sepulchral chamber was excavated, with a passage inclined downwards, leading to it from the north." After describing the way in which the work proceeded, the account goes on to say that "in this manner it was possible for the building of a pyramid to occupy the lifetime of its founder, without there being any risk of his leaving it incomplete to any such degree as would afford a valid excuse for his successor neglecting to perform his very moderate part, of merely filling up the angles and smoothing off generally."

This, however, is not precisely the same as Lepsius's law, and is manifestly less complete and less satisfactory.

But in the first place I am not at all disposed to admit that Lepsius's law, even though it explains the manner in which the

pyramids may have been built, is either proved by any evidence cited in its favour, or in turn proves anything respecting the purpose of any of the pyramids. It agrees well with the theory that the pyramids, including, of course, the great one, served as tombs for the several persons to whom they belonged or were assigned. But no one thinks of questioning this, so far as all the pyramids, except the great one, are concerned; and I apprehend that very few share Professor Smyth's faith that King Cheops never was buried, and was never meant to be buried, in the pyramid which bears his name. None of the difficulties of the exclusively tombic theory seem even touched by Lepsius's theory, whether it be accepted or rejected. The construction of the pyramids by single layers year by year, if proved, and if it prove anything, shows that the use of the pyramids related chiefly to the life of those to whom the pyramids were assigned, not solely to their death and burial.

Lepsius's theory is partly based on a circumstance which no astronomer who attentively considers the matter can fail to interpret in one special manner, bearing very significantly on our ideas respecting the purpose for which the pyramids were constructed.

In all the pyramids of Ghizeh there is a slant passage (in some there are two such passages) leading down into the rock, an underground chamber being cut at the end of the passage. Lepsius, of course, like all who regard the astronomical relations fulfilled by the pyramids as of slight importance, pays no special attention to the circumstance that in every case the descending passage passes in a north and south direction, at an angle always of about 26 degrees, and has its entrance always on the northern side. Fig. 2 shows the

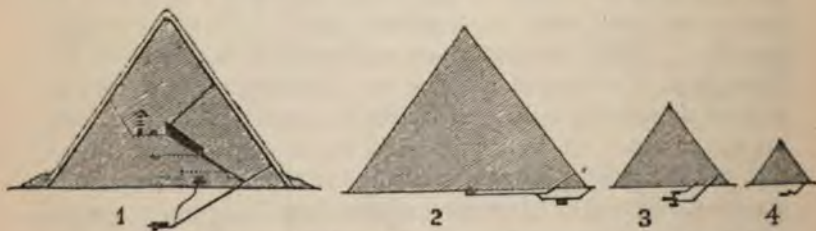


FIG. 2. Showing the dimensions of the four chief pyramids, and the position of the inclined passages.

position of the descending passages in the four chief pyramids. But if it were not obvious in other ways that astronomical relations were regarded by the builders of the pyramids as of extreme importance, these slant passages would prove it. They show unmistakably (1) that the builders proposed to make the pyramids fulfil certain definite

middle of the northern edge of the base, and another shorter one, CD , so that at one of the epochs, it would not matter which, an eye placed as at E would see the points C and E in the same straight line as the pole-star S . Then the line DB would lie north and south.

This would only be a first rough approximation, however. The builders would require a much more satisfactory north and south line than DB . To obtain this they would bore a slant passage in the solid rock, as DG , which should point directly to the pole-star S when due north, starting their boring by reference to the rough north and south line DB , but guiding it as they went on, by noticing whether the pole-star, when due north, remained visible along the passage. But they would now have to make selection between its passage above the pole and its passage below the pole. In using the uprights D and B , they could take either the upper or the lower passage; but the underground boring could have but one direction, and they must choose whichever of the two passages of the star they preferred. We cannot doubt they would take the lower passage, not only as the more convenient passage for observation, but because the length of their boring DG would be less for a given horizontal range FD , if the lower passage of S were taken, than it would be for the upper passage, when its direction would be as DG' .

When they had bored far enough down to have a sufficient horizontal range FD (the longer this range, of course, the truer the north and south direction), they would still have to ascertain the true position of F , the point vertically above G . For this purpose they would get F first as truly as they could from the line DB prolonged, and would bore down from F vertically (guiding the boring, of course, with a plumb-line), until they reached the space opened out at G . The boring FG might be of very small diameter. Noting where the plumb-line let down from F to G reached the floor of the space G , they would ascertain how far F lay to the east or to the west of its proper position over the *centre* of the floor of this space. Correcting the position of F accordingly, they would have FD the true north and south line.

This method could give results of considerable accuracy; and it is the only method in fact which could do so. When, therefore, we find that the base of the pyramid *is* oriented with singular accuracy, and secondly that just such a boring as DG exists beneath the base of the pyramid, *running three hundred and fifty feet through the solid rock on which the pyramid is built*, we cannot well refuse to believe that the slant passage was bored for this purpose, which it was so

well fitted to subserve, and which *has* been so well subserved in some way.

Now, if this opinion is adopted, and for my own part I cannot see how it can well be questioned, we cannot possibly accept the opinion that the slant tunnel was bored for another purpose solely, or even chiefly, unless it can be shown that that other purpose in the first place was essential to the plans of the builders, in the second place could be subserved in no other way so well, and in the third place was manifestly subserved in this way to the knowledge of those who made the slant borings. Now, it certainly is the case that, noting the actual position of this slant boring, we can form a shrewd guess at the date of the great pyramid's erection. In the year 2170 B.C., and again (last before that) in the year 3350 B.C., and also for several years on either side of those dates, a certain bright star did look down that boring, or, more precisely, could be seen by any one who looked up that boring, when the star was just below the pole in its circuit round that point. The star was a very important one among the old constellations, though it has since considerably faded in lustre, being no other than the star Alpha of the constellation the Dragon, which formerly was the polar constellation. For hundreds of years before and after the dates 3350 and 2170 B.C., and during the entire interval between those dates, no other star would at all have suited the purposes of the builders of the pyramid; so that we may be tolerably sure this was the star they employed. Therefore the boring, when first made, must have been directed towards this star. We conclude, then, with considerable confidence that it was somewhere about one of the two dates 3350 B.C., and 2170 B.C., that the erection of the great pyramid was begun. And from the researches of Egyptologists it has become all but certain that the *earlier* of these dates is very near the correct epoch. But though the boring thus serves the purpose of dating the pyramid, it seems altogether unlikely that the builders of the pyramid intended to record the pyramid's age in this way. They could have done that, if they had wanted to, at once far more easily and far more exactly, by carving a suitable record in one of the inner chambers of the building. But nothing yet known about the pyramid suggests that its builder wanted to tell future ages anything whatever. So far from this, the pyramid was carefully planned to reveal nothing. Only when men had first destroyed the casing, next had found their way into the descending passage, and then had in the roughest and least skilful manner conceivable (even so, too, by an accident) discovered the great ascending gallery, were any of the secrets of this mighty tomb revealed—for a tomb and nothing else it has been, ever since Cheops

died. To assert that all these events lay within the view of the architect who *seemed* so carefully to endeavour to render them impossible, is to ask that men should set their reasoning faculties on one side when the pyramid is in question. And lastly, we have not a particle of evidence to show that the builders of the pyramid had any idea that the date of the building *would* be indicated by the position of the great slant passages. They may have noticed that the pole-star was slowly changing its position with respect to the true pole of the heavens; and they may even have recognised the rate and direction in which the pole-star was thus moving. But it is utterly unlikely that they could have detected the fact that the pole of the heavens circles round the pole of the ecliptic in the mighty precessional period of 25,920 years;¹ and unless they knew this, they would not know that the position of the slant passage would tell future generations aught about the pyramid's date. On all these accounts, (1) because the builders probably did not care at all about our knowing anything on the subject, (2) because if they did they would not have adopted so clumsy a method, and (3) because there is no reason for believing, but every reason for doubting, that they knew the passage *would* tell future ages the date of the pyramid's erection, we must regard as utterly improbable, if not utterly untenable, the proposition that the builders had any such purpose in view in constructing the slant passage.

I am therefore somewhat surprised to find Sir E. Beckett, who does not accept the wild ideas of the pyramid religionists, nevertheless dwelling, not on the manifest value of the slant passages to builders desiring to orient such an edifice as the great pyramid, but

¹ If the architect of the great pyramid knew anything about the great precessional period, then—unless such knowledge was miraculously communicated—the astronomers of the pyramid's time must have had evidence which could only have been obtained during many hundreds of years of exact observation, following of course on a long period during which comparatively imperfect astronomical methods were employed. Their astronomy must therefore have had its origin long before the date commonly assigned to the Flood. In passing I may remark that in a paper on the pyramid by Abbé Moigno, that worthy but somewhat credulous ecclesiastic makes a remark which seems to show that the stability and perfection of the great pyramid, and therefore the architectural skill acquired by the Egyptians in the year 2170 B.C. (a date he accepts), proves in some unexplained way the comparative youth of the human race. To most men it would seem that the more perfect men's work at any given date, the longer must have been the preceding interval during which men were acquiring the skill thus displayed. On the contrary, the pyramids, says Abbé Moigno, "give the most solemn contradiction to those who would of set purpose throw back the origin of man to an indefinite remoteness." It would have been well if he had explained how the pyramids do this,

on the idea that those builders may have wanted to record a date for the benefit of future ages. After quoting a remark from Mr. Wackerbath's amusing review of Smyth's book, to the effect that the hypothesis about the slant passage is liable to the objection that, the mouth of the passage being walled up, it is not easy to conceive how a star could be observed through it, Beckett says, "Certainly not, after it was closed; but what has that to do with the question whether the builders thought fit to indicate the date to anyone who might in after ages find the passage, by reference to the celestial dial, in which the pole of the earth travels round the pole of the ecliptic in 25,827 years, like the hand of a clock round the dial?" But in reality there is no more extravagant supposition among all those ideas of the pyramidalists, which Beckett justly regards as among the wildest illustrations of "the province of the imagination in science," than the notion that this motion of the pole of the earth was known to the builders of the pyramid, or that, knowing it, they adopted so preposterous a method of indicating the date of their labours.

Let us return to the purposes which seem to have been actually present in the minds of the pyramid builders.

Having duly laid down the north and south line, FD, in fig. 3, and being thus ready to cut out from the nearly level face of the solid rock the corner sockets of the square base, they would have to choose what size they would give the base. This would be a question depending partly on the nature of the ground at their disposal, partly on the expense to which King Cheops was prepared to go. The question of expense probably did not influence him much; but it requires only a brief inspection of the region at his disposal (in the required latitude, and on a firm rock basis) to see that the nature of the ground set definite limits to the base of the building he proposed to erect. As Piazzi Smyth remarks, it is set close to the very verge of the elevated plateau, even dangerously near its edge. Assuming the centre of the base determined by the latitude observations outside, the limit of the size of the base was determined at once. And apart from that, the hill country directly to the south of the great pyramid would not have permitted any considerable extension in that direction, while on the east and west of its present position the plateau does not extend so far north as in the longitude actually occupied by the pyramid.

These considerations probably had quite as much to do with the selection of the dimensions of the base as any that have been hitherto insisted upon. Sir E. Beckett says, after showing that the

actual size of the base was in other respects a convenient one (in its numerical relation to previous measures), the great pyramid "must be some size," but "why Cheops wanted his pyramid to be about" its actual size he does not profess to know. Yet, if the latitude of the centre of the base were really determined very carefully, it is clear that the nearest, and in this case the northern, verge of the rock plateau would limit the size of the base; and we may say that the size selected was the largest which was available, subject to the conditions respecting latitude. True, the latitude is not correctly determined; but we may fairly assume it was meant to be, and that the actual centre of the base was supposed by the builders to lie exactly in latitude 30 degrees north.

However, we may admit that the dimensions adopted were such as the builders considered convenient also. I fear Sir E. Beckett's explanation on this point, simple and commonplace though it is, seems preferable to Professor Smyth's. If, by the way, the latter were right, not only in his views, but in the importance he attaches to them, it would be no mere *façon de parler* to say "I fear;" for a rather unpleasant fate awaits all who "shorten the cubit" as Sir E. Beckett does. "I will not attempt," says Professor Smyth, "to say what the ancient Egyptians would have thought" of certain "whose carriages," it seems, "try to stop the way of great pyramid research," "for I am horrified to remember the Pharaonic pictures of human souls sent back from heaven to earth, in the bodies of pigs, for far lighter offences than shortening the national cubit." Sir E. Beckett has sought to shorten the pyramid cubit, which with Smyth is "the sacred, Hebrew earth-commensurable, anti-Canite cubit," a far heavier offence probably than merely "shortening the national cubit." But, after all, it is unfortunately too true, that if the shorter cubit which Beckett holds to have been used by the pyramid builders was not so used, the pyramid does its best to suggest that it was; and if Beckett and those who follow him (as I do in this respect) are wrong, the pyramid and not they must be blamed. For, apart from the trifling detail that the Hebrew cubit of 25 inches is entirely imaginary, "neither this cubit, nor any multiple of it, is to be found in a single one of all Mr. Smyth's multitude of measurements, except two evidently accidental multiples of it in the diagonals of two of the four corner sockets in the rock; which are not even square, and could never have been seen again after the pyramid was built, if the superstructure had not been broken up and stolen, which was probably the last thing that Cheops or his architect expected." But of the other cubit, "the pyramid and the

famous marble 'Coffer,' in the king's chamber (which was doubtless also Cheops's coffin until his body was 'resurrectionised' by the thieves who first broke into the pyramid) do contain clear indications." The cubit referred to is the working cubit of $20\frac{3}{4}$ inches, or about a fiftieth of an inch less. For a person of average height, it is equal to about the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger, *plus* a hand's-breadth, the former distance being the natural cubit (for a person of such height). The natural cubit is as nearly as possible half-a-yard, and most probably our yard measure is derived from this shorter cubit. The working cubit may be regarded as a long half-yard, the double working cubit or working Egyptian yard measure, so to speak, being $41\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

The length of the base-circuit of the great pyramid may be most easily remembered by noticing that it contains as many working cubits as our mile contains yards, viz., 1,760; giving 440 cubits as the length of each of the four sides of the base. If Lincoln's Inn Fields were enlarged to a square having its sides equal to the greatest sides of the present fields, the area of this, the largest "square" in London, would be almost exactly equal to that of the pyramid's base—or about $13\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The front of Chelsea Hospital has almost the same length as a side of the pyramid's base, so also has the frontage of the British Museum, including the houses on either side to Charlotte Street and Montague Street. The average breadth of the Thames between Chelsea and London Bridge, or, in other words, the average span of the metropolitan bridges, is also not very different from the length of each side of the great pyramid's base. The length measures about 761 feet, or nearly 254 yards. Each side is in fact a furlong of 220 double cubits or Egyptian yards.

The height of the pyramid is equal to seven-elevenths of the side of the base, or to 280 cubits, or about 484 feet. This is about 16 feet higher than the top of Strasburg Cathedral, 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and is about 130 feet higher than our St. Paul's.

These are all the dimensions of the pyramid's exterior I here propose to mention. Sir E. Beckett gives a number of others, some of considerable interest, but of course all derivable from the fact that the pyramid has a square base 440 cubits in the side, and has a height of 280 cubits. I may notice, however, in passing, that I quite agree with him in thinking that the special mathematical relation which the pyramid builders intended to embody in the building was this, that the area of each of the four faces should be equal to a square having its sides equal to the height of the pyramid. Herodotus tells us that this was the condition which the builders adopted; and this

condition is fulfilled at least as closely as any of the other more or less fanciful relations which have been recognised by Taylor and his followers.

But what special purpose had the architect in view, as he planned the addition of layer after layer of the pyramidal structure? So far as the mere orienting of the faces of the pyramid was concerned, he had achieved his purpose so soon as he had obtained, by means of the inclined passage, the true direction of the north and south lines. But assuming that his purpose was to provide in some way for astronomical observation, a square base with sides facing the cardinal points would not be of much use. It would clearly give horizontal direction lines, north and south, east and west, north-east and south-west, and north-west and south-east. For if observers were set at the



four corners, A, B, C, D, as in fig. 4, with suitable uprights, where dots are shown at these corners, a line of sight from D's upright to A's would be directed towards the south, from the same upright to B's would be directed towards the south-west, and from the same to C's would be directed towards the west. Lines of sight from the other three uprights to each of the remaining ones would give the other directions named, or eight directions in all round the horizon.

But such direction-lines are not very useful in astronomical observation, because the celestial bodies are not always or generally on the horizon. And no one who pays attention for any length of time, or with any degree of care, to the motions of the celestial bodies, will fail soon to recognise that east and west lines are of very little observational use compared with north and south lines, whether taken horizontally or in a direction suitably elevated above the horizon. For whereas every star in the sky comes due south or north (unless it should pass exactly overhead) once in every circuit around the pole (without counting the sub-polar northings of those stars which never set), and at the same constant and regular intervals, the sun, moon, and planets also coming south at intervals only slightly varying because of the motions of these bodies among the stars, the heavenly bodies do not come east and west at the same intervals. The sun does not come east or west at all, for instance, during the winter half of the year, while in the summer half he passes from due east to due west in a time which grows shorter and shorter as the length of the day increases. Without entering further into considerations which I have dealt with more fully in another place,¹

¹ See my article on the Great Pyramid in the *Contemporary Review* for Sept. 1879.

it is manifest that any architect proposing to erect an edifice for observing the heavenly bodies, would direct his attention specially to the meridian. He would require to observe bodies crossing different parts of the meridian. But he would recognise the fact that the southern half of the meridian was altogether more important than the northern; for the sun and moon and all the planets cross the meridian towards the south. Again, those regions towards the south which are crossed by these bodies would be the most important of all.

What the architect would do then would be this. He would so raise the building, layer by layer, as to leave a suitable narrow opening, directed north and south, and bearing on the part of the southern sky which the sun, moon, and planets traverse.

Now, the grand gallery in the pyramid of Cheops fulfils precisely such a purpose as this. Before the upper part of the pyramid was added, the passage of the sun and moon and every one of the planets across the meridian, except perhaps Mercury (but I am not at all sure that Mercury need be excepted), could be observed through this remarkable slant gallery. Venus, of course, could only be seen in the daytime when due south; but we know that at her brightest she can be readily seen in the daytime when her place in the sky is known. And through a long narrow passage like the grand gallery of the pyramid of Cheops she could be seen when much nearer the sun's place in the sky. Of course, to observe the sun, moon, or a planet, the astronomer would only be so far down the tunnel as to see the planet crossing the top of the opening. If he went farther down he would lose the observation; but the farther down he went without losing sight of the body, the more favourable would be the conditions under which the observations would be made. Sometimes he could go to the very lowest part of the gallery. At midwinter, for instance, the sun could be observed from there, just crossing the top of the exceedingly small narrow slice of sky seen from that place.

I am not, however, specially concerned *here* with the question of the manner in which astronomical observations would be made through the great ascending gallery of the great pyramid. That is a subject full of interest, but I leave it for fuller treatment elsewhere. What I desire here specially to note is, that the gallery could only be used when the pyramid was incomplete. While as yet all the portion of the pyramid above the gallery was not erected, the heavenly bodies could be observed not only along the great gallery, but also from the level platform forming the upper surface of the pyramid in that stage of its construction. But when the building

began to be carried beyond that stage—unless for a while a long strip in front of the gallery was left incomplete—the chief use of the building for purposes of stellar observation must have come to an end. Not only have we no record that an open space was left in this way, and no trace in the building itself of any such peculiarity of construction, but it is tolerably manifest that no such space could have been safely left after the surrounding portions had been carried beyond a certain height.

It is here that I find the strongest argument for the theory I have advanced, respecting the purpose for which the pyramids were built. It is certain that, while these buildings were specially constructed for astronomical observations of some sort, while the entire interior construction of the great pyramid adapted it specially for such a purpose, yet, only a short time after the great gallery and the other passages of this mighty structure had been completed, it was treated as no longer of any use or value for astronomical work. It was carried up beyond the platform where the priestly astronomers had made their observations, until the highest and smallest platform was added ; and then the casing stones were fitted on, which left the entire surface of the pyramid perfectly smooth and polished, not the minutest crack or crevice marring either the sloping sides, or the pavement which surrounded the pyramid's base.

Now, I do not say that there is nothing surprising in what is known, and especially in the last-mentioned circumstance, when the theory is admitted that the great pyramid was built by Suphis or Cheops in order that astronomical observations might be continued throughout his life, to determine his future, to ascertain what epochs were dangerous or propitious for him, and to note such unusual phenomena among the celestial bodies as seemed to bode him good or evil fortune. It does seem amazing, despite all we know of the fulness of faith reposed by men of old times in the fanciful doctrines of astrology, that any man, no matter how rich or powerful, should devote many years of his life, a large proportion of his wealth, and the labours of many myriads of his subjects, to so chimerical a purpose. It *is* strange that a building erected for that purpose should not be capable of subserving a similar purpose for his successors on the throne of Egypt. Strange also that he should have been able to provide in some way for the completion of the building after his death, though that must have been a work of enormous labour, and very expensive, even though all the materials had been prepared during his own lifetime,

But I do assert with considerable confidence that no other theory has been yet suggested (and almost every imaginable theory has been advocated) which gives the slightest answer to these chief difficulties in the pyramid problem. The astrological theory, if accepted, gives indeed an answer which requires us to believe the kingly builder of the great pyramid, and, in less degree, those who with him or after him built the others, to have been utterly selfish, tyrannical, and superstitious—or, in brief, utterly unwise. But unfortunately the study of human nature brings before us so many illustrations of the existence of such folly and superstition in as great or even greater degree, that we need not for such reasons reject the astrological theory. Of other theories it may be said that, while not one of them, except the wild theory which attributes the great pyramid to divinely instructed architects, presents the builders more favourably, every one of these theories leaves the most striking features of the great pyramid entirely unexplained.

Lastly, I would note that the pyramids when rightly viewed must be regarded, not as monuments which should excite our admiration, but as stupendous records of the length to which tyranny and selfishness, folly and superstition, lust of power and greed of wealth, will carry man. Regarded as works of skill, and as examples of what men may effect by combined and long-continued labour, they are indeed marvellous, and in a sense admirable. They will remain, in all probability, and will be scarcely changed, when every other edifice at this day existing on the surface of the earth has either crumbled into dust or changed out of all knowledge. The museums and libraries, the churches and cathedrals, the observatories, the college buildings, and other scholastic edifices of our time, are not for a moment to be compared with the great pyramid of Egypt in all that constitutes material importance, strength, or stability. But while the imperishable monuments of old Egypt are records of tyranny and selfishness, the less durable structures of our own age are in the main records of at least the desire to increase the knowledge, to advance the interests, and to ameliorate the condition of the human race. No good whatever has resulted to man from all the labour, misery, and expense involved in raising those mighty structures which seem fitted to endure while the world itself shall last. They are and ever have been splendidly worthless. On the other hand, the less costly works of our own time, while their very construction has involved good instead of misery to the lowlier classes, have increased the knowledge and the well-being of mankind. The goodly seed of the earth, though

perishable itself, germinates, fructifies, and bears other seed, which will in turn bring forth yet other and perchance even better fruits : so the efforts of man to work good to his fellow-man instead of evil, although they may lead to perishable material results, will yet germinate, and fructify, and bear seed, over an ever-widening field of time, even to untold generations.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE ORIGINAL OF SHYLOCK.

THE character of Shylock, to which Mr. Irving's admirable impersonation at the Lyceum has given a newly revived interest, has long been a bone of contention among critics. Some have insisted that Shylock is an incarnation of the spirit of revenge, and that his connection with a special nationality is an accidental and not an essential circumstance. Others have perceived in him little beyond a monster of iniquity such as Shakespeare and his contemporaries actually imagined the Jew to be, of whom they are supposed to have known nothing more than what was to be learnt from stories descended from the Middle Ages. A third order of critics has represented Shylock as a human creature more sinned against than sinning, belonging to a race whose character has been moulded by centuries of persecution; and they have seen in the play at once a vigorous protest against religious prejudices and a logical plea for religious toleration.

Each of these verdicts contains a modicum of truth, but, in effect, so small an amount, that were they all three compounded they would give a far from satisfactory estimate of the Jew's character. Shylock is far more than an unusually passionate man, with all his milk of human kindness curdled by persecution to the sourness of hate, seeking to "feed revenge" for lifelong injury, and careless in what crimes his purpose may involve him. If we detach him for one moment from the main incidents of the play, and picture him to ourselves when his passions are cooled and his attention is turned to the customary pursuits of his life, we find no ordinary Italian or English merchant, but the living semblance of a *Jewish* trader—shrewd and covetous, it is true, but possessed of other characteristics still more distinctive of his race. Strong domestic affections, which even the cares of his counting-house cannot obscure, deep-set sympathies with the fortunes of his "tribe," and firm faith in the sacredness of its separation from the Gentiles, are traits that, combined with a pious horror of eating or drinking with Christians and a fondness for Scriptural illustration, leave little doubt in the minds of those acquainted with the peculiarities of *Jewish*

character that they have been drawn directly from a contemporary model. It is the minuteness with which the features peculiar to Shylock's race are expressed in the play that places him in a different category from Shakespeare's portrayals of other foreigners. His Romans could be readily transformed into Englishmen, and such Roman spirit as they do possess is traceable to Plutarch. Few of his Italians are very strictly localised. Of Shylock almost alone of all Shakespeare's characters can it be truly said that it would be impossible for him to undergo a change of nationality without rendering his character utterly meaningless. But it is not only a large nose that, as in the case of Barabas, identifies Shylock with "the tribe of Levi:" *his* kinship is brought out by his faithful adherence to Jewish sentiment.

These considerations lead to the conclusion that Shakespeare was himself acquainted with Jews, and obtained an intimate knowledge of them from personal observation. For it is incredible that even he could have supplemented, out of his inner consciousness, the conception of them to be derived from contemporary writers whose attention was caught by their most superficial characteristics only. But we are well aware that cursory readers will meet us with a serious objection from an historical point of view. Between 1290 and 1655—the dates respectively of the expulsion of the Jews and of their return—most works on history either distinctly state or silently imply that no Jews were known in England. If Shakespeare, therefore, is assumed to have studied Shylock in the life, historical students will be forced to conclude that he went abroad to seek his model. The story of Shakespeare's travels is now, however, admitted to be of very doubtful authenticity, and we are thus landed in what seems to be an awkward dilemma. Fortunately the appearance is worse than the reality. Ignorance of the history of the time, as documents in the State Paper Office teach it to us, could alone set such a difficulty before us. Deeper investigation than has yet been made into the domestic history of the 16th century will prove how sadly the history of Jews in England needs further elucidation, and how erroneous are many of the prevalent notions respecting it. Armed with arguments derived from an examination of the State Papers, chiefly of the reign of Elizabeth, we are prepared to meet objectors to the conclusion on historical grounds with a flat contradiction. On the evidence of contemporary records we can safely assert that Jews were residing in England throughout Shakespeare's lifetime, and that opportunities of more or less intimate intercourse with them were for many years open to him.

We need not go very far to find two important pieces of

evidence to show that at the beginning and at the end of the sixteenth century the presence of Jews in this country was acknowledged by the highest authorities. In the State Papers relating to the marriage of Katharine of Arragon with Arthur, Prince of Wales, we are told that Henry VII. had a long interview with a Spanish envoy to discuss the presence of Jews in England.¹ Similarly, in a very rare tract descriptive of English society, and evidently written within the first quarter of the seventeenth century, we are informed that "a store of Jewes we have in England; a few in court; many i' th' Citty, more in the countrey."² These witnesses can leave little doubt of the truth of the general proposition that Jews were known here before their formal readmission under Cromwell, and many disconnected notices can be produced to prove it in further detail.³ We are thus enabled with more or less distinctness to trace from the remains of a great mass of private correspondence, dating from 1500 the fortunes of a Jewish family of the name of Lopez living in England from the beginning of the second quarter of the sixteenth century.

But the interest attaching to this discovery is for us more than a purely historical one. It seems capable of throwing much light on contemporary stage history. It is certainly significant that, rarely as the Jew has made his appearance on the English stage,⁴ he was the hero of no less than three plays, all written and produced within the same fifteen years of the sixteenth century,⁵ and that during those very years a Jewish doctor—Roderigo Lopez by name (the head of the family to whom we have referred)—held a very prominent position in London and at court, and shared with the actors an

¹ *Calendar of Spanish State Papers, 1485-1525*, vol. i. p. 164.

² *The Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen*, p. 17, reprinted in J. O. Halliwell's *Books of Character*. London, 1857.

³ Cf. *Emanuel Tremellius von F. Butters*. Zweibrücken, 1859. This is a sketch of a Jewish professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, who received his appointment in 1549. Besides the historical notices, of which we have given several instances below, it would be interesting to collect the numerous references to Jews in contemporary dramatists. Outside the *Merchant of Venice* seven well-known passages in Shakespeare call attention to them. Readers of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* will remember how Zeal-of-the-Land Busy is nicknamed Rabbi Busy, and how in his fear of being confounded with the Jews, he declares his intention "by the public eating of swine's flesh to profess our loathing of Judaism."

⁴ The only other introduction so far as we know of a Jew in person by Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Customs of the Country*, where "Zabulon, a Jew," plays an important part. Douce mentions a play acted at Cambridge in 1597 whose hero was a Jew.

⁵ Before either Marlowe's Barabas, or Shakespeare's Shylock appeared, Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, had commended a play entitled "The Jew showes at the Bull." Unhappily no further trace of this play is extant.

intimacy with those noblemen who proved themselves the warmest patrons of the drama. It is, perhaps, a more remarkable coincidence that in the same year, and just before the earliest form of the *Merchant of Venice* was first produced, this Jew became the victim of what bears all the appearances of a court intrigue, and underwent a trial and execution which brought his family and faith into such notoriety that one theatrical manager at least found it to his advantage to utilise it. In a more minute examination of this man's public and private relations than has yet been attempted, we intend to inquire if any grounds exist on which we may (within the limits of historical probability) establish a connection between his career and the creation and development of Shakespeare's Jew.

All authorities are agreed that Roderigo Lopez was descended from a Spanish Jewish family that had had close connections with Portugal, but differences of opinion exist as to the cause and date of his first appearance in England. Lingard says he was brought over as a prisoner in 1558;¹ but he gives no authority for the statement, and it seems impossible to reconcile it with the peaceable relations that subsisted between Spain and England at the time. Other authors give no more reliable information. None of them have observed that bearers of the name of Lopez were known in England before the reign of Elizabeth, and that it seems possible to establish a relationship between them and Roderigo. In 1515 the Spanish ambassador introduced to Henry VIII. "Magister Hernando Lopez, a most distinguished doctor," who had been recommended by Ferdinand the Catholic to his royal brother.² His surname and profession imply that he was one of the New Christians. Again, in 1550, a London physician named Ferdinando Lopez, "dwelling within St. Helines," was charged with immoral offences, tried, and found guilty. To the citizens of London (as a contemporary chronicler relates) it was no secret that the man was a "*Jewe borne*," but he was at the same time intimately connected with the court, and "th' emperor's ambassador and other of the kinge's privie counsel" took the unusual step of petitioning the Lord Mayor to stay execution of his sentence.³

Whether the names of these two doctors are descriptions of the same person, or of father and son, is not strictly determinable, but that Roderigo was nearly related to them is a very reasonable hypothesis. It is, therefore, not unlikely that Roderigo was born in England; and as in the year 1594 he is represented in a contemporary

¹ *History of England*, viii. 385.

² *Spanish State Papers*, vol. ii. 1507-25; 1515, October 20.

³ *Wriothesley's Chronicle*, ii. 36 (Camden Society, 1877).

engraving and in written documents as being well advanced in years, we may place the date of his birth between 1520 and 1530.

Roderigo probably obtained his medical education (as was the usual custom) at some southern university, and, like the Jew of Malta, "began to practise first upon the Italian." But he returned to England comparatively early in life, and joined the recently formed body of the College of Physicians.¹ He rapidly gained reputation in "his faculty." In 1569 he was selected to read the anatomy lectures of the year, and in 1575 his name appears almost at the head of a list of the chief doctors of London quoted in Stow.² Some years before, he had married a Jewess named Sarah, who apparently had wealthy relations in Antwerp, and he soon became the father of a large family of daughters.³

Lopez, who numbered among his patients the chief statesmen of the day, was for a long time attached to the household of Lord Leicester.⁴ With the earl he lived on terms of great intimacy, "being withal a man very observant and officious, and of a pleasing and applicable behaviour."⁵ But the connection is noticeable on other grounds. While Lopez was attending him professionally, Leicester frequently summoned to Kenilworth a number of actors, many of whom came from the neighbouring town of Stratford, and he subsequently incorporated the chief of them by special licence as "the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players." At the head of them in 1574 stood James Burbage, a fellow-townsmen of Shakespeare, whose son Richard became the dramatist's most intimate friend. Richard was brought up by his father while in Leicester's service, and was the first player to whom the part of Shylock was entrusted. His success in the character was so great that at his death some lines were written to commemorate it.⁶ The invention of the kind of beard that has been for centuries a stage tradition with Shylock is attributed to him, and in this detail, judging from a portrait of the day,⁷ he seems to have imitated the Jewish physician, to whom

¹ *Roll of the College of Physicians*, by Dr. Munk, from its foundation in 1518 (1861), vol. i. 64.

² *Stowe's London, 1755*, i. 144.

³ *Calendar of Domestic State Papers, 1591-94*, pp. 413, 440.

⁴ *Lodge's Illustrations*, ii. 224.

⁵ Bacon's Account of Lopez's Treason, reprinted in *Spedding's Life*, vol. i. 278.

⁶ Halliwell's *Folio Shakespeare*, vol. v., introduction to "Merchant of Venice."

⁷ The portrait occurs in *A Thankfull Remembrance of God's Mercy in an Historicall Collection of the great Mercifull Deliverances of the Church and State of England from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth*, collected by George Carleton, Bishop of Chichester, p. 177. A scroll proceeding from Lopez's mouth bears the amusing legend *Quid dabitur*. In the right-hand corner of the engraving the Doctor is represented hanging from a gallows with the inscription *Proditorum finis funis* below it.

his father doubtless had previously introduced him on one of the occasions when all three were sharing Leicester's hospitality.

In 1586 Lopez became sworn physician to Queen Elizabeth.¹ He had long been acquainted with Sir Francis Walsingham and Lord Burghley.² The promotion, therefore, could not have been wholly unexpected, but it gave him new prominence in political society. Friends confided their petitions to his care.³ Relations of his from many parts of Europe began to contemplate visits to England, and applied to him to obtain the necessary passports. Many of his kinsmen he introduced to the Lord Treasurer and Sir Robert Cecil.⁴

But about 1590 Lopez obtained an additional claim to public attention. A foreigner fleeing from the wrath of King Philip of Spain sought protection at the court of St. James'. An illegitimate connection of the royal family of Portugal, he had, on the death of the late king in 1580, laid claim to the throne, and gathered round him a large body of adherents. But Philip had long designed the extension of his European dominions to the shores of the Atlantic, and now that the opportunities of realising the project seemed at hand, an adventurer could not be permitted to stand in his way. The Duke of Alba was despatched to put an end to him, but the pretender was fortunate enough to escape to France, and thence, about 1588, made his way to England.⁵

In London he was received with wild enthusiasm. The Spanish fever was at its height, and so long as it lasted the refugee was sure to be the popular idol. His real name was the ordinary Portuguese one of Antonio Perez, but he was known popularly as King Antonio, and references to him as to a royal personage abound in contemporary records. The Queen promised to assist in the recovery of his territory from "the Tyrant," and countenanced the rumour that represented him as descended from the blood royal of England through the house of Lancaster. Essex, and his young associates, were charmed with the pretender's apparent amiability, and swore to uphold his cause. Burleigh, and some of the older

¹ *State Papers*, 1589, July 12. This is a letter from Dr. Lopez to Sir Francis Walsingham, in which he says he "has served Her Majesty for the space of three years." The passage puts an end to the discussion on the point raised in *Notes and Queries* in 1876, by the well-known antiquary, Dr. Augustus Jessopp (Fifth Series, vol. v. p. 407).

² Walsingham's *Journal* (Camden Society), p. 12.

³ As early as 1578 Lopez privately petitioned the Lord Treasurer to force Mr. Howard to pay to Mr. Spinola, his friend, the twenty pounds "due to him." *State Papers*, 1578, June 18.

⁴ *State Papers*, 1591-94, pp. 16, 69, 92, 423.

⁵ Lingard, viii. 386.

statesmen of the time, looked below the stranger's fair exterior, and, forming a very different opinion of his character, treated him with the barest courtesy. But, however estimates might differ, one thing was certain. Antonio, in spite of his extravagant pretensions, was a person of singularly small intelligence. Portuguese was the only language which he could speak or in which he could correspond. An interpreter was therefore required before he could maintain any regular intercourse with his new friends. Among the courtiers Lopez was famed for a more or less intimate knowledge of five European languages,¹ and he was accordingly invited by the Queen and Essex to come to Antonio's assistance. The doctor complied with the invitation, and from that date he was closely associated in the public mind with their hero Antonio, the so-called King of Portugal.²

The duties which this new connection entailed brought Lopez into close relationship with the younger sections of Elizabeth's court, at whose head stood the Earl of Essex and his friend Lord Southampton. At first all went well. It would seem that towards the end of 1589 the doctor shared the Earl's temporary banishment from court in consequence of some incautious display of zeal in Antonio's behalf.³ But, however that may have been, before two years had passed the intercourse showed itself to be wanting in harmony. Lopez was old, and his health had begun to fail. He grew irritable, and endured with impatience Essex's impetuosity. His enthusiasm for Antonio was cooling. Continued intimacy with the refugee seemed to the doctor to prove the truth of Burleigh's original estimate. His conduct was characterised by intense arrogance, and by an incapacity to show gratitude, and by a woful deficiency in "counsel" and in appreciation of the delicacy with which foreign negotiations had to be carried on.⁴ Sharp words, therefore, occasionally passed between Antonio and his chief adviser. The young courtiers took the part of their foreign *protégé*, and seized the opportunity of taunting the doctor with his religious profession, the number of his daughters, and his anxiety to see them matched to wealthy suitors.⁵

These circumstances soured the Jew's temper for the last two or three years of his life. He looked in vain for the respect with which

¹ *State Papers*, 1591-94, *passim*.

² Goodman's *Court of James I.*, printed for the first time from the Bodleian MS. by J. S. Brewer, M.A., 1838, with illustrative documents and notes, vol. i. pp. 152-3.

³ *State Papers*, 1589, July 12; Goodman's *Court*, vol. i. p. 153; *Roll of College of Physicians*, vol. i. p. 64.

⁴ *State Papers*, 1591-4, p. 418; Carleton's *Thankfull Remembrance*, p. 182.

⁵ *State Papers*, 1591-4, pp. 413, 449.

he had been treated in his younger days. In 1592 Essex made an arrangement with him by which he was to effect a friendly correspondence with some powerful acquaintances in Spain, in order to obtain secret information respecting the defensive and offensive operations taking place there.¹ Lopez perceived that the favourite was reducing him to the position of a political tool, and he therefore revealed all the details of the plan to the Queen, who told Essex she regarded it as a mean expedient. The Earl, angry at this betrayal of confidence, retaliated by advising Antonio to treat with less forbearance the doctor's uncertain temper, and to complain of his irritability in future to the Queen. This counsel was reported to Lopez, who, to satisfy his wounded feelings, divulged to Antonio and to the King's friends, while on a visit to him in the summer of 1593, some professional secrets "which did disparage to his [Essex's] honour."² The scandal thus occasioned succeeded in finally alienating Essex and the Jew. They soon after came to an open quarrel. Antonio, who had obtained all the profit he could from the doctor, broke off further communication with him and sided with the Earl. This gross act of ingratitude so enraged Lopez that it was said he swore an oath that he would have his revenge.³

With Antonio's followers Lopez had always been on very good terms. Some of them were of Jewish descent, and had often stayed with him at his house in London.⁴ Their master's temperament had proved as little agreeable to them as to the doctor.⁵ An opportunity was therefore offered them of discussing a common grievance. But Spanish agents, who were travelling about the country in disguise, had already heard of the discontent among the Portuguese, and had solicited them to secure their own and King Philip's interest by taking Antonio's life. Large rewards were offered them, and they had all but agreed to accept the offers, when Lopez surprised them by inveighing more bitterly than ever against the worthlessness of Antonio's character. They seized the opportunity of informing him of the project, and guaranteed him 50,000 crowns if he would undertake to be their instrument.⁶ Tempted by the prospect, which many causes now made him anxious to realise, of leaving England and settling among his Jewish friends either at Antwerp or at Constantinople, Lopez incautiously declared that "Don Antonio should die, the first illness that befell him."⁷ As an earnest of what should follow when the deed was done, "a very good jewel, garnished with

¹ Goodman's *Court*, vol. i. 149-51.

² *Ibid.* p. 153.

³ *Ibid.* p. 153.

⁴ *State Papers*, 1591-4, p. 16.

⁵ *Ibid.* 1591-4, p. 418.

⁶ *Ibid.* 1591-4, pp. 420-2.

⁷ *Ibid.* 1591-4, p. 434; Bacon's *Tract* (Spedding), vol. i. p. 287.

sundry stones of good value," was presented him by a messenger from King Philip of Spain.¹

But another plot was hatching of still greater importance. If Don Antonio the impostor was Philip's enemy, much more so was Queen Elizabeth the heretic. Spanish spies had already drawn the attention of their Portuguese associates to the pursuit of the richer though more dangerous prey. As soon, therefore, as Lopez had been inveigled into the minor plot, the conspirators revealed to him their complicity in the greater undertaking, and pointed out that his position in the royal household was such that he could put their plans into execution with less chance of rousing suspicion than any other person in the kingdom. Lopez declared that he had received too many favours from Elizabeth to allow him to listen to the villanous proposal, and returned no further answer. But, aware that any disclosure on his part would baulk him of his revenge in Antonio's case, he made no open communication of the conspiracy, and contented himself with letting drop vague hints of the Spanish king's designs in Elizabeth's hearing, which she so little understood as to charge Lopez with breach of courtesy in speaking of such matters before her.²

But "the extraordinary vigilant eye of some of Her Majesty's council" did not permit these dealings to escape detection. Essex, who was always ready with Antonio to track out a Spanish treason, had kept a sharp look-out on such members of the King's retinue as had showed signs of discontent.³ A letter addressed to one of them fell into his hands, and from it he gathered sufficient information to found a charge of conspiracy against two of the attendants.⁴ The chief offender was, at the time of his arrest, staying with Lopez, and suspicion consequently fell on the doctor. The prisoners, who believed he had betrayed them, represented that he was equally implicated with themselves, but the Queen put no belief in their declarations.⁵ Essex, however, obtained permission to examine his papers, but with so unsatisfactory a result, that Elizabeth told him "he was a rash and temerarious youth to enter into a matter against the poor man which he could not prove."⁶ But the rumour ran among the courtiers that, "like a Jew, he had burned all [his papers] a little before."⁷

The rebuff Essex had received roused him to more vigorous

¹ *State Papers*, 1591-4, pp. 416, 445, 447; Bacon's Tract, p. 279.

² *State Papers*, pp. 434-439, 445-449; Bacon's Tract, p. 279, &c.; Carleton's Remembrance, p. 189.

³ Bacon's Tract, p. 277.

⁴ Carleton's Remembrance, p. 179.

⁵ Spedding's Bacon, p. 272.

⁶ Birch's *Memoirs*, i. 150.

⁷ Carleton's Thankfull Remembrance, p. 180.

exertions. Those already accused were further examined, and they were threatened with the "manacles" unless they returned the answers their questioners were seeking to obtain. So plausible a story was thus concocted, that Lopez was implicated beyond all chance of extrication, and Essex declared to his friends that he could make the whole business "as clear as the noonday."¹ Little more than a week, therefore, after Lopez's first accusation, London was startled by the news that "old Dr. Lopez is in the Tower for intelligence with the king of Spain."²

Four weeks later the trial took place. In the interval, Lopez, to avoid the rack, had, after many vehement denials, confessed that he was aware of the twofold plot. Shortly after, Essex obtained a commission from the Queen to preside at the trial, in conjunction with the Lord Mayor and others of Her Majesty's advisers. The ordinary judges were thus superseded. The case for the Crown was confided to Solicitor-General Coke, and the Guildhall was prepared to be the scene of the proceedings.³

From the first, feeling in the City rose high against the Doctor. He was, the report went, of a religious profession that fitted him for any "execrable undertaking." The preservation of the two lives that had seemed so nearly threatened was attributed to a miraculous intervention of Providence. Antonio received every mark of sympathy from the citizens, and even the old courtiers agreed that he deserved their commiseration. The law-officers pressed to the full the advantage that these sentiments gave them. Coke laid especial stress on the fact that Lopez was a Jew. This "perjured and murdering traitor and Jewish doctor," he said, "is worse than Judas himself."⁴ His judges spoke of him as "that vile Jew," and "wily and covetous," "mercenary" and "corrupt," were the mildest of the epithets that assailed him.⁵

Lopez saw the futility of a long defence. He merely asserted that he had much belied himself in his confession, "to save himself from racking." But the statement had no weight with his judges: "a most substantial jury found him guilty of all the treasons, and judgment was passed with the applause of the world." Even Sir Robert Cecil, Lopez's former friend, acquiesced in the justice of the verdict. Essex and Antonio heartily congratulated themselves on the success of the proceedings.⁶

¹ Spedding's *Bacon*, p. 273.

² *State Papers*, p. 422.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 445-449.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 460.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 450; Spedding's *Bacon*, p. 278; Carleton's *Remembrance*, p. 190.

⁶ *State Papers*, p. 444. Cf. a letter from Sir Robert Cecil to Thomas Windebank, dated "Feb. 28, 4 P.M., Stroud," and written immediately after the conclusion of the trial.

But the result of the trial does not seem to have been universally satisfactory. The Queen refused to sign the death-warrant, and the judges who had been excluded from the case did not advise her in the matter. For more than seven weeks after the trial Lopez remained in the Tower, and it was not till one of Essex's partisans had been raised to the Bench as Lord Chief Justice that the Queen was induced to proceed with the execution of the sentence. On his representation that "much scandal and dishonour would ensue" from further delay, she signed the necessary orders for the hanging of Lopez at Tyburn.¹

At the gallows the Doctor made an endeavour to address the vast mob that had collected to see him die, but his first utterances were interrupted with the cruellest jeers. Exasperated by the treatment he received from the unruly crowd, he contented himself with crying out, before the hangman adjusted the noose, that he loved the Queen and Antonio as well as he loved Jesus Christ. The irony called forth loud peals of laughter, and as the bolt fell the people shouted, "He is a Jew!"² The excitement that his death created was not allowed by the Government to subside immediately. No less than five official accounts of Lopez's treason, with many semi-official pamphlets, were prepared for publication, to keep the facts of this important case well before the public mind.³

It remains for us to show how far these circumstances connect themselves with contemporary stage history. No one living in London at the time could have been ignorant of Lopez's history and fate, and it cannot surprise us that the caterers for public amusements gave expression to the popular sentiments respecting him. The attention of Philip Henslowe, the best-known and most successful theatrical manager of the time, was at once attracted to the Jew's career. For it can be no merely fortuitous coincidence that caused him in 1594 to produce plays entitled *The Jew* and *The Jew of Malta* more frequently than any others within the same lapse of time, and to secure the greatest of his financial successes by these representations. The entries in his rough diary inform us that *The Jew* formed the subject of no less than twenty representations between May 1594 and the end of the year.⁴

The piece best liked by the populace, and therefore most often

¹ Goodman's *Court*, p. 154-5.

² Camden, p. 676; Goodman, p. 155; Carleton, p. 189. In Stow's *Annales* (Londini, 1631) occurs an account of some revolting treatment to which Lopez's body was subjected after death.

³ *State Papers*, pp. 453, 455, 456, 460-462, 564, 577.

⁴ Henslowe's *Diary* (Old Shakespearean Society), p. 37, &c.

produced on these occasions, was Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," and, in spite of Charles Lamb's well-known criticism, there was much in it not only to suggest a famous criminal like Lopez, but a few rough touches to identify him with contemporary Jews in the eyes of any Elizabethan audience. Barabas renders with great faithfulness the bitter hate that the Hebrew had for the Christian in the lines—

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar,
Hoping to see them starved upon a stall,
Or else be gathered for in our synagogue;
That when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into it.¹

But even a greater fidelity to Jewish custom is expressed in another characteristic of Barabas. He is fond of quoting foreign languages. His French is passable, but the jargon he more frequently indulges in is an impure mixture of Spanish and Italian. Dodsley suggested that this may have been a dialect employed by the Jews of the time, and his supposition receives the strongest confirmation from a letter written by a Jewess some years later to Queen Elizabeth in the same mongrel dialect.² To whom Marlowe was specially indebted for this knowledge cannot be determined, but, as he never travelled, we may with great probability attribute it to some Jew residing in London at the time, perhaps to some member of Lopez's family, if not to Lopez himself.

But, however that may have been, there can be no doubt that all the circumstances connected with the Jewish doctor's career reached the ears of Shakespeare. Throughout the year of the execution the dramatist was living in London, and opportunities were open to him of learning fuller details than those contained in the popular reports. He was on terms of considerable intimacy with Essex's friend Southampton, and it is not impossible that he formed some acquaintance at the same time with the Earl himself.³ In their company he may not unfrequently have met the doctor. When, therefore, the attention of all the patrons of the stage was concentrated in tracking out the Portuguese plots, Shakespeare could not have remained deaf to the revelations made by them, and the particulars of the trial and execution could not have escaped his observation.

Four important points in the *Merchant of Venice* give this view unexpected confirmation. (1) The name of Antonio, (2) the date and construction of the play, (3) a few points in Shylock's character, and (4) some incidental references to current events, seem to leave little

¹ Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, ii. 2.

² Ellis' *Original Letters*, 1st series, iii. 52.

³ Knight's *Life of Shakespeare*.

doubt that Lopez was not far removed from Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the play.

1. The name Antonio bears an obvious reference to that of the doctor's chief accuser and enemy. It occurs in connection with none of Shylock's dramatic predecessors, nor in any of the stories on which the plot is conjectured to have been based;¹ while the sympathy felt by London audiences with King Antonio's cause seems especially to recommend it for introduction into the place it occupies in the play. It cannot be objected that Shakespeare, or Shakespeare's stage-manager, was above employing such ordinary means to secure the greatest possible interest in his productions. In *Love's Labour Lost*—a play invented by Shakespeare from beginning to end—the chief hero is entitled the King of Navarre—an appellation that seems to be utterly pointless until we call to mind the relations existing at the time of its composition between Queen Elizabeth and Henry of Navarre. Nothing, moreover, appears to have so delighted an Elizabethan audience as references to the Queen's guests. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* a current joke about a German Count recently visiting at Windsor is introduced in its entirety.² In the play before us, Portia refers to a Polish Palatine who had been lately received at the English Court.³ The name Antonio, it must likewise be remembered, was very common among the Portuguese, but is not by any means so ordinary an Italian one as Lorenzo or Ludovico. It has consequently no special fitness in reference to Venice. The character of Antonio is, similarly, not that of an ordinary Italian merchant prince, for those "royal traders," in spite of their kingly magnificence and display, always evinced, above everything else, the shrewdness and acuteness of men of business. It was, of course, necessary, for dramatic purposes, to emphasise chiefly Antonio's magnanimity, but the stress Shakespeare lays on it is so great, and so completely obscures all other characteristics, as to suggest that, in a desire to compliment Essex's protégé, he may have had an additional motive to differentiate Antonio from the usual type of merchants.

2. The date of the play has not been definitely settled. Malone, the first editor to attempt a chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's works, placed it in 1594. He accepted the well-known tradition that the enterprising Henslowe obtained in that year a new play from Shakespeare, which he produced on August 23, and entered

¹ In the *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino (Milano, 1558), which Shakespeare certainly consulted in his treatment of the bond-episode, the name of the merchant is Ansaldo. The fanciful name of Belmont, which the Italian author gave to the palace of the lady holding Portia's position in the novel, was transferred by Shakespeare to his play.

² *Merry Wives*, IV. v. 70.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 64.

in his diary as "the Venesyon comodey,"¹ and identified it with the *Merchant of Venice*. This is a somewhat early date to which to refer the play in the form in which we now find it, and the Cambridge editors (Messrs. Clarke and Wright), judging from the discrepancies to be found in the first printed editions,² have come to the more probable conclusion that Henslowe's entry refers to a first rough draft of the comedy only. Shylock would, therefore, have first appeared not much more than three months after Lopez's famous execution. Even in the quartos of 1600 there is much to show that the play originally was rapidly worked up. The interweaving of the two plots of the bond and the caskets is far from perfect. The admixture is mechanical. The whole emphasis of the drama is laid on the character of Shylock, whose name, and not that of the merchant, originally gave the piece its title.³ Jessica and Bassanio, although important to the development of the dramatic action, are very imperfectly characterised. All these circumstances give undeniable evidence of hurry in the production of the drama. To the fact that it was quite within Shakespeare's experience to write to meet an exceptional demand, the story of the composition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* bears important testimony.⁴

3. On points of character we must speak with greater hesitation. Lopez's extant correspondence is very incomplete, and only gives us glances here and there of his characteristics. We can say with some probability that the spirit of revenge in the doctor's case was similar in calibre to that in Shylock's. But we can speak with certainty on one point only. In their devotion to their family the two Jews closely resemble each other. Neither Lopez nor Shylock, in good fortune

¹ Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 40.

² Some of these discrepancies are still retained in the ordinary texts. In the second scene of the first act, Portia describes *six* strangers as visiting her, but when announced to take their leave only *four* are mentioned (I. ii. 110-18). Two were probably added in the revised form of the play. Cp. III. ii. 49, and IV. i. 206 and 223.

³ Arber's Transcript of the *Stationers' Company's Register*, iii. 22; Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare: Introduction to the *Merchant of Venice*.

⁴ Mr. Furnivall in his Trial Order of Shakespeare's plays marks the supposed date of the *Merchant of Venice* as (?) 1596, but in his *Leopold Shakespeare*, which has since appeared, he has placed it a year earlier, without giving any reasons for the alteration. Whatever may be Mr. Furnivall's final judgment, the metrical tests to which recent criticism gives so much importance bear stronger testimony to the date we have adopted than to any later one. The play has the same percentage of rhymed lines as *Richard III.*, which few critics place later than 1594. It has fewer double endings by one per cent. than the third part of *Henry VI.*, which is referred to the end of the same year. It has as many irregular lines as the second part of *Henry VI.*, of about the same date, and has little more prose than the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and some fifty per cent. less than that contained in the later comedies, such as *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. These calculations can be verified by reference to Mr. Furnivall's Metrical Table.

or in bad, fail to exemplify the Jewish virtue of domesticity. Lopez excused his attendance at court on the ground that the illness of his wife detained him at home.¹ His Dutch correspondents never omit to send his family affectionate remembrances from his Jewish friends in Holland, whatever be the subject of the letter, and he never omits to return them.² Similarly, Shylock's love for his daughter and for his wife Leah, whose memory he piously cherishes, are touches of character which theories of dramatic art only incompletely explain.

4. There are a few references in the play that seem to connect it with the renowned trial of Lopez. In the third act Shakespeare denounces the fatality of employing the rack to extort a prisoner's confession of crime, "where men enforced do speak anything."³ Many commentators have imagined the passage to have been suggested by some notorious contemporary instance of the application of torture. The Clarendon Press editors remark on it: "Shakespeare was old enough to remember the case of Francis Throckmorton in 1584, and that of Squires in 1598 was fresh in his mind."⁴ The spirit of the passage is, however, so entirely in Shakespeare's earliest manner, that few can doubt that it appeared in the original version of the play in 1594. It seems therefore possible, with greater probability, and with greater precision so far as the date is concerned, to connect it with the case of the Jewish doctor. Again, in the trial scene Gratiano, while jeering at the Jew, declares it would be better for twelve jurymen to send him to the gallows than two godfathers to lead him to the font.⁵ From an historical point of view, these words are much out of place in the mouth of a speaker in a Venetian court of justice, where trial by jury was never known. But it is clear from other portions of the same scene, and from a similar scene in *Othello* that Shakespeare knew sufficient of the ordinary legal procedure of the Doge's court to prevent him from falling into such an error unconsciously. The only point of the utterance can, therefore, lie in its suggestion of the way in which an English court of law would treat a Jew—an allusion that would be sure to suggest to an attentive audience of his time the recent proceedings against the Jew-traitor. Shylock is elsewhere described as being infused with the spirit of a wolf lately hanged on the gallows for human slaughter;⁶ and his name is so frequently brought into connection with a "halter"

¹ *State Papers*, 1589, July 12.

² *Ibid.* 1591-4, pp. 443, 454.

³ III. ii. 25-39.

⁴ Clarendon Press Edition, p. 105.

⁵ IV. i. 394-6. These are the last words addressed to Shylock in the play.

⁶ IV. i. 132 et seq.

. . . thy currish spirit

Governed a wolf who hanged for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And . . . infused itself in thee.

as to imply a reference to some event enacted at Tyburn, in which a Jew was concerned.¹

This is the last of the four points to which we intended to call attention. In our previous observations we gave the chief external facts on which a relationship between Shylock and a contemporary Jew could be established, and in these last remarks we have shown how far the conclusion we there arrived at was borne out by the play itself. That we have succeeded in discovering the actual original of Shylock we are not presumptuous enough to imagine. Our knowledge of Lopez is at the best only incomplete and fragmentary, and it is quite possible that, had we the means of learning their characters and lives, Lopez's cousin,² his Jewish friend Geronimo,³ and any of the "other divers kinsmen here," to whom Coke referred at the Doctor's trial,⁴ would present as striking a likeness to Shylock as Roderigo himself.⁵ What we may fairly claim to have proved is, that Jews were residing in England in Shakespeare's day, and that the Jew of Venice bears evidence of having had a contemporary prototype. We have placed, at least, beyond all reasonable doubt the facts that one Jew of England came into considerable prominence while the dramatist was growing up to manhood, and was treated with great indignity because of his religious belief towards the end of his remarkable career, which closed only a few months before the *Merchant of Venice* appeared. We have shown what grounds there are for believing that Shakespeare and his friend Burbage came into contact with this famous Jew; and we have pointed out how, in spite of the plot of the play, which Shakespeare based on an old and popular tradition that allowed of very slight adaptation to current events, the name and character of Lopez's accuser correspond with the name and character of Shylock's enemy. Those whom the theory in no way convinces, may at least be induced to admit that our investigation, if it has itself failed of its object, has at least opened the storehouse where the original of Shylock may yet be found.

S. L. LEE.

¹ IV. ii. 97; IV. i. 361-363, &c.

² *State Papers* p. 16.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 444, 446, 455, 462.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 452.

⁵ Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Women Pleas'd* seems, however, to give further confirmation of our theory, if it does not show that the identification between Shylock and Lopez that we have been trying to establish was recognised by some in Shakespeare's life-time. The comic part of the piece is sustained by one Penurio, who bears much resemblance to Launcelot Gobbo. He is "the half-starved servant" of an old man who, like Shylock, is described as "a sordid usurer." How closely related that profession was in popular estimation to the practices of Judaism readers of the dramatists well know. *To this character Beaumont and Fletcher have given the name of Lopez.* Surely this is a circumstance of much significance.

MATERIAL RESOURCES OF TURKEY IN ASIA.

TURKEY in Asia is about twice as large as France or Spain, and as rich as either of them. Its area is three hundred million acres, and at present almost every acre of this great territory yields less than it might easily be made to yield. The population has been variously estimated at from thirteen to twenty millions. The number of Christians, who are the most industrious of the community—the traders and mechanics of the towns—has gradually dwindled, even in Armenia.

About one-half of this great country consists of the southern plains, a region of great but undeveloped fertility, part arable and pasture, and part desert. The other half of Turkey in Asia lies within the mountainous districts of the north, where snow-capped summits overlook a plateau of extraordinary fertility, from an agricultural point of view. Palestine and the mountains of Lebanon intervene between the southern plains and the sea; the Lebanon range extending northward until it meets the chain of Taurus, the culminating ridge of the northern mountain system. If we take the whole of that part of Asia Minor lying between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and extend that broad strip to the Persian frontier, we shall include the mountain tract and table-land. The western side of this broad belt is but little elevated above the straits. Starting from Mount Ida, on the plains of Troy, the elevation gradually increases as we proceed eastward, until the country becomes an elevated plateau traversed by parallel ranges terminating in the lofty mountains of Armenia and Kourdistan.

Turkey has been overrun by at least a dozen conquerors in different ages, and its different partitions and re-partitions have made the nomenclature of places somewhat confused. Under the existing organisation the whole territory is divided into provinces, which include many districts that were formerly separate. The provinces that Nature has most favoured are those most distant from the capital—Bagdad, Kourdistan, and North Syria; the capitals being Bagdad, Diarbekir, and Aleppo. The former province includes the

valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, stretching from the northern highlands to the Persian Gulf, having the Persian dominions on the east and Syria on the west. The city of Bagdad has long been the *entrepôt* for the trade between east and west, and in this respect its future will probably eclipse its past. Its population is 90,000; that of Bussorah, near the outfall of the river, is 9,000. The fifteen principal towns of the district vary in population from 8,000 to 30,000 each. The total population does not much exceed a million, and this for a fertile country about as large as Great Britain. The Tigris is navigable to the sea; the Euphrates, on the contrary, is drained away in every direction, and is almost exhausted in the low season by the marshes fed by channels washed through the banks of the river in time of flood. One outlet alone, on the right bank, carries off a third of the water by a stream which, after winding through extensive marshes and forming the lake, or sea, of Nejjef, falls into the river again. The negligence which destroyed a large tract of country has also introduced fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery where the climate was formerly healthy.

The rich alluvial soil of the province eminently adapts it to the cultivation of cotton; yet such is the supineness of the Government, the enforced apathy of the agriculturists, and the general hatred of innovation, that the local demand for the homespun clothes of the tribes and country people is partly fed from Persia; and even during the American war there was no increase of production. Nature has been lavish in her favours, but industry has been almost entirely wanting. Perhaps the richest and best cultivated tract is that between Bagdad and Mosul.

The southern plains of Turkey produce the grains of Middle Europe, besides rice, cotton, tobacco, &c. The rivers abound with excellent fish. Sheep and goats are indigenous to all parts of Asiatic Turkey.

North of Bagdad is the consular district of Kourdistan, including the pashaliks of Erzeroum, Diarbekir, and Kharput. We have now reached the mountainous part of Turkey. North-east of Armenia, on the confines of Persia, is Georgia. A small province between Armenia and the Black Sea receives its name from Trebizond. In this northern and north-eastern plateau even the plains are elevated. The olive and the orange ripen only in the warmer valleys; the forests seldom extend more than 5,000 feet up the mountain sides, and the vegetation of the highlands is the same as that of the mountainous provinces of the Danube and Save. In the highlands of Armenia the crops are sown and reaped within four or five months. Snow often lies till May; but, except at these great altitudes, the

climate is mild. The valleys, plains, and table-lands are in general of extraordinary fertility, yielding every kind of grain; the vine and mulberry grow abundantly, and the warmer spots produce silk, opium, gall-nuts, madder roots, gum tragacanth, &c.

North Syria includes the five districts of Aleppo, Orfa, Adana, Kozan, and Marash—each formerly a separate province. Of the thirteen towns, five have just been named. Aleppo has a population of 100,000; the other twelve contain from 4,000 to 40,000 each, making 320,000 in all, or rather more than one-fourth of the total population. The nomad Arab tribes number about 140,000; the rest of the population live in towns and villages. Farmhouses and isolated residences are very uncommon in any part of Turkey; people cluster together for protection. The 100,000 Christians in North Syria are chiefly Greeks and Armenians. A line drawn from Beyrout through the site of Palmyra, and across the desert to the Euphrates, forms the southern boundary of this province, which does not include Damascus, or the great uninhabited tract on the confines of Arabia. The Syrian desert is a waste, only inhabited by wandering tribes, whose flocks and herds crop the natural herbage. Irrigation here becomes the essential element of productiveness, and wherever it is practised the luxuriance of vegetation is excessive. The Jordan and the Orontes might be made to fertilise tracts that are now barren wastes of sand. The ostrich wanders over the deserts; the camel is the beast of burden; lions and tigers exist; hares and game are abundant, as well as deer of many kinds, the gazelle, and the jerboa.

The exports from Beyrout, the port for this part of Turkey, should be considerable but for the general blight affecting industry. The defects of Turkey in this respect are an oft-told tale which only needs such notice here as may be required for the completeness of this sketch. The roads and ancient caravan routes have been neglected; even the necessary roads eastward through Damascus and Aleppo to Diarbekir have long been left to fate. The agricultural products are innumerable—wheat, maize, barley, rice, millet, silk, tobacco, wax, honey, wood, butter, cheese, oil, lentils, wine, pistachio nuts, cotton, olives, figs, raisins, sesame, flax, scammony, gall-nuts, hides, and vegetables. Variety is the characteristic of Syrian agriculture; the products are gleaned with little labour from a wide extent of country, thinly peopled. The state in which many of the products are sent to market unfits them generally for the English trade. The export trade—carried on at present from the port of Alexandretta chiefly—does not exceed a million a year; the import trade is less than a million.

An able report from Mr. Consul Skene closed with this graphic description :—

It is lamentable to see the utter neglect in which many available sources of revenue are left, and to which the vast commercial and agricultural resources of North Syria seem to have been irrecoverably condemned. Grain moulders in stores, unable to bear the cost of transport on mules to the shipping port. Commercial credit suffers by Courts of Judicature screening the swindlers of British capital. Stately forests rot on the mountains, and rich ores crop out unheeded from the rocks; fertile plains pant for the plough, and copious streams to irrigate them feed only pestilential marshes. Bedouins encroach on arable land to secure pasture for their increasing flocks, and villages are abandoned, the desert overlapping cultivation. In the midst of abundance, a laborious, frugal, and submissive population starves.

In the eastern provinces, whose outlet is by the Persian Gulf, the exportation of indigenous products is very trifling.

The breeding of horses is a rather important branch of Bedouin industry—if such a term may be used. The usual growth of dates is 60,000 tons, but sometimes swarms of locusts appear in the district and reduce the crop one-half, and all that has been done at present to abate this plague, so destructive to semi-tropical agriculture, has been the sprinkling of a little holy water from the mosques in the direction of the infested districts! The cost at which grain can be produced will admit of a large exportation when the cultivator is no longer harassed by tax-farmers and locusts. Grain is cheap in the interior, but cannot get out of the country. Government interferes with the means of transport and tampers with the market.

The imports are trifling compared to the extent of country; they are chiefly coffee, sugar, indigo for dyeing the homespun calico, and every variety of manufactured article that a non-industrial people can require and can afford to indulge in. Commercial transactions are crippled by insufficiency of the coin in circulation. The proceeds of custom duties are remitted to Bagdad in specie, little of which returns. A Persian coin is the real circulating medium; this is not accepted in payment of customs except at a rate below its intrinsic value; consequently, while the merchant is collecting Turkish coin to pay the duty, the merchandise is frequently left in the hands of the authorities at great mutual inconvenience. The following are the prices of a few articles: beef and mutton, 2*d.* to 3*d.* per pound; flour, 1½*d.* per pound; Turkish tobacco, 3¼*d.* per pound; soap, 5*d.* per pound; eggs, 2*s.* 2*d.* a hundred; bullocks, £1. 10*s.* 8*d.* each; fowls and ducks, 9¾*d.* to 11*d.* each; sheep, 9*s.* 1*d.* each.

The emporium for the trade of the northern provinces is Erzeroum, through which goods pass in transit to or from Europe and Persia.

The home trade consists of Persian and native goods, and those from the Caucasus and from Europe, which are brought to Erzeroum for distribution throughout the extensive country lying beyond the reach of the other commercial *entrepôts* which have been already referred to. The total value of the exports and imports is, in flourishing years, about £2,000,000. The transit trade between England and Persia, which is the most important branch of the whole, has declined, for want of a good road between Erzeroum and Trebizond and a safe port at the latter place. Trade, in consequence, is diverted to the rival Russian route by Poti and Tiflis. The results are, a loss to the treasury, the inactivity of men and animals formerly employed in the carrying trade, and the loss to the farmer through a curtailed consumption. But all this the Turk submits to : it is the will of the Prophet !

Erzeroum is the centre of a fine agricultural country ; but, in the absence of roads, wheat, which sells for from 13s. to 15s. per quarter at Erzeroum in an abundant year, may cost 40s. at Diarbekir, 150 miles distant. The cool upland pastures form an unrivalled breeding district, and as the rearing and transport of animals are easy, the cattle and sheep trade forms the most important branch of agricultural occupation. The flocks and herds assemble at Erzeroum, and are thence dispersed to Persian and Russian possessions—to Syria, Egypt, Anatolia, the southern and other provinces. Sheep cost about 11s. each, the duty on export is 10d., expenses 2s. 9d., and profit on their delivery, perhaps six months after their collection, 3s. The annual export of cattle is small ; that of sheep about 600,000.

Mr. Consul Taylor, in a report on the "Trade and Condition of the Vilaiet of Erzeroum and Eyalets of Kharput and Diarbekir, composing the Consular District of Kourdistan," selects the pashalik of Kharput for special description, on account of the fertility of the soil and the comparative wealth of the inhabitants. This pashalik, or *eyalet*, is an irregular territory lying between Erzeroum and Aleppo, and divided into three *sanjaks*, or districts, governed by the pasha and his two *kaimakams*, or subordinates. Four rivers run through it, two of which at their junction form the Euphrates ; three-fourths of the area are mountainous, but numerous fertile valleys are enclosed, and in the neighbourhood of Kharput there are three magnificent plains. Besides every kind of grain, cotton grows even in the uplands. Silk, also, is cultivated, and opium, gall-nuts, gum tragacanth, shoemaker's glue (*colt*), madder roots, and yellow berries. Vineyards abound everywhere, yielding, as usual, syrup (*pekmez*) and raisins, as well as tolerable wine, which

is sent in large quantities to the nearest towns. The fruit of the mulberry, which grows luxuriantly everywhere, is dried in the sun for winter use, distilled into rakki, or made into a paste called *pesteck*—a delicacy much in favour in the northern provinces. The peach and nectarine, natives of Persia, are here not far from their natural home. It would be difficult to find another spot on earth where soil and climate had so abundantly provided for the happiness of man. The society is singular; the labouring classes are nearly all Christians, and some of them have become the proprietors of respectable estates. The larger landowners are generally Moslems, decayed scions of old families whose ancestors ruled here as pachas or derreh beys. They keep open house with ostentatious extravagance, according to the custom of all old Moslem families. As they get gradually poorer they desert their burdened patrimonies for servile offices under government in distant provinces. The Christians buy their lands, and steadily increase in wealth and consequence. The Moslems formerly despised the offices for which they now abandon their old land pursuits. There is no doubt that if the subject and rival race enjoyed the same privileges as their fellow Moslem citizens, they would soon monopolise all real property, as they already do all those arts and industries which require talent, perseverance, and discrimination.

The neighbouring fertile plain of Arghovan belongs to a curious race, who vie with the Christians in industry, economy, and energy. The Kissilbash profess a mixed creed of Pagan, Christian, and Moslem belief. Another branch of this extraordinary people are the exclusive tenants of a wild mountainous country near Malatia. There, in an inaccessible and difficult position, they defy irregular attacks, and have gradually become as lawless as all semi-independent tribes in Kourdistan. Government occasionally attacks them, as it does the locusts, but it soon relaxes its efforts, and they then relapse into their hereditary and rebellious condition.

Mr. Consul Taylor states that "Kharput is one of the very few provinces in Turkey where any advantage is taken of the universal mineral wealth existing throughout its extended limits." The silver mines at Keban Maaden, where a large amount of quicksilver could also be procured, are worked by means so totally inadequate that the results are inconsiderable. The practice of government in compelling the surrounding districts to supply wheat, wood, and charcoal gratis, works very badly, as well as the system of levying on miners a poll-tax totally beyond their means, viz. £2. 14s. 6½d., in the case of the pocrest, up to £13. 10s. 2d. per annum. The wages of miners and wages generally in this country are extremely low, from

6½*d.* to 10¾*d.* a day. The rich copper mines at Arghana Maaden are equally mismanaged. There would be no limit to their production if proper machinery and other means for working them were employed. The consul remarks on the monopoly now existing, "Were the works open to all comers, and a royalty simply taken, instead of six shafts, sixty would be worked." The government income is at present only £19,000 a year. Forty years ago copper from this mine was largely exported to India; it is now actually imported from Europe.

There are extensive deposits of lead, iron, coal, and tin, besides copper, in the Diarbekir and Erzeroum districts, but all this mineral wealth is apparently uncared for; and the more remote localities, inhabited by semi-independent Kourds or Kissilbash, are a *terra incognita* beyond the control of any power or law. Travelling is unsafe, and for the merchant impossible, where at one time there was a common thoroughfare. Paved roads led directly between Aleppo and Erzeroum, and between Kharput and Trebizond, over wooded hills and magnificent highlands. They have been travelled, and partially described, by Europeans; but the Venetian ambassador, Joseph Barbaro, was the last to profit by them; and although the paved traces of them exist, following a direct course through the Deyrsim, their usefulness ceased shortly after his time. The Deyrsim is one vast forest, abounding in vegetable wealth, more particularly valonia. The deep waters of the Mesoor intersect it, navigable at all seasons by large rafts, from its very sources in the fruitful Ovajik plain. By it the large timber of the hills, and grain and cotton from the highland valleys or plains, might be floated in any quantity to the southern districts, where they are comparatively scarce and valuable.

Combined energy and action between the governors of districts, even for a common and national object, seem always impossible in Turkey; road-making, even when begun, is certain to be speedily abandoned. The projected road between Erzeroum and Trebizonde advanced only eighteen miles in three years.

The habit of the natives, however much oppressed, is to cling with lazy attachment to the soil, and to multiply by early marriages. In Kharput, where there is a more compact and intelligent population, oppression is less than in many Kourdish provinces; justice is more impartial; the tithe, instead of being farmed, is collected by government officers directly of the cultivator, who escapes the exaction practised elsewhere. The sons of the energetic Christian proprietors are accustomed to emigrate either to Constantinople or to foreign

countries, where many realise an ample competency, and a favoured few large fortunes, by trade. After years of absence, they generally return to their native towns and villages. They established the manufactures at the town of Kharput, where alone in Central Turkey European machinery is used for making silk tissues, cotton thread, and plain and dyed cotton cloth on the native pattern. The specimens exported vie with European in quality, and surpass them in cheapness, on account of the price of wages. The native looms of Arabkir and Malatia turn out large quantities of striped nankeens, cotton cloths, and figured and plain silks, which are largely exported to Erzeroum and Russia. The materials, both silk and cotton, are entirely of native growth. The towns named, and Eggin, contain 3,000 to 8,000 inhabitants each. Here reside the richest men, who have made their fortunes as serafs in Constantinople, or by trade in every country between England and India. Some possess fortunes as large as £200,000, and those with £5,000 to £20,000 are a numerous class. An average farm in this province usually employs twelve oxen and twenty persons, eight of whom are able-bodied labourers, the rest women and children; the system resembles that of the French *métayers*. The landlord provides seed and constructs the rude mud cottages for the fellahs; the latter find implements, oxen, labour, &c. The proceeds, after deducting the seed, or its value, and the government tithe, are divided equally between the two. The fellahs' profits from the farm average £12. 4s. 1d. a year, to which they add £9. 1s. 9d. by spinning and weaving cotton and wool into the coarse cloths used in Kourdistan for shirts and jackets, and by knitting stockings for townspeople and Kourds from wool spun and dyed at home. Then their farm yields them clothing, butter, cheese, milk, bread, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. Their usual diet is *burghul* (hulled corn), made into a *pillau* with butter. Fresh meat is seldom eaten. In autumn two or three sheep are killed and their flesh made into *bastoorma*, which gives relish to their winter fare. Altogether they are well off—"more comfortable," in the consul's opinion, "than in any other Turkish province, or than the same classes in Europe."

The Diarbekir district affords a sad contrast to that just described; the condition of the poor classes is a picture of misery. A double *vergoo* (poll-tax) has been imposed upon the inhabitants to aid the government in its financial difficulties; the *corvée* (forced labour) has been unscrupulously employed. The import trade, which includes the coarsest and most necessary articles, has suffered from the poverty of the farmers and country-people. The Kourds and others, who formerly would buy two shirts and a pair of drawers

apiece every year, made of cotton cloth, could now only buy one ; and if such a state of things is to continue, the single shirt will have to stand a couple of years' service. The gains of the fellah, in a bad season, scarcely suffice, after paying the landlord's share and tithe, to discharge the direct taxes due to government ; he cannot subsist without getting into debt. To add to their distress, requisitions have been made on every village to supply a certain number of cows and oxen ; these forced sales, even if the animals are paid for, leave the owners without the means of ploughing land. The authorities do not seem to perceive the injury which such exactions must inflict upon the public income, one half of which is derived from tithes. In this district the tithes and octrois are farmed, as is customary.

The consumption of wheat in England, which was formerly estimated at eight bushels per annum per head of the population, has recently been declared to be six and one-third bushels ; the decrease being due to a better supply of meat and vegetables than in the last century, when the original estimate was made. In these north-central parts of Turkey, where the climate is moderate and cereals are largely grown and little meat consumed, it is reckoned that eight bushels of grain are required in a year for the bread, soup, and *burghul* which constitute the chief dietary of the people. The average price of wheat is about 36s. a quarter ; the wages of a workman of ordinary skill are 8½*d.* a day ; his house-rent is £3. 5s. a year ; taxes, if a Christian, £1. 1s. 9*d.*

The leading product is silk. The growth of cotton has not increased. It was formerly grown on the banks of the river Khaboor, where numerous cross-cuts in the turf may be seen for miles about, denoting the former extensive system of irrigation. The land, "sloping gently away from the Khaboor to the south-east" (I quote again Mr. Consul Taylor's admirable report on Kourdistan), "is a wild prairie of fine grass and bright flowers, completely under the natural influence of its waters—those of the Zirgau, that flow into it, and of numerous other drains from the heights of Mount Masius." This old site, with its city and villages, was destroyed by Tamerlane in the ninth century. It is one of the fairest portions of Mesopotamia. The soil is remarkably rich ; formerly an industrious peasantry attempted to revive its cultivation, but were obliged to abandon the attempt owing to the extortions of the worthless Shenir Arabs, who wander over that part of the country uncontrolled by the government. If a prosperous colony could be established, and the Arabs restrained, it would ensure the security of the most easy and direct route between Mosul, Orfa, Aleppo, and the sea. Even in the times of

Alexander the Great this route was selected as the best highway between the east and the west. It would undoubtedly be the line of any proposed railway from the coast (Beyrout) to the east. But the present state of the country, overrun with Bedouin tribes, is alone sufficient to prevent the success of this or any similar enterprise. In ancient times, when empires flourished where decay and ruin now reign, a teeming population was supported by means of the artificial irrigation of the land. The alluvial soil of Mesopotamia adapts it to the cultivation of almost every plant that grows between the tropics and the northern regions. In every direction the surface of the country shows traces of the ancient canals for irrigation, by which alone the country can again be made fruitful. But such works require capital. Were security ever established, and foreign capital and enterprise attracted to develop the immense natural resources of Turkey, there would be such a demand for labour, and such an improvement in the condition of the poorer classes, as would ultimately convert the predatory tribes into a settled and industrious population. Hitherto everything has conduced to the maintenance of the present state of things. Instead of a strong firm government and an active administration, the weakness of the local authorities results in the delegation of authority to the Arab chiefs. Their exactions and thefts are often tolerated and their sheikhs subsidised and made the subjects of official petting. Cultivation at present can only be carried on near towns and villages on the great roads and where a fixed population can secure itself from the nomad tribes who wander and never work.

If the insecurity of the country were not sufficient to check all agricultural improvement, the system of land tenure would alone entirely prevent it. Crown lands were originally divided into *timariots*—estates granted by the sultans to their favourite followers, for life or during good behaviour. In time these estates, like fiefs in European countries, became hereditary. When Turkish institutions were in their vigour, a *timariot* was restrained by the vigilance of the sultan from exacting from the fellah more than a certain fixed portion of the produce of the land, or a certain amount of service (*corvée*), in lieu of rent; and he was bound to protect the cultivators on his estate. In the time of Solyman, Hungarian rustics quitted their homes and fled to the Turkish dominions with their wives, children, cattle, and implements of labour, preferring the payment of a fixed tribute to the system of rapine and extortion that then prevailed over the greater part of Europe. But while other governments were growing strong and united, Turkey was becoming disorganised; her

whole system became one of exaction and spoliation; the feudal lords (*spahis*) oppressed the cultivators by increased demands, and they were themselves plundered by the governing pacha, till the cultivators were obliged to abandon their lands and leave them unoccupied. Under a new system, government resumed possession of the feudal or military estates (*spahiliks*). Nearly all landed property consists now of crown lands or of life grants. The former, which are by far the larger proportion, are let in districts, on a vicious system, to the highest bidder, for a year only, including the farm of the revenue derived from them.

A full account of the Arabs would entail a complicated nomenclature of families and localities. There are numerous small clans which have become comparatively respectable and innocuous, grazing their flocks and herds in territories whose limits are tolerably well-defined, and occasionally engaging in the cultivation of the land. They are therefore developing or degenerating from the parent and predatory old Arab stock which does not labour. The latter or true Bedouin race is, however, by no means extinct: there are three great wandering tribes, with several cognate tribes, and numerous branches under separate chiefs. One principal tribe—the Anezeh—ranges the desert on the confines of this province and of Syria, wandering over the tract extending to Aleppo and Orfa on the north, and to Nejef on the south. The celebrated Shomer tribe ranges over the Jazeerah (Mesopotamia proper). In the autumn the first-named tribe sets out from Aleppo and marches in the direction of Anna on the Euphrates. The inhabitants prefer to keep the river between them and their visitors. Occasionally they cross the river into the province of Bagdad. When they manifest a disposition to do this, the government of Bagdad takes the precaution to invite southwards the hostile tribe of Shomer, acting on the principle of the Scotch saying—“Gar one deevil ding anither!” The rival tribe approaches Bagdad from the vicinity of Mosul. Occasionally the feud leads to a fight, with considerable loss on one side or the other. The third great tribe is the Dhesyr, inhabiting the desert westward of Bussorah as far north as Nejef. Their pastures lie between the Adhiem and the lesser Zab, and are therefore situated in Assyria. Their sheikhs are subsidised by the government, and they levy black mail on caravans passing through their district. A Bedouin encampment is a picturesque foreground to a pictorial sketch of the desert, but it is a sad blot in a consular report, and destroys all that a consul would desire to depict.

The wandering tribes allow no encroachment upon their domain,

and the land can only be tilled in security near a village. If any cultivator thinks that the fertile plain beyond the accustomed boundary would pay better in millet, maize, or lentils, he may sow his crop, but the thieves of the desert will save him the trouble of reaping it. The land, they say, "is theirs to possess it," and the landmarks of old shall not be removed.

The customs returns are a sure index to the present condition of the Arabs. When they are in a state of quarrel with the government they are afraid to approach the towns, as is their habit in summer, when they buy up the winter supplies : coffee and sugar are then in small demand.

There are many varieties of these wanderers, and various small tribes of Bedouins have become tillers of the soil, and prosperous : one Turcoman tribe has become entirely assimilated to the settled and Turkish population. Their history is curious. Like all the other tribes, they are the descendants of some primitive chieftain and his followers. Seljook was the patriarch's name in this instance ; his descendants founded a kingdom in Asia Minor ; they were driven to the mountains by the powerful Osmanli ; they settled in the Taurus range ; and they have, by gradual development, become at length industrious cultivators, though they are still recognised by the other Turcomans as a cognate tribe.

The change of character among nations and tribes under Ottoman rule would afford singular examples of variation of type or species. Unfortunately, development has generally been in the wrong direction.

AUSTIN SHELTON.

"OLD FARREN."

EARLY in the century, a Quarterly Reviewer described scornfully the technical terms employed upon the French stage to denote distinct classes of impersonation ; it seemed to him ridiculous that the players should be known as *Pères Nobles*, *Jeunes Premiers*, *Financiers*, *Comiques*, *Utilités*, *Mères*, *Ingénues*, *Duègnes*, or *Soubrettes*. "Each actor and actress," he wrote, "is obliged to make a selection of a particular *rôle*, from which they are forbidden afterwards to depart ; . . . they are not permitted to extravagate into another walk. The *Père Noble* cannot become *Comique*, whatever be his vocation this way ; and the *Ingénuité* must not look to be the *Jeune Première*, whatever ambition she may feel for playing the heroine. . . . In the English theatre all this foolery would be impossible. We represent not *Jeunes Premières*, nor *Ingénuités*, but men and women with all their various and changeable feelings, humours, and passions. . . . The human character is equable and unmixed on no spot of the globe except the stage of the Théâtre Français : there man becomes a puppet, and character is not the growth of nature but of certain learned conventions and regulations." In conclusion, the Reviewer decided "this rigorous destination of parts" to be "at once a cause, a consequence, and a proof of the feebleness of the French drama."

There is something in this opinion corresponding with the prejudice of the English footman in "Zeluco," who denounced the blue uniforms of the French infantry, describing them as of "foolish appearance," and "fit only for the blue horse or the artillery." And the Reviewer is at fault as to his facts. Like technical terms to those he reprobates as "foolery" have long been employed in the English theatre. Our actors have their "lines of business" as definitely marked out as have their French brothers. Not long since Mr. Boucicault, an excellent authority upon such matters, fully availed himself of professional titles when he adjudged that a "first-class theatrical company should consist of : A leading man, leading juvenile man, heavy man, first old man, first low comedian, walking gentleman, second old man and utility, second low comedian and character actor, second walking gentleman and utility, leading woman, leading juvenile

woman, heavy woman, first old woman, first chambermaid, walking lady, second old woman and utility, second chambermaid and character actress, second walking lady and utility walking lady." What a list for the Quarterly Reviewer! And it is further to be observed that our players are rarely disposed or permitted to run off their accustomed "lines of business." One man in his time may, as the poet tells us, play many parts; but if the man be a player, the chances are that the parts he plays will closely resemble each other. There may be promotion and development, and the rising actor may mount from small to important characters; but he ascends the same staircase, so to say. The light comedian of twenty is usually found to be still a light comedian at seventy: the *Orlandos* of the stage rarely become its old Adams. The actresses who have personated youthful heroines are apt to disregard the flight of time and the burden of age, and to the last shrink from the assumption of matronly or mature characters: *Juliets* and *Ophelias*, as a rule, declining to expand into *Nurses* or *Gertrudes*. And the actor who in his youth has undertaken systematically to portray senility finds himself eventually the thing he had merely affected to be: nature overtaking his art, as it were, and supplying him with real in lieu of painted wrinkles, and bestowing upon him absolutely those piping tones he had once but pretended to possess.

This histrionic conservatism is specially illustrated by the career of the late William Farren, long fondly known as "Old Farren" to the admiring playgoers of his time. He is believed to have made his first appearance upon the stage at Plymouth when he was only nineteen years of age; he then played *Lovegold*, the hero of *Fielding's* comedy of "The Miser." From that time down to his final retirement from his profession in 1855, when he appeared for the last time as *Lord Ogleby* in a scene from "The Clandestine Marriage," the actor was employed in personating the aged, the doting, and the decrepit. From the point of view of his public he had been an old man for half a century.

Born about 1786, the son of a tragedian of rather mediocre ability, William Farren was educated at Dr. Barrow's school in Soho. An actor's children usually incline towards the paternal profession. Percy Farren, the elder brother of William, had made his first essay upon the stage at Weymouth in 1803. He believed himself a light comedian; it was possibly on this account that William, when the time came for his own first histrionic efforts, decided he would play old men, and thus avoid rivalry with his brother; lending him, indeed, useful support instead. Of Percy it is enough to say that he achieved little fame as a player, although as a stage manager, both in

London and Dublin, he subsequently proved himself competent enough. William's success upon the stage was from the first quite of a triumphant sort. He appeared at Dublin, and remained for some years a member of Mr. Jones's company in that capital, his merits attracting the attention of the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Leinster, who strongly recommended the Drury Lane committee to engage the young actor for their theatre. Farren, however, had always a lively sense of his own value; already he had declined an invitation from the Haymarket management; he now proposed terms to the Drury Lane committee which they deemed excessive. But the actor was in no hurry to quit his many staunch friends in Dublin; he was wont to say of himself at a later period that he was the only "cock-salmon" in the market—the nickname of "cock-salmon" clung to him through life—and could dictate his own price. Presently the directors yielded: they were glad, indeed, to offer the terms they had before rejected; to their great mortification, however, they found the services of the actor had been meanwhile secured by Mr. Harris, the manager of the rival theatre. Accordingly, at Covent Garden, on the 10th September 1818, in the character of Sir Peter Teazle, William Farren made his first appearance upon the London stage. He was assisted by the Joseph Surface of Young, the Charles of Charles Kemble, the Sir Oliver of Terry, the Crabtree of Blanchard, and the Sir Benjamin of Liston; Miss Brunton played Lady Teazle; Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Candour; and Miss Foote, Maria. Farren subsequently appeared as Lord Ogleby, as Sir Bashful Constant in "The Way to Keep Him," as Sir Anthony Absolute, as Don Manuel in "She Would and She Would Not," Sir Adam Contest, Sir Fretful Plagiary, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Lord Chalkstone, Bayes, &c. The new actor "drew great houses," says Genest. The playbills were headed, "Paramount Success of Mr. Farren." He remained at Covent Garden some ten seasons, appearing at the Haymarket during the summer months. In 1828 he transferred his services to Drury Lane; but this step involved a breach of contract and a lawsuit. The proprietors of Covent Garden brought an action against the offending actor, and recovered damages to the amount of £750.

Farren personated in turn all the most eminent elderly gentlemen of standard comedy and farce, occasionally undertaking characters of an eccentric kind that stood somewhat removed from that category. Among his Shakespearean parts, in addition to his Sir Andrew Aguecheek, were Stephano, Polonius, one of the Witches in "Macbeth," Dromio of Ephesus, Shallow, Malvolio, Slender, Casca, and Dogberry. He obtained great applause in the Marrall of Massinger,

and the Brainworm of Ben Jonson ; he played Isaac of York, Nicol Jarvie, Sir Henry Lee, and Jonathan Oldbuck in dramatic editions of the Waverley Novels ; on his benefit nights he accomplished the Mathews' feat of personating both Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, or he even presumed to wear a woman's skirts and appeared now as Miss Harlow in the comedy of "The Old Maid," and now as Meg Merrilies in the operatic drama of "Guy Mannering." He even attempted tragedy upon a special occasion, and played Shylock to a dissatisfied audience at Birmingham. He portrayed sundry historic characters, such as Charles XII. of Sweden, Oxenstiern, Matthew Hopkins, Henry IV. of France, Pope Sixtus V., and Frederick the Great ; in one ingeniously constructed little play he "doubled," as the actors call it, the parts of Frederick and Voltaire ; he was once in disgrace with the Lord Chamberlain for too closely depicting the aspect and manner of Prince Talleyrand ; he represented Izaak Walton and Old Parr, Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose, and Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley. He became a member of Madame Vestris's company at the Olympic, and took part in numberless dramatic trifles, one-act comedies, and interludes that are now forgotten : more ambitious performances could not then be presented upon the stage of a minor theatre. From his preface to "The Hunchback," it may be gathered that Sheridan Knowles had particularly designed the part of Master Walter for William Farren ; regret is expressed that the character "should have suffered from the loss of his masterly personation of the part, for masterly it assuredly would have been." It may be added that Farren was the original performer of Lord Skindeep and Old Goldthumb in Douglas Jerrold's comedies "Bubbles of the Day" and "Time Works Wonders" ; that Mr. Boucicault contrived for him Sir Harcourt Courtly in "London Assurance," Jesse Rural in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and sundry other characters ; that he took part in Mrs. Gore's prize comedy of "Quid pro Quo," in various original plays of pretence by Lovell, Robert Bell, Sullivan, and others, and in many minor productions adapted from the French by Poole, Kenney, Bunn, Dance, and Planché, to name no more. Farren, indeed, pertained alike to the old stage and the new. He triumphed in the classical English comedies of the last century, the works of Sheridan, Congreve, Murphy, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Goldsmith, Cibber, Centlivre, and Colman ; and he achieved curious success in the plays of his own time, vying with the best French actors in his creation of character, his appreciation of detail, the minute finish of his performance, his taste in dress, and his skill in the art of "making up." His stage portraits were executed

with English force and breadth, and yet with French subtlety and artistic finesse. He sustained in English adaptations many of the characters first represented by Bouffé, by Samson, and by Regnier upon the French stage; and it may be said that he could well afford comparison with these distinguished artists even in the parts they claimed to have made their own. He was well aware of his merits in this respect. Invited to witness certain of the impersonations of Bouffé, then fulfilling an engagement at the St. James's Theatre, Farren replied out of the abundance of his self-admiration and confidence: "No, sir, let him come and see me! Let Bouffé come and see William Farren!"

Mr. G. H. Lewes, whose "Actors and the Art of Acting" contains an interesting sketch of Farren, describes him as "a finished actor—whom nobody cared about." Admitting that "during the memory of living men no English actor has had the slightest pretension to rank with this rare and accomplished comedian"; admitting that "everybody applauded him, everybody admired his excellences, everybody was glad to find his name on the bill"; Mr. Lewes asserts that "no one went especially to see him; in theatrical phrase, 'he never drew a house.'" This statement, however, must not be accepted unconditionally. It is clear that from an early period of his career Farren was a most attractive actor, drawing "great houses," as Genest records; he was always able to dictate his own terms to his managers, and to exact from them most liberal, even somewhat excessive, rewards for his services. But as a representative of old age, as merely one of the constituents, and not the most important, of standard comedy, Farren could not hope to "star" as the tragedians starred who carried Hamlet, Romeo, and Richard about with them, in such wise taking by storm and occupying now this stage and now that. The "sceptred pall" of Tragedy needs few bearers; but Comedy may not be supported merely by one performer of eminence with the aid of *quatre ou cinq poupées*. Farren's proper place was the one he so long occupied on the London stage as an important member of a strong company. It is true, however, as Mr. Lewes suggests, that the parts represented by Farren "were not those which appeal to general sympathy." The choleric guardians, the testy fathers, the jealous husbands, the superannuated fops of comedy obtain but a small measure of commiseration from the audience—invite, indeed, rather ridicule than respect. But there is injustice in the charge against Farren that "he had no geniality, he had no gaiety," although it may be true that he was less possessed of these qualities than certain of his contemporaries with whom he was often compared, but who could scarcely be viewed as his

rivals. Macready, in his "Reminiscences," noting the engagement of Farren at Covent Garden in 1818—"a powerful addition to its great comic strength"—describes him as "an actor deservedly admired for his studious correctness and the passion of his comedies, though eclipsed by Munden and Dowton in the rich quality of humour." The humour of Farren was genuine enough, but it owned a certain subacid flavour; he could thoroughly amuse his audience by the drollery of his movements, manner, and facial expression, the while he was careful not to deviate from truth and nature; and he had a curious power of depicting passion, of lashing himself into an explosive frenzy that never failed to stir the house deeply, to rouse the heartiest enthusiasm. Of pathos he had less command, though certain of his performances brought tears to the eyes; but he was pathetic not so much of his own motion as because of the affecting situations contrived by his dramatists, and because of the picturesque senility he had power to assume, his management of his voice, his command of his face. He could bear himself with dignity and even with elegance; an air of distinction always attended him; he seemed altogether instinct with the true spirit of high comedy. Looking back five-and-thirty years, he was, as I remember him at sixty, a very handsome old gentleman, with fine clean-cut features, a fresh complexion, keen clear china-blue eyes, expressive mobile brows, and what Mr. Lewes describes as "a wonderful hanging underlip" of much service to him in his exhibitions of character. His voice was firm and resonant: he spoke after the *staccato* manner of the old stage; his laugh was very pleasant. He dressed perfectly, avoiding all unseemly youthfulness of clothing, but ever "point-device" in his elderly accoutrements: he was at home and comfortable alike in the broad skirts, the huge cuffs, and the flowered waistcoats of the times of Anne and the earlier Georges as in the bright-buttoned, blue swallow-tails of the Regency. Heavy perukes or light bobwigs became him as his own white locks; a pigtail seemed an appendage natural to his aspect; coloured watch-ribbons, heavily weighted with keys and seals, swung appropriately from his fob; he assumed spectacles or plied his double glasses, he took snuff and waved his bandanna with admirable deftness; he was always a gentleman, if "a gentleman of the old school." Polite age had never a more adroit and complete stage representative. Altogether, an actor so gifted and accomplished as Farren could afford to be less successful than Munden in setting the audience roaring by the extravagance of his drollery; it can be admitted, too, of Farren that he had not Dowton's air of natural cheeriness and benevolence, nor Blanchard's whimsicality,

nor Fawcett's rugged fervour of manner, nor Liston's farcical breadth.

Contrasts are always popular ; and the early success of Farren no doubt owed something to the fact that he was really so young while affecting to be so old. People were not soon tired of marvelling at the difference between the true and the fictitious age of the performer. A poetic critic in 1822, after reciting that

Each day's experience confirms the truth
That old men, oftimes, love to play the youth,

proceeds :

But rarely do we find the young delight
In casting off activity and might,
To play the dotard, with his faltering knee
And palsied hand and shrill loquacity :
To bow the head, and bid the manly throat
Emit a tremulous and small still note,
And hide the lustre of a fiery eye
With the pale film of dull senility.
But Farren has done this, so chastely true,
That, whilst he lives, Lord Ogleby lives too !
His would-be youthful gait, his sunken chest,
His vacant smile, so faithfully exprest,
His hollow cheek, nay, e'en his fingers, show
The aged man and antiquated beau.

The actor's versatility is also insisted upon :

Yet he to passion's topmost heights can climb,
Can touch the heart and make e'en farce sublime.

Great praise is awarded to his performances of Lovegold the miser, Sir Peter Teazle, Frederick the Great, Item in the comedy of "The Steward," and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Of his impersonation of the "Foolish Knight" it is written :

In sooth, few men upon the stage can tickle us
With such a sample of the true ridiculous :
His antic capers—his affected grace,
His braggart words and pilchard-looking face,
Would put old Care and all his imps to flight,
And call forth laughter from an anchorite.

Leigh Hunt, writing in 1830, confessed that in many characters Farren had "fairly conquered" him; for "when we first saw him," the critic continues, "we could not endure the assumption of age by a young man, precisely because we relish so heartily the joyousness of youth in one whom we know to be old. . . . What an actor he will be when he grows old in good earnest if we only remain young-hearted enough to be merry with him!" Farren was at this time about forty-three, however.

Farren was assuredly an original actor, although unfriendly critics were wont to aver that he owed much of his histrionic method to the example of an old and obscure performer at one time appearing upon the Irish stage, one Fullam, of whom little is now known. Such a charge, however, is hardly worth serious consideration. Angularity of movement and sharpness of intonation were, it seems, common to both players, and both employed the same kind of grimace, curiously described as "a screwing of the proboscis partially on one side and partially up." Farren impressed his own strong individuality upon all the characters he represented, and owned certain of those personal habits or tricks of manner which are immediately recognisable and always remembered by the spectators, and from which no great actor has ever been free. A critic took the trouble to interlard a speech the actor was required to deliver, as Sir Christopher Curry in the play of "Inkle and Yarico," with notes of his peculiarities of manner: "Here stands [*a pause, and a nervous shaking of the head*] old Curry [*a twitch of the nose*] who never spoke [*more shaking of the head*] to a scoundrel [*here an extraordinary elevation of the eyebrows and nostrils*] without telling him [*a pause, accompanied by a kind of dissatisfied snuffle*] what he thought of him!" Mr. George Vandenhoff, in his "Dramatic Reminiscences," relates that Farren had a trick of monopolising attention by addressing himself exclusively to the audience, fairly fronting them, but exhibiting only his profile to the actors engaged with him upon the scene. Resolved "to pay the old stager in his own coin," Vandenhoff, who in 1840, at Covent Garden, played Lovewell to Farren's Lord Ogleby, punished him by imitating him, and the two actors were thus to be seen ignoring the existence of each other, and several yards apart, speaking alternately to the house. The dialogue thus independently given, notwithstanding Farren's animation of manner, fell very flat. Farren, disappointed and perplexed, grew nervous; he began to falter in the words of his part. "As his irritability increased, he turned towards me as if to inquire by a look what was the meaning of the insensibility of the audience." He became aware of the treachery of his young playfellow. "I heard his ominous sniff (a trick he had), I heard his gradually approaching step, I felt his hand upon my arm as he turned me towards him with the words of the text, which seemed peculiarly appropriate: 'What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seemest to have lost thy faculties'; and for the rest of the scene he never turned away from me, but, as a gentleman should do, kept his eyes on the person to whom he was speaking. I did the same, the *vraisemblance* of the scene was restored, and all went right. . . . He never gave me his

side-front after that night, and we always got on very well together." The story is less creditable to Mr. Vandenhoff, however, than he seems to imagine. He overlooks the fact that he had seriously diminished the entertainment of the audience; and it is not well for raw recruits to be reading lectures to veteran soldiers.

In a very laudatory review that appeared in the *Times* upon the retirement of Farren in 1855, it is stated: "To many young playgoers our praise of Mr. Farren may possibly seem overcharged; so we will at once anticipate their objections by declaring that no frequenter of theatres of less than eight years' standing is qualified to utter an opinion on the subject." This refers to 1847 or so, as a time when Farren was still to be seen to advantage. I had opportunities of attending his performances during what may be called his last years of excellence; and I saw him afterwards when his laurels had become unhappily very sere and yellow. I lay no stress, however, upon my own opinion of Farren's surpassing merits as an actor. I was at the time a very youthful playgoer. But about 1845 I saw him play at the Haymarket, among other parts, Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, Dr. Cantwell, Old Goldthumb, Sir Marmaduke Topple in Robert Bell's comedy of "Temper," Grandfather Whitehead, and old Foozle in "My Wife's Mother." I will only say that I thought his acting most consummate and convincing in its fidelity to nature, its humour, force, and finish. Looking back upon it now, after a long lapse of years, I cannot think my early judgment was at fault. It was that rare kind of acting that compelled the spectator absolutely to forget that it was acting. His Dr. Cantwell, I remember, was not thought to be one of his successful impersonations, and no doubt it lacked the vigour, the breadth, and the coarse unction of the ordinary Cantwell of the theatre. But Farren's Cantwell, with his venerable white locks and solemn suit of black, a look almost of the famous John Wesley, a sleek meekness of demeanour and an air of superfine piety, was a more likely impostor to obtain a footing in Sir John Lambert's house than any Cantwell, or for that matter any Tartuffe, that I have ever seen. First his terror and then his rage at his final exposure and dismissal from the scene were supremely rendered. Farren was at this time admirably supported: Keeley was his Mawworm; Mrs. Nisbett his Charlotte and Lady Teazle; Mrs. Seymour was young Lady Lambert; Mrs. Glover played old Lady Lambert, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Candour, and the mother-in-law with whom old Foozle combats in "My Wife's Mother." His Sir Marmaduke Topple was an admirable sketch of an old gentleman whose memory, tenacious of remote events, is most treacherous as to the present; he recollects fifty years

much more accurately than five minutes ago. But for this artistic study, the play was poor enough. His Sir Anthony Absolute was delightfully irascible, his Sir Peter was most humorously uxorious, although I think that, with the majority of Sir Peters, he was apt to exaggerate the age of the character—who is only required to be old enough to be her ladyship's father—not her grandfather—still less her great-grandfather. But this is what Leigh Hunt wrote of Farren's Sir Peter in 1830, beginning with laudatory mention of Downton's Sir Oliver: "Downton was the Sir Oliver, as of old—excellent. We cannot fancy a better Sir Oliver. Farren was the Sir Peter—admirable. We cannot fancy a better Sir Peter. We saw King once in the character. He was the original, and performed it again on some occasions (we forget what) after having taken leave of the stage. But either he was no longer the old man he was in his youth (which is likely enough), or he was not to be compared with Farren. He was dry and insipid to him. Farren makes the utmost of every passage without seeming to make any effort. His acting in the French Milliner part of that most admirable scene of the screen (one of the most perfect, if not the most so, in all comedy) was brought up to a climax of humour, the excess of which he contrived, wonderfully well, to refer to the imbecility of age. He twittered and shook, and gaped and giggled, and was bent double with an absolute rapture of incapacity. . . . It is one of the best and richest pieces of comic gusto on the stage, and would alone be worth going to see the play for." The critic concludes with a word in favour of another of the performers: "We do not remember so good a Joseph Surface as Mr. Macready."

There seemed a desire on the part of the public that the characters represented by Farren should be not merely aged, but even phenomenally old. In "Grandfather Whitehead," an adaptation from the French, he personated an octogenarian, and greatly affected the audience by his exhibition of patriarchal distress and infirmity. In "The Legion of Honour," an adaptation of "Le Centenaire," he played the part of Philippe Galliard, a veteran of 102, whose son, grandson, and great-grandson, represented by Messrs. Downton, Liston, and Bland respectively, also figured in the drama. "Mr. Farren's old, old man is above praise," wrote Leigh Hunt. "The lumpish inability of his legs, the sparseness of the rest of his body, the withered inefficiency of his voice and face, the pardonable self-love and little deciding nods of head retained by extreme old age, and lastly, the almost inaudible but on that account highly real and touching manner in which he sang his songs, are all admirable, perhaps a little too much so for the perfect pleasure of the beholders. . . . In passages at least, if not altogether,

his performance was painfully natural." At the Haymarket in 1843 Farren represented the prodigious hero of Mark Lemon's drama of "Old Parr." He was required to appear of the age of 120 years in the first act and 148 in the second. The story dealt with the question of the authenticity of a certain will proved at last upon the evidence of the fabulously old man, his memory corresponding in length with his years. The performance was pronounced "masterly beyond all precedent," the "make-up" a marvellous piece of portrait-painting. "There is something inexpressibly touching," wrote a critic of the time, "in the delineation of the palsied hand, the fading memory, the querulousness of an extreme old age." The play enjoyed few repetitions, however, its course being suddenly interrupted by the alarming illness of the chief performer. Towards the close of the new drama, the newspapers recorded, "Mr. Farren was observed to exhibit an unusual tremor of manner, and to sink back in his chair. It was discovered that he had been attacked with a fit and was unable to speak. He was conveyed to his room, and medical assistance sent for; his right side and arm proved to be completely stricken. This is the third attack he has had of the same malady." This account, happily, was of exaggerated character. It was some months, however, before Farren resumed his professional duties; he did not reappear as Old Parr.

In 1848 he undertook the management of the Strand Theatre, relinquishing that establishment for the newly built Olympic in 1851. He was assisted by a strong company, which included Mrs. Glover and Compton, Mrs. Stirling and Leigh Murray, and at a later date the famous Robson; he produced many new and interesting dramas; he played through a long list of his most admired characters; he introduced his sons Henry and William to the public. It was understood, however, that as a manager he had succeeded but indifferently; that the large fortune acquired by his exertions as an actor had suffered somewhat by his speculations as an impresario. His own attractiveness had waned seriously; his clear, resonant, staccato articulation had failed him; it was now difficult to understand what he said. The public dealt gently with him, remembering how great and genuine an artist he had proved himself in the past; but he played to audiences that grew steadily thinner and thinner. It was hard; for he was a great actor still, at heart; he continued in excellent health and spirits, a very hale and hearty old man; he dressed with his old perfect taste and skill; his command of movement, gesture, and facial expression was what it had ever been; but his painful infirmity of speech could not be concealed or controlled. Old playgoers spared themselves the disappointment of seeing him again;

young playgoers could not credit that he had ever been great. I saw him for the last time in 1851, I think, when he played Lord Duberly in "The Heir-at-Law." He seemed to be acting admirably, but in an unknown tongue. Scarcely an intelligible word could be picked from the confused gabble of his utterance. He continued to appear, however, from time to time, until the close of his management of the Olympic, on the 22nd September 1853, with a performance of "The Clandestine Marriage." He finally took leave of the public at the Haymarket Theatre on the 16th July 1855. The house was crowded to the ceiling. All the leading actors of the time lent their services and appeared grouped round the old man. "Miss Helen Faucit gracefully presented the veteran with a laurel wreath, and Harley flung his arms about the neck of his old stage companion." Mr. Morley records that "Mr. Farren was unable to speak his own good-bye; all had to be felt, and there was nothing to be said."

Farren survived this leave-taking six years. He died on the 24th September 1861, at the age of seventy-five. Henry Farren, an actor of great confidence and vigour, but curiously lacking in grace and refinement, predeceased his father. William Farren, the younger, appearing before the public in the first instance as a singer, has since established himself in general opinion as a sound and intelligent performer; he has even obtained considerable acceptance in certain of the characters once sustained so perfectly by his sire.

Alfred Bunn, who had been Farren's manager, writes of him that, "barring the question of pounds, shillings, and pence, and his taking you by the button-hole whenever he wants to convince you of an impossibility, Farren is a gentlemanly man and a very fine actor." With Bunn it was a grievance that his actors demanded of him such large salaries, and he prints the articles of agreement he entered into with Farren in 1835. His salary was fixed at £30 per week; but it rose presently to double that amount. Sundry of the conditions were very favourable to the actor: his salary was to continue, although the theatre might be closed on Christmas-day, Christmas-eve, the 30th January, and Whitsun-eve; he was to have his benefit early, and a choice of night, on paying the charges, £210; he was to be entitled to write three double-box and three double-gallery orders on every night of dramatic performance; no parts were to be allotted to him such as he deemed "unsuited to his talents or prejudicial to his theatrical reputation"; of the following characters none were to be performed by any other performer but William Farren, except in case of his illness: Don Manuel, Moneytrap, Don Cæsar, Sir Francis Gripe, Dogberry, Old Dornton, Lord Priory, Sir Peter Teazle, Lord

Ogleby, Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Abel Handy, and Sir Harry Sycamore ; and the parties to the agreement bound themselves to its performance in the sum of £1,000 "as agreed and liquidated damages" ; Mr. Bunn being careful to relate how the actor had really incurred this penalty upon one occasion by his stealthily quitting Drury Lane, and, without leave first asked or obtained, secretly performing for a benefit at Brighton. In these times, however, it will hardly be thought that the terms exacted by Farren were exorbitant : his position was unique ; he was, as he said, "the only cock-salmon in the market." There is sound proof of Farren's eminence and importance in Macready's statement of his plan, "practicable and promising, if only Farren could be bound down," for establishing the drama at the Lyceum "under a new name and a proprietary of performers, the best of each class formed into a supervising committee, and receiving, over and above their salaries, shares in proportion to their rank of salary and a percentage proportionate to their respective advances of money, &c." But Farren held aloof, and the scheme came to naught.

DUTTON COOK.

THE HORROR OF IT.

S AID A to B the other day, in my hearing, "Did you ever know anything so horrible as this Tay Bridge disaster? Not a soul saved!" "The same thing happens once a week," was B's curt rejoinder; "that is, whenever a ship goes down." B is a cynic and a savage in his manner (though he has a heart of wax), and A said no more; but privately he was, as I could see, far from convinced. And on consideration, as it seems to me, he was right. There has never (in my time at least) been anything so terrible as the Tay Bridge catastrophe. Of the nature of the Horrible, as of the Beautiful, there has been much discussion; but, as the argument has been always conducted upon more or less metaphysical grounds, nothing, of course, has come of it. In the present case, it strikes me that the investigation may possibly be more interesting, as it is certainly more tangible. In previous discussions upon the subject, examples have been sometimes appealed to: though the Horrible, with a big H, has shown the fate of all adjectives with capitals in being made as vague as words could make it; but in the present case the example fulfils all conditions, and seems even to supply the very definitions required.

In the first place, A struck the main chord when he said, "not a soul saved." If there had been one man, or even a child, preserved, Moses-like, upon that tawny flood, the catastrophe would have been robbed of half its horror. Though the babe were dumb, there would have been a link between the dead and the living. In Judea, when Lazarus was resuscitated, albeit "something sealed the lips of that Evangelist," surely for a time, and to those who beheld him, the Future must have lost some of its awe. The universality of the doom, I say, is a tremendous item in the sum-total of terror. There is no *per contra*. The smug voice of conventional piety cannot say, as usual, "Ninety-nine slain, but one providentially saved." They have been all—providentially—slain. The common phrase, "hurried into eternity," has, for once, a fit and literal application to everyone who travelled by that train to the other world. The terrific tumult of the elements which accompanied the disaster—as though the scornful and unfeeling heart of Nature had revelled in the fate of those

unfortunates—undoubtedly holds, as it were, a torch to the scene which gives it a lurid light. When a ship goes down with all on board, it is generally, it is true, in tempest; but the tempest is looked for, and, as far as may be, provided against. The fact of the *Royal George* sinking, "with all her crew complete," in a dead calm, was the circumstance of all others which has invested it with especial terrors. Those who do their business in great waters are prepared for calamities; and landsmen who have cause to make a voyage are apprehensive of them. Their friends part from them with a sense of peril. The fact that it was not at sea, but on land, or at least on what man's art had made so, that the Tay Bridge disaster took place, makes it far more terrible. The unexpectedness heightens to the last degree the horrors of the dramatic effect.

Nor was B in the right when he spoke of the loss of whole ships' crews at sea in a tone that would imply that the world was little affected by such misfortunes. The truth is that, though such matters are of but too constant occurrence, the world seldom hears of them. The lost vessels are not passenger ships, and the press does not concern itself—or rather, has small opportunity of doing so—with the disasters of professional seamen. A word or two of small print under the head of "Shipping Intelligence" is all the obituary vouchsafes to thousands of brave men who perish by shipwreck yearly. When public attention is drawn to such disasters, then we show no lack of sympathy or interest. Some of us are old enough to recollect the loss of the *President*, and can recall even now the gloom it cast on the public mind. But even that was mitigated by hope—though it turned out to be illusory. One of the great elements of horror in the present case is that there is no hope. There is no comfort in "knowing the worst" when the worst is as bad as it can be.

I have heard it argued that the petroleum disaster on the Bangor line, where men were scorched to death as by the sudden rush of a furnace-flame, still keeps its supremacy of horror, even by the side of the present calamity. Its unexpectedness, it is true, was even greater—for fire, to those who travel on land, is a more unlooked-for agent of destruction even than flood—but the disaster was less complete: there were survivors.

Again, we are reminded that a precisely similar accident—the breaking of a bridge and the hurling of a railway train into a river—took place (strangely enough, on the very anniversary of the Tay Bridge catastrophe) three years ago in America. But the very fact of its having happened *there* rendered our sense of the catastrophe

less keen. Nor are we to blame on that account. If the human heart felt equally for every misfortune that happened to our fellow-creatures at home and abroad, its strings would snap with the strain. " 'Tis always morning somewhere in the world," says the poet; but, alas! it is always midnight somewhere else, also. "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break"—that is, the heart of some near one. The nearness of this calamity—so many hours from London, or so many from Edinburgh—is to us one of its most ghastly features. The tens of thousands that died of starvation in India did not affect us so much as the half-score of Welshmen shut up without food in their coalpit a while ago, the news of whose release, received with cheers in the Senate, brought a keen sense of relief to every home. The loss of the crew of the *Eurydice* "close by their native shore" considerably surpassed in its effect upon the public mind that of the *Captain*. The *Princess Alice* disaster, occurring in the Thames, and, as it were, at our very doors, sent a thrill of horror through us more tremendous than either. But in all these cases there were survivors left to tell the tale.

The commonplace character of the circumstances is another element of horror, just as a ghost story becomes more terrible the more conventional are its surroundings. The passengers in the train are ordinary folk going on their ordinary business, or returning to their homes: some of them are in high spirits, and, with that good-humoured recklessness peculiar to Englishmen, enquire of the officials at the very brink of the ill-fated bridge, whether it will carry them across, and affect an alarm which they do not feel.

Moreover—which heightens the horror in another way—the inhabitants of the locality seem to have entertained a presentiment that the bridge *would* break; and, notwithstanding the raging of the gale, leave their homes to "watch the train come over," and see it and lose it; or see "its red and blue lights get huddled together," and "a stream of fire like a comet suddenly descend into the river." Then one exclaims, "My God! the train is over!" Notwithstanding which, there is a general impression among the frightened crowd that what they fear is a thing too terrible to have taken place.

Lastly, at the bottom of it all—the very source, as it were, from which the supreme horror springs—is the sense that the same calamity might have happened to any one of us, and may still happen, any day. We do not all of us work in coal mines, or make voyages, or handle dynamite, or even go to battle; but we all of us cross railway bridges whenever we take a journey. It is not mere selfish fear that

affects us ; it is simply that the catastrophe is thus brought home to us as no other catastrophe ever was.

Moreover, there are the final details, as shocking as any within human experience, still to be carried out : the lifting—or attempting to lift—the chaotic remains of the fatal train from the bed of the turbid river, and the possible contents of it. A professional diver once told me that “the nastiest piece of work” that fell to the lot of men of his trade was the investigation of ships that had sunk suddenly, before their tenants had time to come on deck. “However deep a wreck may be, there is a slight movement in the water,” he said, “which gives an air of life and motion to those that lie in it, inexpressibly awful.” As it happens, it seems in the present case that the ruin has been so complete that the bodies of the slain have in many cases been torn from their places and carried, perhaps, far out to sea, to “toss with shingle and with swell,” never more to be seen of men. But only conceive what experiences might have fallen to the duty of the divers in the Tay to undergo !

These things, however, are but the aftermath of the catastrophe ; the crop of horror as it stands is complete enough. It is true that the realities of existence have already begun as usual to tread upon the footsteps of this terrible melodrama, and in some measure to efface them. We read that the shares of the unfortunate railway have fallen so much, and that those of its rival have proportionally risen. It must be an ill wind indeed that brings none of us English good. I do not doubt even that some disciple of the doctrine of averages will show that the accident on the Tay Bridge was “due” ; that some such holocaust at the end of the year was necessary to fill up the tale of lamentation and mourning and woe demanded by the Universal Law. Nay, certain miserable pulpiteers, mistaking bile for piety, or willing slaves to a narrow and barbaric creed, have beheld in this cruel disaster a judgment upon those who travel upon the Sabbath. But on the whole, and with those to whom the calamities of the human race are something more than the corroboration of a theory, or the proof of a superstition, the Tay Bridge disaster will remain a monument of horror that has no rival in our social history, and which will cast its shadow upon many and many a generation to come.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

MÉRIMÉE, of all the writers of our century, took perhaps most care in veiling the mysteries of his life from indiscreet curiosity. Neither in verse, nor in prose, nor in conversation did he pour forth the griefs of a heart which most people are agreed to call cynical. Unfortunately for himself, he did not put into practice the axiom that he had himself enunciated: "Never take a woman for a confidant." For thirty years he entrusted to the treacherous keeping of female friends all the secrets of an unequal temper, an uncertain health, and a suspicious heart. After his death one of these ladies gave up the extraordinary correspondence to the world. The "Lettres à une Inconnue" at once revealed all Mérimée's weaknesses and bitterness, and fed the curiosity of a public peculiarly greedy of all that approaches the nature of scandal. Shortly afterwards we were gratified with a collection of "Lettres à une autre Inconnue," and quite recently two more *inconnues* have come to light, to be followed in all probability by several more. One of these new *inconnues* is Mrs. Senior, the other is a French lady who was an *habituée* of the fêtes of Compiègne and Fontainebleau under the Third Empire. M. Othenin d'Haussonville, to whom these new letters have been entrusted, is a writer admirably fitted to write a biography of Mérimée. He has, however, excused himself from the task on the ground that, after the publication of the "Lettres à une Inconnue," it is impossible. The reader's curiosity would not be tickled by the offer of less tasty food than that on which he has already been nourished; while, after such an outburst, the only means of once more awakening that curiosity would be to jump blindly into the mire of scandal, at the risk of bespattering the living and the dead alike. Doubtless this pleasing task will be accomplished some day, and an unscrupulous scribe will be found to do for Mérimée what has recently been done for Sainte-Beuve. My object in the following pages is merely to bring before English readers a few facts and details about Mérimée's life which have come to light, little by little, during the last few years. Some of them I owe to the reminiscences of those who knew the man, others have appeared scattered about in

ephemeral literature, and others again I have simply extracted from the letters that have been published by M. d'Haussonville.

Mérimée is not a figure easy of access. As a literary man, he had a talent chastened even to dryness, concentrated even to quintessence, a talent of the first order in spite of all its defects. He was an exquisite story-teller, but always on his guard, distrustful of the public and of himself; systematically immoral; an irreproachable savant; an ingenious but unenthusiastic historian; delicate even to being a victim of his delicacy.

Personally he was the man of his talent; a long gentleman, dry and icy, who would have given you chilblains when he shook you by the hand, if he had not been so sparing of that form of salutation. He had a large nose, and a coldly quizzing expression; he would reason about libertinage like a professor; sometimes gay, but generally weighed down as it were by moral fatigue; a conscientious courtier, though ever complaining in secret of the exigencies of that calling; capable of compromising himself for a guilty friend, as in the case of Libri, and of compromising an innocent friend, as in the case of Beyle; benevolent with indifference; not disinclined to render a service and to forget it. Such was Prosper Mérimée as he was in his riper years. He was promoted from dignity to dignity under two widely differing *régimes*, without having for an instant bowed his head, consented to the slightest compromise, or attached his name to the smallest concession. He was born and lived in an atmosphere of greatness and opulence, and has yet left behind him immortal literary work. Still, he never appeared to have put pen to paper except as a gentleman who wrote purely for amusement, and he never professed the trade of a man of letters. He succeeded so well in playing the *rôle* of a simple amateur throughout his life, that, although he wrote "Colomba" and twenty other masterpieces, he was never made the subject of a single caricature in times when no public man escaped that equivocal honour.

Mérimée came into the world under the happiest circumstances. His grandfather had been a barrister at Rouen, and his father was an esteemed painter as well as a man of letters. As an only child, whose health was not very excellent, he was brought up at home by a good-natured and mild-mannered father, and a mother whose devotion knew no limits. Mme. Mérimée, herself a painter and a woman of intelligence, held a large place in her son's life. She lived with him until a very advanced age; and at the time when his society was sought for more than that of any other man in France, he could never be persuaded to break his word when he had promised

to go home to dine with her. A portrait of Mérimée at the age of five, a copy of which happily has been preserved, represented him as a bright, frank-looking little fellow, with long blond curls, fine features, and malicious lips. When Mérimée left college and began to study law he was very timid, a little *gauche* in appearance, excessively susceptible, and constantly dreading lest he should be laughed at. The frank smile had given place to an expression of somewhat haughty reserve, which was already sufficiently marked in another portrait painted by his mother about 1818, when Mérimée was fifteen years old, and which was burnt, together with the portrait above mentioned, during the troubles of 1871. The next portrait shows us Mérimée at the age of twenty-three, with a reserved, severe, and somewhat soured look. This portrait, which is prefixed to the original edition of the "Théâtre de Clara Gazul," has a history. It is the bust of a Spanish lady with bare shoulders, and wearing a necklace of pearls terminating in a cross. The features are those of Mérimée himself. It was drawn by Delécluze, and passed through two editions. In the first state it bears on the left-hand side the words *Delécluze del.*, and on the right *Lith. par Scheffer*, and at the foot in capitals, *Clara Gazul*. The plate in the second edition bears the mention : *De l'imp. lith. de C. de Lasteyrie*. This "Théâtre de Clara Gazul" was, from beginning to end, text, notes, and portrait, a pure work of imagination. Mérimée had the decency to withdraw the frontispiece from circulation after two editions had been printed. This portrait is one of the rarest and the most sought after by collectors, who will give as much as twenty pounds for it. It received, too, a kind of ratification from the fact of its having been mentioned in the Académie Française by the late M. de Loménie.

The enigma, which those who have hitherto occupied themselves about the matter have failed to solve, is to explain the causes which changed Mérimée from a bright and happy boy into a cynical and suspicious man. His childhood was, as we have seen, a happy one, and his education presented no peculiarities which might account for the transformation. He made his *début* as a man in a mixed society of artists and men of letters, and he appears to have been rather gay than otherwise. There is a well-known anecdote of his having coveted the mistress of Cuvier, the great naturalist, and of his having won her heart by giving her a four-page letter signed by Maximilien Robespierre, which she had given him to understand would enable her to make Cuvier happy for the rest of his days. The letter was given to Cuvier, who in an ecstasy of delight ran off to show it to Charles

Nodier, at that time librarian of the Arsenal. Nodier was himself deceived for a moment, but on holding the letter up to the light he discovered the water-mark 1813 in the paper. The style, the handwriting, and the signature were those of Robespierre, but it was obvious that the mighty revolutionary could not have written on paper made twenty years after his death. Cuvier was furious, and there was a terrible scene between him and his mistress, who was obliged to confess from what source she had obtained the fatal letter. It was a double blow for Cuvier. Nodier, however, thought the matter an immense joke, and ever afterwards had a boundless esteem for its author, Prosper Mérimée. His second attempt at literary *supercherie*, the "Théâtre de Clara Gazul," was more successful. It was with this volume that the author made his *début* in literature, and almost everybody at that time believed in the Spanish actress of whom he had given such full and interesting details. The doors of the Abbaye-au-Bois were henceforward open to its author. Mme. Récamier, about whom he afterwards, as we shall see, spoke so unfeelingly, particularly distinguished him, and thought of getting him the post of secretary to the Embassy at London.

Mérimée's sourness of temper and cynical attitude towards men and things in general has been often attributed to a quarrel that he had with George Sand. This lady, however, did not cause such ravages in the heart of Mérimée as she did in that of Alfred de Musset. The history of the end of their liaison is now cleared up. One morning when Mérimée had come to fetch George Sand to go for a walk, he remained alone in the room communicating with the chamber where she was dressing. The table was covered with papers. One bundle was "Lélia," another was labelled "Marie Dorval." Mérimée began to read it aloud, but interrupted himself to ask George Sand how she could permit herself to be intimate with that actress. George Sand rushed out of her chamber, and began warmly to defend her friend of the moment. Under this manuscript there was another. Mérimée took it and began to read: "P. M. a cinq pieds cinq pouces." George Sand again rushed out, tore the manuscript out of his hands, but only after he had read a few lines, that were true perhaps, but not flattering. There is nothing very dramatic or heartrending in the conclusion of this liaison. In the same category of events must be placed another liaison which Mérimée contracted with the wife of a functionary of the First Empire, and in consequence of which he fought a duel with the husband. The correspondence between them nevertheless continued until the day when, either from prudence or from infidelity, the lady somewhat

harshly dismissed him. There can be no doubt, to judge from letters which I have seen, but which I am not at liberty to publish, that Mérimée was very much grieved at this disappointment, and it doubtless tended to develop his distrustful disposition. Immediately after this incident, in the beginning of 1830, he set out on a tour in Spain, and it was at Madrid that he heard of the great events of July. Mérimée's social position during this first phase of his life had been gradually improving. He had been called to the bar, but had never sought to follow up the profession. His inclination was towards literature, and his appointment to a post in the Ministry of Commerce enabled him to indulge his tastes. After the July Revolution he became *chef du cabinet* under the Comte d'Argout. The success of his first works, the "Théâtre de Clara Gazul," and another *supercherie* in the same style, "la Guzla," supposed to have been written by an Illyrian poet, Hyacinthe Maglanovich, had not left him unknown. Victor Hugo had indeed paid him the high compliment of writing the following anagram of his name on the title-page of "la Guzla," "Première Prose," and the Romantics in consequence displayed the warmest enthusiasm for his work. His life at this time was passed in society where literature and pleasure held equal sway. He used to preside over banquets, the guests at which were sceptics and wits like himself, and as little troubled as he was by what he styles that *viscère nommé le cœur*. He did without a heart just as Laplace pretended to do without God, on the paradoxical pretext that "he had no need of that hypothesis." Here is one of the letters of invitation which he sent out: "Vous êtes invité à vous trouver mardi, 6 septembre, à 6 heures, devant la rotonde du Palais-Royal, pour aller dîner ensuite où il plaira aux personnes dont les noms suivent: Mareste, Koroff, Vieil-Castel, Sharpe et moi." The Baron de Mareste was a friend of Stendhal, and the author of a celebrated paradox: "Le mauvais goût mène au crime." The Comte Victor de Vieil-Castel was a *viveur* who once won a bet that he would eat alone a dinner, the cost of which was to be five hundred francs. Koroff was Stendhal's doctor, and Sutton Sharpe was, as Mérimée has described him in an unpublished letter to Sainte-Beuve: "Un neveu du poète Rogers, homme d'esprit très vicieux, qui gagnait 100,000 francs par an à défendre la veuve et l'orphelin, et les dépensait avec des rats. C'était un des plus aimables hommes que j'aie connus. Il est mort d'apoplexie pour avoir trop travaillé et trop fait l'amour." Such was his habitual company, and it will be readily acknowledged that it was not such as to engender melancholy.

The functions that he exercised under the Comte d'Argout were soon exchanged for the more congenial post of inspector of historical monuments. His place was now marked in the semi-aristocratic and semi-bourgeois society of the July government. The first phase of his life, that of timidity and youthful agitation, was at an end; he now assumed his definitive form, and made up that cold, discreet, and, if I may so express myself, English bearing, under which he concealed passions that were still lively. He adopted at the same time that sarcastic tone and that ironical form of conversation which are noticeable in his novels. His bearing towards both men and women at this time must have been intensely disagreeable. He affected a moral perversity which he would have been sorry to have seen taken seriously. Writing to a lady just after his reception at the Academy, he says: "My friends have often told me that I did not take enough care to show what good there may be in my nature, but I never care for the opinion of but a few persons. You are, madame, of the number whose approbation I should like. . . ."

In his conversation Mérimée affected two things; he liked to approach the boundary-line of bad taste without crossing it, and he liked to parade his philosophic opinions. Curiously enough, he inherited his absolute incredulity, not so much from his father, who was careless enough on such matters, as from his mother, who had the most decided aversion to all religious belief. It was Mérimée's great delight when in society to go beyond the bounds of decency in proclaiming his unbelief. Certain Salons of the Restoration which he frequented were not exactly orthodox, but the majority of the men and women were deists, if not Christians. Mérimée had intensified his inherited incredulity by his intercourse with Henri Beyle, who was known for a long time under the pseudonym of Stendhal. Mérimée met him for the first time, when he was eighteen, at the house of Mme. Pasta. M. d'Haussonville quotes a passage from Mérimée's famous notice of Beyle, in which he almost seems to be speaking of himself: "Un des traits les plus frappants," he says, "du caractère de Beyle, était l'inquiétude d'être pris pour dupe et une constante préoccupation de se garantir de ce malheur. De là cet endurcissement factice, cette analyse désespérante des mobiles bas de toutes les actions généreuses, cette résistance aux premiers mouvements du cœur, beaucoup plus affectée que réelle chez lui, à ce qu'il me semble. L'aversion et le mépris qu'il avait pour la fausse sensibilité le faisaient souvent tomber dans l'exagération contraire, au grand scandale de ceux qui, ne le connaissant pas intimement, prenaient à la lettre ce qu'il disait de lui-même. Non-

seulement il n'attachait aucune importance à rectifier les interprétations plus ou moins malveillantes qu'on donnait à sa parole ou à ses écrits, mais encore il trouvait un malin plaisir—de vanité, je pense—à passer aux yeux des gens pour un monstre d'immoralité." By changing the names, we get an exact portrait of Mérimée himself. This notice of Beyle was printed privately and surreptitiously by Firmin Didot and by Poulet Malassis, and was circulated clandestinely from 1851 to 1856. The title-page ran as follows: "H. B. par un des Quarante, avec un frontispice stupéfiant dessiné et gravé par S. P. Q. R. Eleutheropolis, l'an MDCCLXIV de l'imposture du Nazaréén." The frontispiece was obscene, and the work purported to have come from the presses of "the friends of Julian the Apostate." A long and curious account of this bibliographical curiosity will be found in Maurice Tourneux's "Prosper Mérimée : ses portraits, ses dessins, sa bibliothèque." The clandestine Beyle differs only from the published study in including some very gross passages about God, Christ, Saint John, Napoleon, etc. At the time when everybody was anxious to catch a glimpse of this forbidden fruit, one of her adorers managed to procure a copy for Rachel, who was naturally as curious as, if not more so than, the rest of the world. After devouring the pages eagerly, she said: "N'est-ce que cela? Voltaire en a dit bien d'autres. J'offre le livre contre un sac de marrons glacés." If any bibliomaniac had accepted the offer, he would not have made a bad bargain.

Mérimée saw the July monarchy fall with pleasure, but not without regret, and the friends of the fallen *régime* accused him of being too ready in his adhesion to the *régime* which succeeded. But although he had had a lucrative and agreeable post during the July monarchy, he had become attached neither to the principles of the parliamentary government nor to the family of the princes who were its representatives. The *coup d'état*, the establishment of the Empire, and the unexpected marriage of the Emperor, were destined to affect Mérimée's life very considerably.

At the time of his first journey to Spain Mérimée had been introduced to the Empress's mother by the Comte de Montijo, whom he had chanced to meet in a diligence. During the frequent visits that the Comtesse Montijo made to Paris, it was Mérimée who was always charged with amusing *la petite Eugénie*, as she was then called, while her mother was seeing the curiosities or celebrities of the town. Later it was Mérimée who introduced the mother and the daughter into the little lettered, artistic, and elegant colony of Passy. Mérimée's relations with the Montijo family were indeed of such long

standing, that, when the marriage of the Comtesse de Téba was settled, it was he who was charged with furnishing the necessary information for drawing up the contract. His nomination as senator was, therefore, very naturally one of the first favours that the Empress asked of her husband. Mérimée was a man of letters and an entire stranger to politics. The society in which he habitually lived was one in which political passion rose very high, and his nomination was almost considered a scandal. It may be recorded to his honour that, with a scrupulousness then rare, Mérimée refused to cumulate the office of senator with the functions of inspector of historical monuments, and that he resigned the latter post. It is universally admitted that he was very delicate in money matters, and M. d'Haussonville relates that when the Emperor asked him to collect some materials for the "Vie de César," and intimated that he should be rewarded for his pains: "Sire," he replied, "j'ai les livres nécessaires, et je calcule qu'avec trois mains de papier, vingt-cinq plumes d'oie et une bouteille d'encre de la petite vertu, je pourvoirai aux autres frais. Je prie votre Majesté de me permettre de lui faire ce cadeau."

The "Lettres à une autre Inconnue" show Mérimée in his new rôle of a courtier both at Paris and elsewhere. He complains frequently enough of the long dinners, of the formalities, of the necessity of wearing knee-breeches and black silk stockings, the dress *de rigueur* of the court, but he nevertheless enjoyed the intellectual royalty which he exercised at Compiègne and Fontainebleau. Those famous invitations to spend a week at Compiègne must have troubled the peace of mind of not a few of those who found themselves bound to accept. It was by means of them, however, that the Empress exercised a very strong personal action on the society of the day. The composition of the lists was a very serious affair; each minister had to furnish the names of the distinguished personages attached to his department. These lists were all sent in to the Cabinet of the Grand Chamberlain, then studied, co-ordinated, and arranged under the direction of the Empress, in such a manner as to bring together successively the celebrated representatives of every art and every career. Most of the lists from 1853 to 1869 have been preserved, and there is no man at all distinguished in art, science, or literature whose name does not figure in them. The guests were always kindly and courteously received, and the Emperor and Empress were careful to enter into personal communication with each one. The Empress especially devoted herself to the literary men; it was her desire to have a literary court, for she was acute enough to see that it was hopeless to attempt to win over the hereditary nobility of

France. It was in these days that Edmond About wrote verses to charm his imperial mistress, and Ponsard penned his dramatic scenes. It was in these spheres that Mérimée exercised a supremacy such as was calculated to flatter any man's vanity. The Empress, too, had for him an affection which he enjoyed as long as he lived, and if he has sometimes spoken irreverently enough of the Emperor, under whose roof he was, he never at least forgot himself as regards the Empress, either in his conversation or in his correspondence.

Soon after his nomination to the Senate, Mérimée entered into correspondence with the daughter-in-law of William Nassau Senior. The letters that he addressed to this lady have recently been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. d'Haüssonville. The first is dated Vienna, September 26, 1854. He relates in it some of his experiences in Hungary and on the Danube, and promises to read Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth." "My great objection," he writes, "is the name of the novel, and the fear lest it should leave me melancholy. I am melancholy so often, that I do not care to seek new occasions for having the blue devils. Still, I will read 'Ruth,' and in order to divert myself after having read it, I shall think of the agreeable moments that I passed at Kensington."

Before making any further extracts from these interesting letters, let me remind the reader that Mérimée was perfectly acquainted with English literature, and that he was as much at home in society in London as he was in Paris. Whenever a celebrity from England or from America visited Paris, Mérimée was his guide. During the six months that Fenimore Cooper stayed in Paris, Mérimée went to see him almost every night in his *entre-sol* in the Rue du Bac, to talk about literature. And when Cooper manifested a desire to see what a constitutional king was like, Mérimée obtained for him a private audience of Louis Philippe. Charles Dickens, too, had Mérimée for cicerone. On returning to London, however, Dickens told some two or three hundred people that the one thing wanting to make Mérimée a friend was friendship. "He keeps all the friendship that he has for himself," said Dickens.

To return to our extracts. In another letter, dated March 5, 1855, he makes some very unconventional remarks about marriage. "In England," he says, "the slavery of women seems to me to be worse than it is anywhere else. I believe that the women rarely have *amants*, because they are afraid of losing caste, but the devil loses nothing by it. They are very unhappy; they have temptations, and do not succumb, and die uncertain as to whether it had been better to succumb or to resist. Observe that a soldier who behaves well

under fire is made a corporal, but there is no recompense for *virtuous* women, for people do not admit that they can be otherwise. You speak to me of children, madame, and you say that they are a very great happiness. I am too old to marry, but I should like to find a little girl all ready to bring up. I have often thought of buying a child of a gipsy, because, if my education turned out badly, I should not probably have rendered more unhappy the little creature that I should have adopted. What do you think about it? and how am I to procure a little girl? The trouble is, that the gipsies are too brown, and they have hair like a horse's mane. Why have you not a golden-haired little girl to give me?" In the postscript to this letter, where we catch a glimpse of the real heart of the man, Mérimée says laconically: "Mon chat noir est mort, et je n'ai plus une bête pour me tenir compagnie." Mérimée was very fond of these aristocratic and elegant animals, which prove, as he said to M. Champfleury, "leur susceptibilité par leur politesse." His pencil was often exercised in rendering sometimes their grotesque and sometimes their fierce attitudes. Some of his sketches have been reproduced in M. Tournoux's book, mentioned above, and a copy made by Mérimée from an Egyptian painting of the eighteenth dynasty in the British Museum, representing a cat eating birds, figures in M. Champfleury's curious book on cats.

A few days later Mérimée writes to say that he has not only read "Ruth," but has seen the author. The only conclusion he draws from the novel is that it is very imprudent to have children when one is not rich enough to rear them. "In your English society," he says, "and it must be admitted in almost all societies, misfortune is a situation out of which one could easily escape with money, only one has no money." In the same letter he returns to the subject of loneliness: "Je suis triste comme un bonnet de nuit et horriblement ennuyé. Le monde m'assomme et je ne sais que devenir. I do not believe that I have a friend in the world. I have lost all those that I loved; they are either dead or they have changed. If I could, I would adopt a little girl; but this world, and especially this country, is so uncertain, that I do not care to give myself that luxury. . . ."

June 8, 1855, he writes: "Je suis très-malade, et je crois que je vais bientôt priver le soleil de ma présence. En outre, j'ai les *blue devils* en permanence, et *man delights not me, nor woman neither*. . . . Nous avons ici une Mme. Ristori, qui fait fureur dans une détestable tragédie d'Alfieri. . . . L'actrice me plaît assez, mais la pièce me paraît bien ennuyeuse, quoique immorale."

The following criticism of Millais occurs in the same letter: "Je

voudrais bien voir le tableau de Millais dont vous me parlez. Il y en a quelques-uns de lui à l'exposition qui ne manquent pas d'un certain je ne sais quoi. Mais il travaille, ce me semble, avec des pinceaux microscopiques, et il fait tout, principal et accessoires, de la même manière. Il y a de lui, si je ne me trompe, une 'Ophélie' en train de se noyer, qui m'a laissé une impression assez forte. C'est une figure dont on n'aime pas s'en souvenir quand on va s'endormir et qu'on a éteint sa lumière."

July 30, 1855, he writes: "It is easy to say, Write something amusing. On the one hand, it has not been proven to me that I have not written too much already. On the other hand, when I did write, I wrote with an object. If I were to write, it would be for myself, and I should bore myself still more than I do now. . . . I am charmed that you believe me to be a *good-natured* man. I believe that it is true. I never was wicked, but as I grow old I have tried to avoid doing evil, and it is more difficult than people believe. You wound people generally when thinking only to scratch them delicately, sometimes when thinking to caress them. If I had to begin my life over again, with the experience that I have acquired, I should apply myself to being a hypocrite and to flattering everybody. Now the game is not worth the candle. On the other hand, there is something sad in pleasing people under a mask, and in thinking that by unmasking one's self one will become odious. . . ."

" . . . I do not know Mrs. * * *, but, from what you tell me, she must be jealous of you. A woman who is jealous of another has always a thousand attentions for her, even while speaking ill of her. I have been told that you were a great musician, but I can hardly believe it, because you seem to me to have too much wit and to be too lazy. One must be a little stupid to do only one thing, and in the art excellence is only acquired by absolute devotion. Then one must work from morning until night, never expose one's self to draughts, and not eat ices in summer. . . . Here I am, boring myself to death. I have no longer a taste for anything, and I am injuring my eyes by reading. I often read twenty pages without knowing what they contain. I have the spleen: that means, that whenever you shall put black on your pretty rose paper, you will be doing a good action."

The next letter is dated January 1, 1856. He begins with complaints of his melancholy and his neuralgia, and then goes on to speak of Macaulay, the last volume of whose *History* he had just read. "I do not quite know what to think of it," he says. "Have you ever met a perfect person? (assuredly yes, when you place your-

self before your mirror.) But there are perfections (I do not speak of yours) which do not charm so much as a mixture of good and of bad. I find in Macaulay too much of this perfection. Do you understand me? It seems to me that he leaves nothing to be thought out by his reader."

In the next letter, dated February 16, 1856, we cull the following personal detail: "Have you not been told that it would be a very grave thing to lodge in my house when I was four hundred leagues away from Paris? Whence comes it that I have obtained this enviable reputation? Because, when I was young, I was not a hypocrite, and I did not trouble myself about 'what will people say?' People whom I have never seen, and whom I should have perhaps been very pleased to know, will never see me because they regard me as an immoral being. If I could recommence my life with the experience that I have (unfortunately), I should conduct myself in a different manner. I believe that I should be none the worse for it, and that I should be happier."

In another letter he asks for the address of Millais, and begs Mrs. Senior to get him an invitation to visit his studio. "What I saw of his work at the Exhibition has given me a great desire to know him. I think that if I were a tyrant, and he my subject, I would oblige him to execute some pictures according to my orders and advice. I am convinced that, with the remarkable talent for imitation that he possesses, he would do ten times better than he does if some one chose his models for him.

In a letter dated Paris, April 10, 1857, he writes: "You ask me what I think of Mrs. Gaskell? She must have been very pretty, and her daughter gives an idea of what she was. I find the same defect in both of them: it is a tearful air (*un air pleureur*). It is not melancholy, but the expression of someone who has broken a Sèvres porcelain. She took tea at my rooms the other day with Mme. Mohl, and she did not say three words. I had the blue devils, and probably we separated *assez furieux*. I do not know where you got the idea that I was a mocker. I am always the last to discover the absurdities of people, but I have the misfortune of having a crowd of prejudices about looks, dress, etc.; . . . and I could live fifty years with any one who had a nose contrary to my principles, without saying a word to him. This disposition has made me some enemies. I have made other enemies by being too frank. And then I am glad to tell you one thing: that it is impossible to have a friend of one's own sex, and very difficult to have one of the other sex, because the devil will have a finger in the pie

Still, I have had two friends (*amies*), I think. One died ten years ago. The other lives in Spain. These impossibilities and these difficulties make me wish to have a little girl, but it is quite possible that after a few years the little monster would fall in love and leave me in the lurch. You are not perhaps sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of the human heart to understand unaided why one cannot have a friend of one's own sex. The reason is, madame, that we are all puffed up with vanity, and that we want always to appear *manly*. Now, from time to time our souls become extraordinarily mean. If we admit the fact before a man, we should perhaps be obliged *de nous couper la gorge avec lui*, for fear lest he should despise us, or, what comes to the same, for fear lest we should believe that he despised us. With a woman it is different. We believe you to be of a different nature from ours, and we are not so much ashamed of our basenesses before you; firstly, because it is almost always on your account that we are base; and, secondly, because we know that you are weak, and in avowing our weaknesses we seem to approach you more intimately. The consequence of all this is that, if I were a woman, I would not let a man so much as kiss the nail of my little finger."

Mérimée's correspondence with Mrs. Senior was interrupted for some years. In 1862 came two letters, one of which contains a judgment of Mme. Récamier which few people will, perhaps, be inclined to accept without considerable qualifications. Englishmen and Englishwomen are almost as familiar with Mme. Récamier as her own compatriots. She was the Madame Geoffrin of her day; her salon at the Abbaye-au-Bois was the centre to which the literature and philosophy of the first half of this century gravitated. There was not a man of any mark who did not seek to enter this *cénacle*, which will hold as important a place in the artistic history of France as Port Royal does in its religious history. It was there that Victor Hugo was pronounced to be an *enfant sublime*; it was there that Chateaubriand gave the world a foretaste of his "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*." Great and small men met there. The Baron Gérard patronised the uneasy and misanthropic Ingres; the musicians of the past elbowed the musicians of the future, from the author of the "*Vestale*" to the author of the "*Prophète*." Stendhal must often have dreamed before Canova's bust that figured on the chimney-piece; the tonsured Lamennais, the academic Barante, and the chivalrous de Vigny all passed through that charming saloon. There was always a kind and almost maternal welcome at the Abbaye for the young Muses. The literary coterie that Madame Récamier formed there was as powerful as the University or the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It distributed patents of

glory and nominated academicians, amongst others Ampère and the author of the "Théâtre de Clara Gazul." Knowing this, and remembering the kindness that Mérimée had always experienced at the hands of Mme. Récamier, we are a little surprised to hear him speak of her as he does in the following letter :—"Je n'ai connu Mme. Récamier que lorsqu'elle avait quarante ans bien sonnés. Il était facile de voir qu'elle avait été jolie, mais je ne crois pas qu'elle ait jamais pu prétendre à la beauté. Elle avait la taille carrée, de vilains pieds, de vilaines mains; quant à son esprit, on n'a commencé à en parler qu'assez tard, après que toutes ses autres ressources pour plaire étaient devenues inutiles. Elle a eu pendant sa jeunesse une assez méchante réputation; dans son âge mûr et dans sa vieillesse elle a posé pour être une sainte; mais elle n'a jamais été ni une Ninon de Lenclos ni une Mme. de Maintenon. Je crois qu'elle était absolument dépourvue du viscère nommé cœur. Elle aimait tous les hommages, et quand on aime tout le monde on est incapable d'aimer un seul homme. Son but a été de dominer sur une petite cour de gens distingués. Elle n'en exigeait pas grand'chose—une grande assiduité seulement, et l'apparence plutôt que la réalité du dévouement. En revanche, elle savait s'ennuyer avec une grâce parfaite. Elle se faisait lire vingt fois les vers de l'un et la prose de l'autre, et chaque fois c'était des admirations sans bornes. Je ne sais que par les confidences de la génération qui m'a précédé de quelle manière elle s'y prenait pour rendre les gens amoureux. Quand ses yeux n'ont plus été assez beaux, elle a commencé à faire des frais de conversation. Son procédé était si simple qu'il vous paraîtra grossier; mais ce sont les meilleurs. Elle vous disait à demi-voix et pour vous seul, que vous étiez l'homme le plus extraordinaire du siècle. La manière de parler était calculée. Les premiers mots de chaque phrase étaient prononcés avec une vivacité extraordinaire, et semblaient une sorte d'aveu arraché par l'enthousiasme. La fin de la phrase se disait plus lentement et avec une sorte de pudeur, qui faisait encore plus d'effet sur les vanités les plus blasées. Il est juste de dire qu'en cherchant à gagner le monde, elle n'a jamais eu en vue son intérêt; du moins elle ne pensait qu'à mettre un lion de plus dans sa ménagerie. Elle ne cherchait ni l'argent ni une position autre que celle qu'elle occupait. Avoir un salon, n'être jamais seule, être résignée sur tout et sur tous, elle n'a jamais prétendu à autre chose. Bonne femme au fond et n'ayant jamais fait de mal à personne volontairement."

What Mérimée cannot understand is that she should have condemned herself to the mortal *ennui* of receiving every day in her life

a certain number of people, some mediocre and others fatiguing with their pretensions, their pride, and their vanity. M. de Chateaubriand, especially, he says, in his later years had become insupportable. She laboured to amuse him, which was impossible, and, of course, without the slightest success.

The following recipe for a *salon* is very characteristic of the writer: "In order well to understand Mme. Récamier," says Mérimée, "you must be acquainted with the idleness of Paris, *le peu d'originalité de caractère et d'esprit de la bonne compagnie*. You find in a *salon* a certain number of ready-made opinions and ideas, which you take and spread elsewhere. It is an arsenal, where one goes to obtain munitions for making a noise. Hence the glory for a woman to have the grand arsenal which furnishes all the others; but you must give yourself an extraordinary amount of trouble. You must attract and retain people of intellect. You must make their intellect acceptable to those who have only titles and money. You must cajole everybody; and, above all, be able to bore yourself, to lie incessantly, never to have too much wit yourself, and, finally, not to be *méchant*, in order not to have a single enemy; an enemy is always dangerous."

However much one may have been conciliated by the good points that Mérimée shows in some of the other letters from which I have quoted, one is almost inclined to abandon him to his fate after such a voluntarily malicious, ungrateful, and cynical letter as that on Mme. Récamier.

The last letter of Mérimée to his amiable friend, whom he was to see no more, is dated March 1867. Old, sick, and suffering from nervous asthma, he regrets that he is forbidden to go out in the evening to see his old friend Mme. Mohl, the wife of the celebrated Orientalist, who lived almost next door to him. "Je n'ai plus de poumons," he writes.

Mérimée spent the winters of the last ten years of his life at Cannes, struggling bravely against a malady of the lungs. He might have lived longer had it not been for the terrible events of 1870. The signing of the peace, when the whole nation was in arms, was a terrible shock to him. On September 13, 1870, he writes: "I have sought all my life to be free from prejudice, to be a citizen of the world before being a Frenchman, but all these philosophic mantles are no good. I bleed to-day from the wounds of those *imbéciles de Français*, I weep for their humiliations, and, however ungrateful and absurd they may be, I love them still."

A few days afterwards he died peacefully, and was buried in the Anglican cemetery at Cannes, where his remains now lie. A

Protestant pastor read the burial-service over the body, at the wish of the humble friends who were with him in his last hours. The philosophic mantles of which he speaks perhaps give us the key to his whole life. He was an excellent man, a sure friend, and a patriot to boot, but it was his great delight to be taken for a bad man, a treacherous friend, and a disdainful cosmopolitan. The pleasure lay in the consciousness of the world being mistaken. It was at best but a vain pleasure and a tortuous way of attaining it, but it may be that it was all of a piece with his strange nature. A careful reading of the *Lettres à une Inconnue*, and of the letters to Mrs. Senior, almost leads one to think that Mérimée, perhaps entirely by his own fault, was one of those men towards whom the world has been too severe, both while he was living and since he has been dead.

T. E. CHILD.

TABLE TALK.

IT will be remembered by many who attend the Royal Institution lectures that nearly ten years ago Professor Huxley, when speaking of the Hipparion, or three-toed horse of antiquity, expressed his belief that other and older members of the equine family would one day be discovered. His hopes have been abundantly fulfilled; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, U.S., having discovered the fossil remains of several ancestors of the horse, which he is able to arrange into a series, almost complete, from a five-toed form to the present one-toed animals, for such the horse, the ass, the zebra, and the quagga must be regarded. I may remark, however, that occasionally, as might be expected from what is known about "reversion," horses of the present time have supplementary digits. Prof. Marsh has, indeed, examined a number of such cases. The commonest case is that in which an extra small toe is present on the inside either of the front feet or of all four feet, but Prof. Marsh mentions a case in which a colt had three toes on one fore-foot and a small extra digit on each hind foot. Let me revert, however, to the ancestral equine forms. The oldest known member of the family is called by Prof. Marsh the Eohippus, that is, the horse of the Eocene era. It had four well-developed toes and the rudiment of another on each fore foot, and three toes on the hind feet. Unless our human ancestors of that era were very pigmies, they could not have made much use of the Eohippus for riding purposes, seeing that it was no larger than a fox. The Eohippus belonged to the beginning of the Eocene era. Later in the same era appeared the *Orohippus*, no larger than its predecessor, but with only four toes in front and three behind. Latest in the Eocene era appeared an allied genus, resembling the *Orohippus* in form, but differing in its teeth. In the Miocene era, which succeeded the Eocene, the *Mesohippus* appeared, and somewhat later the *Miohippus*. The former was about as large as a sheep, had three fully-developed toes and the splint of another on each fore-foot, and three toes behind. In the latter, the rudimentary splint was reduced to the merest remnant. In the next era the Pliocene—a three-toed horse, as large as the ass—appeared.

Later in the same era appeared the *Pliohippus*, smaller than the present horse, but in other respects closely akin to it, and having but one toe on each foot. Above this, or, in other words, later than this, we find the remains of an animal of the equine race as large as the present horse. Thus the descent of the horse seems to be completely traced from a small five-toed animal to the present large single-toed representatives of the equine family.

THERE lie before me two Annual Reports of one of the largest and most important of the London Clubs. The interval between them is thirteen years—or more than half a generation—and a comparison between them would, it might be imagined exhibit with some significance the changes that have taken place during that period in the cost of living, and even to some extent in the habits of social life. As the expenditure per annum for 1878 is considerably more than £30,000, the data for founding such a comparison is certainly on a sufficiently broad basis; while the details leave nothing to be desired in respect of particularity. The number of members is of course in each case identical, as also are the terms of subscription, so that the parallel should be pretty complete.

All housewives will doubtless say, "You will find the cost of provisions very different," and so we do; but the advantage, strange to say, is on the side of the moderns, and that to the extent of nearly £3,000. In round numbers, indeed, they cost nearly a third less last year than they did in 1865. How much of this may be due to the facilities of transit, or to the failure of the members' appetites, we cannot say, but there are the figures, and they certainly strike one with some surprise. In servants' wages, again, one would have expected to see a large increase, yet the increased expenditure last year for this item as compared with that for 1865 is less than ten per cent. The cost of gas (as, indeed, might be foreseen) was considerably more of old than at present, and also of oil and of wax candles, notwithstanding that quite as much of these latter items is used in the Club as formerly. The newspaper bill for 1865 is also heavier—not, of course, that nearly so many were taken in as last year, but from their comparative dearness. The cost of coals was thirty per cent. higher at the earlier date; while the item for ice in 1865 was much larger than for 1878, notwithstanding that the consumption has so greatly increased, and that what was then more or less of a luxury is now a necessary, and is used by many with every meal. Without going into the articles of food, which of course are not given in these reports, such as oysters for example, it

is indeed impossible to say what *is* dearer "Now" than "Then"; on the whole, strange as it may appear, everything is cheaper.

In the items of Income, some curious facts disclose themselves. The amount received from members for wine (drunk, of course, on the premises) half a generation ago is double what it was last year; the figures being in round numbers £6,000 against £3,000, a fact which should cheer the heart of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. On the other hand, what should open the eyes of those foolish people who associate tobacco with drink, is that, while the consumption of wine has so immensely decreased, that of cigars has increased to the extent of 25 per cent. The fact is that, though a wine-bibber may smoke, no habitual smoker is a wine-bibber.

The amount now received for cards is no less than three times what it was in the earlier year, which, since only whist is played, shows how greatly more popular that game has become, especially since cards are cheaper, and there are in these days so many whist clubs which naturally tend to draw away members from the card-room of the ordinary club. The amounts received from billiards in the two years are absolutely identical; but from this it is difficult to draw any deduction, the number of billiard-rooms remaining of necessity the same, even if the taste for that amusement may have increased.

Among the miscellaneous items of Expenditure, what strikes an outsider—or one familiar with commercial life, where steel pens only are in use—as enormous is that for "quill pens and remaking old ones," which stands at £50! If geese are no dearer, why should goose quills be? There is no such item at all in the earlier report, though we conclude quill pens must have been much more in fashion. What is very satisfactory, however, is that whereas in 1865 the charge for tooth-picks was £12, it is now but half that sum; this surely must be a proof that the science of dentistry is improving, unless one is to suppose that it has so deteriorated that the members of the club have only half as many teeth as they had formerly. Another little item is significant of a decaying taste; the expenditure for snuff last year was only about £4; in 1865 it was £10, and in a report printed ten years earlier (when the number of members too was less) we are informed that it is to be found set down at £32. The chief interest, however—and the only public one, of course, that belongs to the matter—is that the examination of these reports tends to show that the outcry heard on all sides about the enormous increase in the price of food during the last decade is unfounded.

FOR the first time a club has been established at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, named in honour of Edward Cave, the founder and first editor of this Magazine. It is very gratifying to find that the memory of that enterprising publisher has been revived—mainly through the instrumentality of Dr. W. J. Hunter and Mr. John Jeremiah. The inaugural meeting took place on the evening of December 17, 1879.

ALL customs die hard, and the Vendetta appears not yet to be extinguished in Corsica. Particulars received of recent proceedings at San Gavino di Carbini, a town sufficiently obscure to have escaped all mention in the excellent guide-books of Adolphe Joanne, show how, after a feud of twelve months' standing, in the course of which several lives have been taken, two families, respectively named Pietri and Nicoli, have been induced or compelled to sign a treaty. The story, which is narrated at length, bears so much resemblance to a famous incident in *Les Frères Corses*, the names of the peasants are so commonplace, and the scene of the proceedings is so obscure, that a little hesitation before accepting it is pardonable. Newspaper editors have been gulled before now, cruel as it may be to remind them of it. Still, the tale, *primà facie*, is possible enough.

MUCH interesting information can be gathered from a play-bill. Few of us dream of keeping play-bills until it is too late in life ; yet collections acquire real value. A friend of mine, who has many theatrical treasures, possesses a play-bill of the Haymarket Theatre for the first night that building was lighted with gas. An announcement of the change is of course there made to the patrons of the house. That is not, however, the most curious feature in the bill. In the list of supernumeraries appears the name of Macready. The explanation is this : Macready's pride had offended his manager, and this gentleman had determined upon vengeance. He sought, accordingly, through London, until he found a man of the name of Macready, in the person of a shoemaker, as I am told. This man he engaged, and the visitors to the theatre, after reading a list of the general cast, were surprised to find beneath it, Officers, Visitors, etc. by Messrs. Smith, Brown, Jones, and *Macready*.

THE *New York Times* indulges almost daily in a "comic science" article, the object of which is not altogether obvious, because, although for a few days, or even weeks, such articles might be found amusing, yet after a year or two—and these comic articles have gone on for

six or seven years—one would suppose “this thing” (as Americans say) would become monotonous. I may give an idea of the fun by describing the purport of a recent article relating to the great pyramid. After sketching Prof. Piazzi Smyth’s theory, which is described as exhibiting the pyramid in the light of a combined Loomis’s Astronomy, multiplication table, and complete scriptural concordance, and Mr. Proctor’s theory, as involving the startling conclusion that the sloping passage towards the north was intended for the discovery of the North Star, the writer in the *New York Times* proceeds to present the inevitable comic theory: “The real purpose for which the great pyramid was built,” he says, “bears not the slightest resemblance to Mr. Proctor’s little romance, and ought to be plain to every thoughtful observer. The pyramid is surrounded by soft sand of great depth, and was originally partially cased with polished stone, though, of course, a staircase existed at one of its corners. It was built to supply the Egyptian public with the means of sliding down-hill in a country where snow never falls. The Egyptian who paid the requisite entrance-fee was allowed to ascend the pyramid by the staircase, and then to slide down the polished granite side, plunging pleasantly and harmlessly into the sand at the foot. No sleds or other apparatus were needed. The Egyptian simply sat down on the warm and comfortable granite, and slid down without any unpleasant friction. . . . The interior of the pyramid, as its plan proves, was a combined ice-house and beer-cellar. The iceman had simply to dump his blocks of ice in the first passage, and they slid downward into the chamber intended for their reception. The second chamber was a vast beer reservoir, kept cool by its proximity to the ice-chamber. Tubes led from it to the bar, which of course existed outside of the pyramid, and thus ice-cold beer was supplied to the Egyptian public during the hottest weather, and, let us hope, at popular prices.” Surely the laughter which would greet such attempts at jocularities as these must be of the eleemosynary kind described by Wendell Holmes. A remark of the captain of “H.M.S. *Pinafore*” applies, with very slight alteration, to this easy fashion of jesting,—

“Though I am not very clever,
I could jest like that for ever.”

THE writer of these comic articles possesses more skill in recognising opportunities for humour than in availing himself of them. Certain errors in the pyramid article show that the writer is by no means careful to give *vraisemblance* to his jocular theories by accuracy in matters of detail. For instance, in the article just referred

to, Prof. Piazzi Smyth figures as Mr. Piozzi Smyth, and the details of his theory and Mr. Proctor's differ widely from the views attributed to these writers by the New York jester—this, however, is presumably a part of the jest. In another comic article this writer recently discussed some altogether imaginary views of Mr. Darwin's respecting the reason why women sit on the ground to remove or put on their shoes, while men sit on a chair and raise the foot to the hand, or stand and put the foot on a stool. Darwin, John S. Mill, and Huxley are selected as the theorists for the sake of pointing the joke that "scientific persons" write most about what they understand least, for all these *can* know nothing about the way in which women take off their shoes, being supposed by the well-informed New York joker of jokes to be unmarried. The selection is unfortunate, especially as no one who had read any of Darwin's principal works could have fallen into such a mistake respecting him as to suppose him unmarried, while the affection and admiration of J. S. Mill for his wife are among the most interesting relations of that philosopher's life. Of course everyone knows that Prof. Huxley is not a bachelor. Throughout the article, which is supposed to relate to a current controversy, Mill is spoken of in the present tense!

I EXPERIENCE always a feeling of uneasiness in recommending to English travellers a spot with which they are not already familiar. In spite of the natural desire to introduce to others scenes and objects of highest interest, one knows and dreads the penalty of turning into unfrequented districts the tide of English visitors. Hotels at once double their tariff, incivility replaces courtesy, and the charm and freshness of the place disappear. We are terrible vulgarisers. I do not object to any development of means of travel that renders easier access to places that thrive by commerce. I accept accordingly the unromantic notion of entering Venice by rail. A railway, however, up the Righi is an abomination. If men cannot reach by their own exertions the mountain summits, let them stop in the valleys. Paterfamilias may take himself and his gout wherever the mule can carry him. The railway, however, in the mountain solitudes is preposterous, and the man who avails himself of it loses all right to be called a traveller. I know that the Righi railway is now an old-established institution. What, however, provokes this outcry is learning that it is now proposed to establish a similar line to the top of Vesuvius. A wooden platform is to be placed upon the lava, and to this the rails are to be affixed, and the trains will then be drawn up by means of stationary engines. Now, there is no earthly

advantage to any except a scientific man in going to the top of Vesuvius, and it is neither wise nor expedient that English and American tourists should be conveyed in thousands to the top of the crater. The only suggestion I would add is, that the line be continued down the inside of the crater, so as to furnish any new Empedocles with opportunities for performing in comfort a journey for which no return tickets are issued.

DO my readers know what "an experienced locum" means? If not, it shows they do not read the advertisements in the "Lancet." The word is the medical abbreviation for *locum tenens*; a person who occupies in physic the same position as a hack clergyman does in divinity. If you are a doctor who is going out of town for his holiday, it is very convenient to know half a dozen agents, each of whom has a long list of "locums" who will be ready to supply your place by the bedside of your sick patients. On the other hand, a writer in the "Lancet" of late would have us understand that things are not always made pleasant to the locum. It is one of that hireling class who addresses us, but a very superior specimen of it. "I simply state as a fact," he says, "that I have stood in royal houses, episcopal palaces, and ducal residences as a locum;" and for fear it might be thought he was called in to see the servants, he adds, "I have always been well received, and possibly have been at the bedside of more high-class patients than half the general practitioners in the kingdom." With such an aristocratic experience it is not likely that this gentleman would like troublesome cases, and I feel he is speaking from his heart when he complains that, though often assured there is no "midwifery left on the list," he finds half the ladies of his employer's acquaintance make a point of adding to the population during his absence. Moreover, the locum complains that for three or four guineas a week he is expected to earn by proxy thirty or forty guineas, to act *in loco parentis* so far as a children's dinner (which he hates) is concerned, and to put up even at that with "a diet a footman would simply smile at." This is sad indeed; but what seems sadder as regards the general public is what follows. "These are cases," he adds, "where the locum would be something more than mortal if he attempted to do anything for his employer beyond the plain line of duty. He is not likely to go out of his way." Though I feel for this gentleman's woes, I confess his statement does not increase my confidence in locums, and makes me prefer to be ill, if I must be ill, when my ordinary medical attendant is not out upon his holiday. The locum's incidental disclosures about medical life are,

however, well worth reading. His sketch of the great practice which is "fed" by the door round the corner with the red lamp where consultations and medicines can be had for one shilling and sixpence, "but take a shilling rather than let them (the patients) go away," is especially graphic.

IT is impossible to contemplate without uneasiness the species of hostility to the bourgeois which is manifested by the working classes of France, and the generally irreconcilable attitude of those who take part in such gatherings as the recent conference at Marseilles. I know by personal experience that the more uncompromising portion of the Proletariat in France is not only indisposed itself to accept any kind of movement towards conciliation on the part of the employers of labour, but condemns and despises those workers of other nations who do not share their views. The acceptance by Englishmen of Mr. Cross's legislation on the labour question is held as contemptible and abject. Now, the end of this kind of antagonism will be the reimposition of the rule of monarch and priest. A difficult problem to solve is the manner in which the Latin nations are to be drilled in the task of securing their liberties, of making sure of the substance before they grasp at the shadow. The facts that Italy—while still holding, by the consent of her neighbours, the territory of which at any time she might be stripped—for the sake of a small and profitless gain keeps up an agitation that may one day lead to a subversal of her brand-new and but half-cemented unity, and that the French workman refuses the very education that is put within his reach, inspire with sadness and alarm those who know that the only solid freedom is that which, like our own,

broadens down

From precedent to precedent

WHATEVER may be held concerning the famous declaration of Bishop Berkeley,

Westward the course of empire takes its way,

it is at least certain that the corn-growing districts to which we look for our chief food-supply are travelling in that direction. America has now for some years been sending us the grain we are no longer able to grow for ourselves. It is a curious and significant fact, however, that in the United States themselves the wheat-growing districts are continually pushed to the West. It has been pointed out that the line which would divide the wheat-producing land of the United States into two equal portions has, in the course of thirty years, been

moved towards the West six hundred miles, and that wheat-growing progresses most rapidly in the States bordering on the Pacific. It can scarcely be the case in America, as in England, that land in the Eastern States is required for purposes of luxury. What are the causes of this movement remains to be discovered, though some may easily be conjectured.

IN his "Rhapsody on Poetry" Swift declares that

Geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps;
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

If the rate of destruction of large game in Africa is long maintained, an illustration of this kind will lose its significance, and the elephants will disappear from the "dark continent" before cities have been founded to replace them. Absolutely insatiable is human lust and rage of destruction, its only parallel being furnished by the wantonness with which the most precious commodities are wasted so long as they are spontaneously produced—produced, that is, without any species of human superintendence or cultivation. At the time when what was known as Jesuit's Bark was first employed for medicinal purposes, and was found to be one of the few "specifics" on which science had then lighted, forests of cinchona were available for the alleviation of human suffering. With criminal recklessness, the bark was stripped in a fashion that destroyed the tree, and one of the cheapest and most abundant of natural products grew scarce and costly. Yet by the exercise of slight care the "goose" might have been kept alive to yield an almost unending succession of "golden eggs." At the present moment similar proceedings are taking place with regard to the *Syphonia Elastica* and other trees from which we derive caoutchouc. In the case of vegetable production, however, recklessness of destruction is not supplemented by what is called love of sport. Such wholesale slaughter as has been witnessed of animals like the buffalo in America and the elephant in Africa is more lamentable, more injurious, and harder to be remedied. Nothing less than the extermination of some of the most useful and valuable of animals will apparently satisfy the greed of gain and love of slaughter which animate the traveller in Africa.

THE one chance offered the elephant of surviving the pursuit, not only of the European, but of the native who, set on by

European traders, and fortified by the example of European sportsmen, is their most dangerous because their most constant enemy, is found in the fact that his value as a beast of burden is gradually obtaining recognition. For this reason I rejoice to hear of the success that has attended the curious experiment made, by order of the King of the Belgians, in sending trained elephants to assist in the exploration of Central Africa. This proceeding, which a few years ago would have seemed like sending coals to Newcastle, has established that the worst enemies of the horse and the ox interfere little, if at all, with the elephant, and proves accordingly that this powerful beast of burden is indispensable, if the great geographical and social problems involved in the entire exploration of Africa are to be solved. Before long, then, the colonist may awake to the value of the service the elephant is able to render, and may undertake in earnest the task of domestication.

IT is curious to note how purely empirical is much of our scientific knowledge, and how seldom any species of information except such as is purchased at a costly price is of any practical utility. I would almost say, with La Writ, in "The Little French Lawyer" of Beaumont and Fletcher—

Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man !
That sticks still by him.

English and American journals have been debating whether it is possible to set a building on fire by means of particles of dust floating in the atmosphere, and the "Fire Marshal" of New York has arrived at the conclusion that such a result is within the range of the conceivable. A visit to a flax factory, or a minute's conversation with a workman employed therein, or with an insurance agent accustomed to look after such edifices, would have convinced him that such accidents are of frequent occurrence, and that a special rate of insurance is charged on account of this special danger. The chambers in which the flax is subjected to various processes of manufacture are ordinarily fire-proof, so that damage, when it occurs, is confined to the room in which the fire commences. Even then it is an uncomfortable business for the workpeople when a sheet of flame spreads over the entire room, igniting everything readily combustible with which it comes in contact.

THE *Indianapolis News* is responsible for the following story. A railroad official of Indianapolis had, among other passes, one purporting to carry him freely over the Warren and Tonawanda

Narrow-Gauge Railway. Happening to be near Warren, he thought he would use this pass. Now, it appears that some enterprising citizens of Pennsylvania once proposed to lay a pipe-line for petroleum between Warren and Tonawanda. The Legislature having refused to sanction their scheme, they "engineered" a bill for building a narrow-gauge line, which passed, the oil capitalists not conceiving that they had any interest in opposing it. It is needless to say that the narrow-gauge line was the "desiderated pipe-line." The enterprising citizens carried their joke so far as to issue annual passes over the road, receiving others in return. When the traveller sought for the Warren station on this line he found a chimney, and for the narrow-gauge an iron-lined hole in the ground. It is hardly surprising that now he is moved to anger at the slightest reference to the "Warren and Tonawanda Narrow-Gauge."

IT is rather a serious matter that our public companies, and especially our railway companies, are doing their best to degrade our language. I am not going to be squeamish and object strongly to the use of the word *Metropolitan*, though I think it indefensible. Still, it is too bad of them to persist in using the word *byelaws* for *bylaws*—so establishing solidly a shocking error. The word *bye* has no existence in England except as short for *be with you*, in the phrase *Good-bye*. The so-called bylaws are simple laws by the other laws, and have nothing to do with any form of salutation. In a bill of the Great Western Railway I find the announcement that tickets obtained in London on any day from December 20th to 24th will be available for use on *either* of those days—this *either* meaning the five days from the 20th December to the 24th inclusive. Either of five! After this I am not surprised that, in a contribution of my own to a daily paper, the editor gravely altered the phrase *the last-named*, applied to one of three people, to *latter*. In a railway advertisement I read a day or two ago, "From whence." Now, what is the good of such fine words as *whence* or *thence* if they are to be thus ill-used? Surely the railway companies might have some one capable of seeing that their grammar has some pretence to correctness.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1880.

QUEEN COPHETUA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER VII.

I rede that once in Africa
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As ye shall hear men sayn :
From nature's lawès he declined,
And had in this a steadfast mind
To go not after womenkinde,
But them did all disdain.

A Song of a Beggar and a King.

NEITHER her mind nor her heart could give Helen the faintest gleam of light on what had happened since her father died. Night in the tropics could not be more sudden or more complete, or a tropical forest more pathless. And it was all such a mystery: everybody as well as everything about her was so utterly changed. Her mother she had never thought of understanding—but Alan! It was a new thing that her brother should have a secret: incredible that, having one, he should share it with his mother, and not with her. She was to share in the ruin—what right had they to forbid her sharing its mystery? There was no disgrace, since Alan had said so: and, indeed, that such a thing as disgrace should touch her or hers was more than impossible. But then this only deepened the mystery. They might have fancied it right to hide disgrace from her—but what else should they dream of hiding?

Alan, when she asked him once more to tell her the meaning of it all, only answered as before, "You must not ask, Nell—you must

never ask again. We must wipe out everything that has ever been, and live from a new beginning, and forget everything—forget even why."

"Everything? Wipe out and forget everything that has ever been? What—even Bertha? Alan!"

"Even Bertha. Bertha," he said with the hard strength that is never to be gained but from a hard struggle, "most of all." He seemed, she thought, to make a point of naming her defiantly: and this alone was enough to tell her what the struggle must have been, and how hard. It was more than enough to tell her how hopeless it was to question one who had proved himself to own ten thousand times more strength than was needful for holding fast to a No.

"And you would have married her, if——"

"Nelly!—do me a kindness. I need one. 'If' means everything. Don't name—Bertha—to me again till I name her to you: and never ask me why. Try and help me, Nell."

"How can I help you, when I am such a baby that I am simply told, You must do as you are bid: you must give up your home: you must see it go to strangers: and you must take it all as it comes, and not even wonder why? I am not a baby. I can see things I can see that you are giving up a million times more than Copleston: more than when Alan—don't take away your whole trust from me! If what you say is true, we have nobody but one another—and, of course, mamma—now: if you don't tell me all you think and feel, just as you did yesterday, I shall lose more than you—yes, a million times more. I won't ask you why we are going to leave Copleston and be poor. But why you are going to give up Bertha—I will!"

"What would you think of a man, any man, who asked her—any girl, any woman—to marry him—she rich, and with all life and happiness before her, God bless her!—and he as I am: with no prospect of being able to give her even the wretchedest home for years—a mere beggar, Nell? What would you think of a man who waited till he was a beggar before he asked for you?"

"What should I say? Ask Bertha; if you know her, and you will see! I would not wait for him to ask me. If I loved him, and if he loved me, I would ask *him*—I would be Queen Cophetua!"

It was a spark of her old spirit flashing out from her darkness. "Queen Cophetua!" he echoed, but without heart or meaning. "No Cophetua was not a queen."

"Then, I would make him one. Please God, I'll never love any

man but you ; but if I did, would I let my money stand in my way ? What's money made for but to live with ? I suppose we shall learn that well enough when we're poor. I'll tell you what *I* should say—that the man who didn't love me well enough to want me, whatever happened and whatever we were, didn't love me at all ! And if you ask her now, and she doesn't say Yes ten times more gladly than if she had nothing but herself to give you—why, then—*she* doesn't love *you* !”

“ No, Nell. If I went to her now, I should be called a cad——”

“ By whom ? ”

“ By myself. If I took advantage of her feeling—as you say—I should be one. I want to save her—and I will. Thank God, I did not tell her that I—before my father died ! She's safe, any way. If she thinks I don't care for her, all the better now. I can't even give her so much as a name. Nell, if you were in her place, and any man in mine were to ask you to marry him, I'd horsewhip such a blackguard.”

“ Alan—what do you mean by not giving her even a name ? ”

“ Did I say—— ? ”

“ Yes. You said you cannot give her even a name. What do you mean ? ”

“ None worth having. A man with nothing must make his own. That's all I mean. No——”

“ Perhaps this is our last walk together at home. Do you remember our last—when we came home together, that evening when—do you remember what you told me : that you love Bertha with your whole heart and soul, more than all the world ? Is it true—still ? Trust me in that—that is no mystery. Is it true ? ”

“ Good God, Nell ! Should I be making myself give her up—if I did not love her more than my own soul ? Why do you try to make things so hard to bear ? I must bear it——”

“ But I will not bear it, Alan. Who cares for being poor ? Not I. But I will not have my brother and my friend sacrificed to pride. Thank you for your trust, Alan. You have given me something to live for, and to save out of the fire. It will do to think about while I'm finding out how to get my own living. Yes, thank you, Alan. Now I know that you really do love Bertha, you are my own brother again, even though you won't tell me anything, and treat me like a child. Say, like a mouse—mice have helped lions before now : mice have no pride : they are wise.”

Alan stopped walking, and took a long look round, over house, park, and hill. It was not at Helen that he looked as he said, “ We

must all say good-bye to our dreams. My dream-book is shut—don't try to open it, Nell. It was hard enough to shut it once: don't make me go through that twice over. Thank God, no harm has come to Bertha, nor will. I love her too much, Nell, to drag her down There So that's over. If you want to do something for your living, come home and help me pack my port-manteau. You'll have enough to do to look after me, I can tell you, and after mother, without any more work of your own. Don't shame me by trying to rob me of any part of the bread-winning, there's a good girl. That won't help me at all. But you will help me a great deal if you'll help me to catch the train."

Helen said nothing—she had scarcely listened, for she was thinking hard. Still she could not understand. But she knew, or thought she knew, through what a struggle with himself Alan must have passed, and passed alone, to give up what she knew was more to him than anything on earth was or could be to her. When he tried to speak of it lightly, he only transferred the worst part of the pain from his heart to hers. And was it not hard to feel that everything, even his feelings of honour, should be weights to drag him down? That was the worst part of it all. If he had only spoken to Bertha on Easter Eve! "Oh," she thought, "if only I were Bertha, and he my lover instead of hers, I would have no pride! If there were anything on earth I could do now, no pride should stand in *my* way! I would make things right for them, were it right or wrong for me. Why are there no witches nowadays? I'd sell myself and be a witch for them, and welcome. What else am I good for? And I'm not good even for that—nobody buys souls now; and if they did, who'd buy mine?" His conquest over hope for himself was nothing to her rebellious despair for him; she took his whole heart into hers and multiplied it by her own. She could give him no more comfort—she needed it all for herself, for him and through him.

"I shall have to talk to the mother when we get back to the house," said he, "so I'll say all I have to say to you now. For the first thing, I'll find the best lodgings in town to fit our purse that I can: you two must be ready to follow me the day after to-morrow. You'll get a letter by the first post in the morning, and you mustn't stay here one single needless hour. The mother says she'd rather settle with the servants—I wish I were as brave as she. She's a pattern to us both, Nell. Poor mother! It's terrible to feel almost glad that father died before this came Then I shan't let the grass grow before I find something to do. If reading, writing, and arithmetic are drugs in the market, I'll see if arms and legs are.

The mother has a fancy that if I could get into a lawyer's office I might work my way to the bar—she seems to have a sort of idea that all Lord Chancellors have been barbers' boys. She seems to think——”

“She thinks you fit to be the first and highest everywhere, and so you are.”

“You are a pair of dear, good, foolish women who have enough sense, when you've got a goose, to make a swan of him. I'll tell you what I *am* fit for, Nell. I should make the best gamekeeper in the county, and if it wasn't for the mother, that's what I'd be. And next to that, I'm fit to be squire of Copleston,” he said, acting all the light-heartedness he could, as he looked round him for the last time upon the house and lands where his father had lived and died, and where he had looked forward to live and die—and old Harry Reid's son and likeness was not a man to think as lightly as he might speak of all that it meant to be squire of Copleston. He would have carried his duties easily and happily, but would have been blind to none of them, and have failed in none. He would not have done the less good by being spared the pains of having to force an obtrusive self upon a world that can afford to dispense excellently well with the greatest and wisest man who was ever compelled to coin pounds, shillings, and pence out of his greatness and wisdom. Alan, with his father's example before him, may be more than pardoned for seeing in the woosack itself no better chances for being happy, or making others happy, than are owned by a country squire. It was in this spirit that he had made his boast, and in this that he looked round. Even Bertha, at that moment, could not be all, though she was more than all. There, within sight, ran and laughed the brook that had been his friend and playfellow ever since his first memory. He had never seemed to notice how it ran and how it laughed till now that the sun shone on it for the last time—for him. From this last hour forth, it would run and laugh for a stranger, who would see it with strange eyes; and that felt bitterly strange. And there were the beeches, bronze-leaved and green: and who knows not what friends trees may be? They are the homes of the homeliest spirits of all, who are not like the running water, and keep their sympathies for those who know them long. Almost every blade of grass and every pebble in the path seemed to take life and meaning at this last hour. That sympathy with all the things of home and nature that needed no will for his father to leave him suddenly swelled up in Alan; he had steeled his heart as best he might against Bertha, but not against the brook

and the trees. The scent of the air turned new in the excess of a familiar sweetness, always felt, but now first recognised and known ; and then he knew, as never till now, that though Bertha was not all, she had indeed become more than all.

Helen watched his face ; but, with all her love, she failed to read him wholly. Life with her meant one's own life, and not the sharing of life with stocks and stones. "We know what we know !" said she. "We know that you will be rich and great ; and I know that you will ——"

"We will try to be good—and I shall be content enough if I win our daily bread somehow. Everybody's fit enough for that, I suppose. Come and help me with my portmanteau, Nell."

The portmanteau was packed ; Alan had a long talk with his mother ; then ate his last meal in Copleston ; and was gone. Not a word more of confidential talk passed between him and Helen. Not only was his last hour hurried, but, since his last words, he made her feel that he had not contented himself with closing the book of Copleston and Bertha, but had locked it and thrown away the key. He affected no more lightness of speech or heart, even before his mother ; but on the other hand, there was nothing in his quiet gravity that did not become any man whose life had changed all at once, and who found himself on the threshold of the world with new cares and new duties, and with nothing but his own shoulders whereon to carry them. It was Helen who had the last sight of Alan at the door : for when he was fairly off, and she looked round for her mother, Mrs. Reid had left the hall. Well, it was natural that a mother who had borne up with such astounding courage in her son's presence should break down for a little while in solitude now that he was gone. Helen did not seek her. She felt—though she had never guessed it hitherto—that her mother must be one of those people who need tears more than others, but cannot let a tear fall if there is a chance of its being shared, or even seen.

"We will try to be good?" thought Helen, his last words that had any special meaning in them coming back to her ears now that he was gone. "Ah, it isn't being good that's hard. What else have any of us ever been? Any how, it isn't he that needs to try. I suppose by 'we,' he means me. Is it so desperately wicked to think it hard and cruel for two people like Alan and Bertha, who are just made for one another, and who would make one another happy if they really had to beg their bread together, to be parted for no fault of their own—just because they are good : too good and too proud to be happy? It can't be wicked to think what's true.

It *is* hard. It *is* cruel. Submitting, and thinking it right, can't make it anything but unjust, and cruel, and hard. It makes one hate goodness, if that's what goodness means. Submit to wrong and injustice? If that comes of being in love—then if I ever let myself fall in love, I'll submit to them too! Oh, my poor boy! As if I didn't see how beaten down and broken-hearted you are, through all your pretence of bravery! What can I do? Oh, how I wish some rich, rich man would ask me to marry him, without wanting me to love him, and then leave me all his money, and die in a year. I am going to be the beggar—where is the king? We are not told that she loved him. I think she had a brother to help; and that kept her from pride. She loved nobody but him. . . . My poor boy! . . . Nor will I."

However much Mrs. Reid might have broken down in private, she showed no sign of it when, later in the evening, she and Helen met again. Her quietness was not to be suspected of pretence, even though it became quite hopeful, and almost cheerful. She said little of any affairs except those which their immediate journey to London brought close to hand; but, when she did, it was with an air which seemed to Helen to belong to one who was throwing off a burden instead of losing all things but her children at one blow. The main talk of both was of Alan—how Helen wished her mother could know all of him that she herself knew; but it was no time for saying a word of him that might make things harder for her mother, when the courage with which she was bearing all things was in itself a proof of how hard they were to bear. When courage is in such excess, we may fairly judge that there has been need to use every atom of it and to leave none wherewith to meet the smallest new trouble. So, at least, judged Helen, knowing no more than she could see. As to Alan, he was to do wonderful things. Mrs. Reid seemed to have all the precedents of ladder-climbing at her fingers' ends. Had not lord chancellors been the sons of country barbers, bishops of country innkeepers, admirals of peasants, and dukes of nobodies? Was it only in trade that the apprentice, when pushed hard enough, becomes lord mayor? Of course there is not room on the very highest twig of a tree for all. Somebody must be highest, and it might not be Alan. Still, with health, strength, youth, energy, fair talent, and the utmost need of the hardest work to aid him, he could not fail to climb high—so argued Mrs. Reid. Why, in the family history there had been a case in point. Alan's own great-uncle, George Waldron, so Mrs. Reid remembered hearing, had left England a penniless spendthrift, and had become a general, though, it was

true, only an American one. It was all due to the spur that the poor have grown rich, that the mild have become strong, and that men have not hidden their talents in napkins.

"And only two days ago I heard a more extraordinary case still," said she. "I think it must have been made expressly to confirm my plan—my faith : my faith in Alan."

"What was that, mamma?" asked Helen, but half hearing; for she was thinking how little woolsacks or mitres or cocked hats would make up to Alan for a broken fishing-rod—not to speak of more. "How little anybody knows him," she thought, "but me!"

"I will tell you. When I first—when I first came here, Mr. Skull had a nephew living with him—he was named Gideon : a lad of about fifteen, I should say. As you may suppose, Mr. Skull must have found an extra mouth in his house more than a common burden; it was a kinder thing to keep the boy than I should ever have looked for in him, and has always given me a sort of respect for him. Perhaps, if things had gone as he wished, he would not have been what he is now. He meant the boy to go into the Church, and sent him to Oxford to get a fellowship. Gideon Skull turned out the most hateful young man I ever knew. What he did at Oxford, of course nobody knows exactly, though it seems he spent nearly half his time in London; but, when he was at home, he did more harm to the place, young as he was, than your father could ever undo again. There was hardly a girl—but such stories are not for you. I don't know how he managed to blind his uncle, but he did somehow—even when there was one great scandal that was certainly not a case of sowing wild oats, Helen. It came home to me very much, for the poor girl was my own maid. Of course he failed in all his examinations, and of course he drained poor Mr. Skull of every spare penny. At last—I never cared to understand all the rights of it : it was when he was twenty-one, and was leaving Oxford—it came out that, there and in London, he had been throwing away all his uncle's money at cards, and even worse ways than that, and that his debts of honour—as debts of that sort are called—would have ruined a rich man."

"And did Mr. Skull pay them for him? Is that why he is so poor? Oh, he *must* be the next Vicar! He—but please forgive me, mamma : I forgot; it won't be Alan's to give—that's all. Everybody that does right seems to lose—everything."

"No, Helen. He would have done it if he could—at least, as much as he could—but then he would *not* have done right : he did what *was* right : what your father made him do."

"What was that?"

"He refused to give him another penny, and turned him out of doors. And now, see what has happened. So long as Gideon Skull was kept in idleness by those who ought to have known better, he became the worst that was in him to be. So soon as he was obliged to shift for himself, he became the best that was in *him*. In *him*, Helen—for at his very best I should never bring myself to like Gideon Skull. He is not a gentleman, Helen: that is what no man can ever learn to be unless born one," said she who had been Miss Hoel of Pontargraig. "But he has come back to his home a prosperous and respectable man of business—a rich man. And for the Gideon Skull of twenty to become the Gideon Skull of forty, that is more than for a workhouse boy to become an archbishop, Helen."

"Mamma! how can you compare Alan, who never did a wrong thing since he was born, who couldn't do a wrong thing to save his life—no, not even what he fancied a wrong thing, to save more than his life—who *is* a gentleman, with a gambler who has turned into a—respectable tradesman?"

"In this way I compare them. If a man who began as Gideon Skull did can climb to any height at all, only because he is obliged, where may not a young man like Alan reach to—who will not climb only because he is obliged? I look for no miracles; but after Mr. Skull's nephew there are no miracles. Helen, will it make you very unhappy to be poor?"

"Mamma, if it would only make Alan rich and happy, Alan and you, I would beg my bread from door to door, and be happier than you and he."

"Thank you, my dear. But don't say 'if it would make Alan rich'—say 'if it would make him happy,' if you please. You are a good girl, Helen. I think you will make a good wife when your time comes. And to be poor will be good for you, too. The man who wants you must take you for yourself; yes, my dear, as your father took me."

"I am *not* good, mamma! It is Alan and you who are good—not I. And I shall not make a good wife, for I shall make no wife at all. I am going to be Alan's sister—nothing more. I am never going to fall in love. I have seen what it means. It means doing all one can to make oneself unhappy, and everybody else unhappy too. I will never fall in love—no, not even with King Cophetua!"

"Helen! What are you talking about? What can you mean? What ideas have you been getting—and where?"

"What ideas can I have when I know nothing, mother? I only

mean that I never mean to fall in love, and never to marry—that's all. And I never will."

"You must be a good deal older before you can say that, Helen. And then, Alan himself will not want you always."

"Yes, he will—always.—He is not my boy if he wants to change me for anybody but Bertha," she thought; "and King Cophetua's beggar-girl was not as old as I shall be when that time comes.—Mamma, why am I kept in the dark about what has happened? What made Alan give up everything without a word?"

Certainly Alan's docility had surprised his mother. "Has he said anything to you?"

"Only that I must ask him nothing. But may I not ask you?"

"No, my dear. Alan took my word, and asked me nothing. You must do the same. Some day you will both know all; but not now."

"But, mamma, Alan says he *does* know."

"And yet he cannot tell you, you see. Nor can I. You told me you could do everything for Alan. What you *can* do for him is to be patient—nothing more."

"Only the hardest thing of all! But—yes, I will do that even—I will be as patient as he—if you will only tell me one thing."

"It depends upon what it is, Helen."

"I remember that somebody was with him just before you spoke to him. You have reminded me of his name—it was Gideon Skull. Does that man know?"

"Yes—I remember. He had come over with his uncle. No—what could he have known?"

"I don't know, mamma. But—if I am not to be trusted, I am driven to guess, you see. Gideon Skull—it is a hideous name. It doesn't seem to fit a good man. You have told me what he used to be; and now you call him 'respectable.' I hate respectable people and respectable things. I like people to be good—not respectable. 'Respectable' always seems to sound as if it meant envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—the Hillswick people are all respectable—and a respectable Gideon Skull! And you say he had no reason to love our father. Why has he come back to Hillswick? Why should everything have happened just when he came? Mamma, depend upon it that Gideon Skull hated my father: and therefore he hates Alan because he is my father's son."

Mrs. Reid could hardly help a faint smile, knowing, or thinking she knew, so well how little any hands or minds or hearts had anything

to do with anything that had happened, save her own. "Why, you talk as though you knew as much about hate as you do about love!" said she. "What has come to you?"

Helen made no answer in words. If she had spoken out her thought, it would have been—"I know what love means because I know Alan; and I know what hate means too. Love means two broken lives; and hate means what one feels for the man or woman who breaks them. It means what I feel for him who has done this; and since I must hate someone, I hope with all my heart it *is* Gideon Skull."

CHAPTER VIII.

So you think your thunders frighten?
 Lightnings hurt, when eyes are blue?
 Let it thunder, blow, and lighten,
 Welcome storm, if storm be you!
 Would your anger know me nearer?
 Would you try your utmost spells?
 Know, I hold your discords dearer,
 I, than common wedding-bells.
 Welcome lightning, wind, and thunder,
 Let it freeze or let it rain—
 Well I wot that you will wonder
 When 'tis over, Madelcine!

YESTERDAY had been Alan's last day at Copleston: to-day was to be Helen's last but one. Her own packing was soon over, at least as much as could be got over before to-morrow's post brought a summons from Alan, and she knew that her mother would wish to be left alone. At least, she fancied so: but she would most assuredly have felt otherwise had she known all. She would have known then that solitude, on that last day for seven long years, was the hardest part of all that strange task which Mrs. Reid believed to have been set her by the first duty of a mother to her son—to make him a Man. Could she in truth have converted herself wholly into Providence, she would surely have blotted out that day, and have at least spared herself the solitary pain of tearing herself from a home round which the fibres of her heart had been twining themselves day by day for five-and-twenty years—tearing herself away with her own hand, out of that distorted love which gives no comfort, seeing that enthusiasm at full stretch is its breath, and that when that sleeps it dies. Helen, thinking to leave her mother alone to the

mere simple and natural sorrow at parting from what had been her treasure-house of happiness, and from all the memories which a widow cannot share even with her own child, left the house on an errand which she had kept religiously to the end. It was to the only home of which neither chance nor wrong could rob the Reids, and which was built deep in Hillswick churchyard. She had not been there since Easter Eve : and she could not say good-bye to all things without having seen her father's grave. Did not that good-bye include all good-byes ?

Alan, I think, never thought of bidding his father good-bye : or, if he did, it was not where the body was buried, but among the hills and streams and woods where the spirit of old Harry Reid, unless death indeed changes men's spirits all at once out of all knowledge, would live on for a long time yet, in spite of all other change. But Helen, though she had been the slowest and the last to learn it, had, since yesterday, learned the most thoroughly of them all that her father was dead indeed. The sun had gone out with him after all, and seemed as if it would never come back again : the light she had seen shining on those mountain-peaks before her had turned out to be only the reflection of the sunset beyond the hills that she was leaving behind.

She hardly thought of being thankful that the two miles between Copleston and Hillswick church passed through no part of the town : but she timed her visit early enough in the forenoon to run no risk of being disturbed. She had robbed the greenhouse once more, no longer with any fear of the gardener's wrath before her : and she felt strangely as if she were about to leave the last sweet thing or deed in life behind her in laying her bunch of camellias on the grave. There was no reason why she should feel so. Whatever had happened or might happen, sweetness might follow her everywhere. But this great, mysterious, unimaginable wrong to Alan was folding her up in a thick black cloud, in which she could neither see nor hear nor breathe. The old fragrance of life might make a soft way through his armour, but not through her cloud. She had forgotten, when she chose her camellias, that these are scentless and therefore soulless flowers.

The tomb was not new : it was a railed block of veined marble, which had been built for himself and for as many of his descendants as might find room for their names, by her grandfather, the first Reid of Copleston, and the last but one. He and his wife took up one end between them : their son's was cut on one of the longer sides, where it stood as yet alone. It was not a fit monument for old

Harry, standing pretentiously out from among the surrounding green mounds, wooden boards, and upright slabs of freestone ; but then no tomb would have been really fitting for him to go to sleep under but the top of a hill, where he might be fancied to feel the wind. There had been but little thought over the lettering. Alan had been left to follow his own feeling in the matter, even to the selection of the text from Scripture, to which his mother had taken no objection, though, with her views, it must have felt like a wound. Perhaps, had she disliked it less, she might have objected more strongly ; as it was, objection to the highest praise a man can have, in the case of one she loved through all that she held to be his weakness, would have seemed to her to threaten self-betrayal. So she had let it go, and Helen read :—

“In Memory of Henry Alan Reid, Esq., of Copleston, only son of the before-named Henry and Isabella Reid : born October 11, 18—, died April 10, 18—, in the sixty-third year of his age.—‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’”

Far too meagre it seemed to Helen. Was this all his son had found to say—that he had been born, and had died? And that he was an esquire, and had lived at Copleston? And that he had been good and faithful? That word “good” was beginning to taste like wormwood to her. “Be good that you may be happy,” she had always heard : “Be good that you may be unhappy,” she seemed to find. Who was better than Alan, and who more unhappy? At least, so she thought, judging, as usual, his nature by her own. It should be, “Be happy that you may be good,” thought she, as she put her bunch of flowers through the rails. “Yes, I could feel as good as any of them if Alan had married Bertha and kept Copleston. My father married my mother and lived as he loved to live all his life long ; if he had not been good it would have been strange indeed But what am I thinking? Alan will be good, always, though he loses all If somebody must turn wicked to make up for his goodness and get him his own, it must be me. What do I signify? Oh, if I only knew how ! Some one has done this—oh, if I only knew whom to hate, and how to hate him, and how to conquer him.—If I only knew !”

She turned away from the tomb to go homeward. Her visit had been a failure : as far as possible from what she had meant it to be. She was half-way between the tomb and the gate, when,

"Good-morning, Miss," said old Grimes.

He was at work upon a new grave near the pathway, and had been half-hidden behind one of the yews. She had not noticed him on her way through the churchyard; but now he pulled his cap, stopped work, and leaned on his spade. She would have merely nodded back his good-morning, but he stopped her.

"Then it's true, Miss, that the young Squire's bound to leave Copleston?" His combination of some eighty years with a character had given him the right to cross-examine all Hillswick at his pleasure about everything, and, at the same pleasure, to be deaf or otherwise when he himself was questioned. "We shall be sorry to lose Mr. Alan and you; and I wish you the best of luck, Miss, wherever you go. Ah, it was something like odd, my tolling for the poor old Squire with the new one in the steeple, listening to every stroke of the clapper. It was mortal like new-year eve—ringing the old un out and the new 'un in. That's an odd notion, aren't it, Miss? But when a man's been clerk and sexton as long as I, things 'll come into his head that another man 'll have to go miles after. Ay, Miss—that was mortal queer."

Helen had not lived all her life within two miles of Hillswick church not to know what was expected of her in the course of a last interview with old Grimes. With a recklessness of small silver that she would very soon have to unlearn, she took two half-crowns from her purse and put them into his free hand—one of old Grimes's hands was nearly always free. He put them in his pocket without a word; he only passed the back of his hand across his lips, as if his thoughts had run forward to anticipate their destiny.

"But I mustn't be ill-speaking the new squire," said old Grimes, now that the old line had performed its last act of royalty, and, by the act of giving the sexton its last tip, had symbolised more eloquently than bells could the exit of the old and the entrance of the new. "It's not as if we weren't to have a gentleman that don't count out *his* half-crowns—and he's got stuff in him: when he came down he didn't know a triplet from a bob major, and now—well, he knows that much, anyhow. Yes, Miss, he's took to the bells for pleasuring; but I thought it was more than pleasuring when a young gentleman spent all these fine days we've had in mazing himself over the old buryings and christenings. I've noticed that antiquities is mostly old. Well, Miss, as old Mr. Skull says, there's never no knowing what aren't going to happen next; and as I say, too, for there's real truth in that saying; and people as old as me and him get to find out all sorts of things that other people get on to

ninety without knowing. Who'd have thought I'd have had the burying of the poor old Squire, that I might have been his father, and remember him when he weren't as high as that spade? When I think of all the folks I've christened, and married, and buried, and how nobody ever married nor buried me, it just makes me feel as if I was a chip off that steeple, mogrified into a clerk and sexton. Why, Miss, I have to take off a pint at times, just to make sure I'm a mortal man."

Was it possible that even old Grimes should know more of the secret history of Copleston than she? Yet why not, when everything had become possible? She was ashamed to question him, and to learn from his dregs of Hillswick gossip what even her mother, even her brother, had refused to tell her. But she lingered a little. After all, anything he could tell her could not possibly be what they had refused to tell, and even the commonest gossip might put her on the scent she was seeking. Oddly enough—no, not oddly at all—it had never struck her that Alan's loss of Copleston, though it must be to somebody's gain, would mean the presence of a new master there, and surely *that* could not be Gideon Skull.

"You know, then," she asked at last, "who is coming to live at Copleston?" She put her question purposely in such a way that it might not betray her own ignorance, of which she was ashamed, even before old Grimes.

"Lord love you, Miss! Why, all the town knows. And, talk of Old Harry—begging your pardon, Miss, only tongues will slip when they're dry—there he is, Miss! There's the new squire!"

Helen could not help starting, as the sexton struck his spade hard into the new grave, and fell to work again. She had no need of a second look to recognise the tall, over-tailored figure of the man with whom she had been shut up in the belfry on Easter Eve, and who had since been thrust out of her mind as utterly as if she had never set eyes on him. But she remembered him well enough now, and his name, Victor Waldron, the far-off cousin who had only made a sentimental pilgrimage to his family Mecca, and used his sentiment, Heaven knew how, to thrust Alan out of life and land. Surely he must be the cleverest reptile that ever crawled and lied. She remembered all his sham romance, how he had taken her hand, how he had professed interest in and friendship for her and hers; how he had looked and spoken until, in spite of his clothes and his twang, she had taken him for a gentleman. The man whom she had burned to hate and to conquer for Alan's love's sake was named, and was here.

That desire of her eager heart had been well-nigh consecrated into a vow by its presence with her at her father's grave. One never feels shyness before reptiles, and Helen felt no fear. If she could have done anything for Alan then and there, she would have done it; but there was nothing to do. Hate, however strong, does not spring from the heart fully armed; it has to be as patient as love before it can strike and conquer. She would have avoided him if possible, not out of fear to face him, but out of shame and anger at her own present helplessness. Unhappily, she could not help meeting him full in the pathway, unless she allowed him to see her turn back, and her pride was stronger than her shame. So on she went, straight towards the churchyard gate, keeping her outlook far in front of her, and her course in the very middle of the gravel walk, as if she were a queen out of whose way it was his duty to stand aside. He should at least feel himself scorned, and be made to ask the nearest grave to open and cover him. But her heart beat so hotly and her bosom heaved so high that the air with which she carried her head was anger's much more than pride's.

But, to her amaze, Victor Waldron by no means fell into her plan. He did not hang his head or lower his eyes. He did not even step aside out of her way. He came to a stand before her, full in the middle of the path, and looked her straight in the eyes as he raised his hat; the only sign of grace or shame he showed was that he did not put out his hand. She was obliged to come to a stand also; and she stood there, defying him with her eyes.

"Miss Reid," he said, "I must speak to you."

"Mr. Waldron, there is nothing you can have to say to me. Good day."

"Not till I have spoken to you. I have a right to make you hear me. You must not look for any forms of courtesy. I knew you were in this place; and though your errand was sacred, I would not have let you go without a great many words, even if Grimes had not saved me from being the first to speak to you. If you are in haste to go home——"

"Home?"

"I will go your way, but speak to you I will."

She could hardly identify her easy-mannered, somewhat languid, and, above all, courteous fellow-prisoner with the blunt decision of the man who stood before her and barred her way. She had never met with anything in her life but deference and gentleness. Could this be the first-fruits of poverty? And yet the reptile comparison was driven to fall to nothing. Nobody could speak or look less like

a serpent than Victor Waldron; all the better, if there might be open battle; if her enemy would be more frank than her own kin. It was half his imperiousness, half the hope of gaining light, that changed her mind about refusing to hear a word; and, in truth, whatever she might will, she knew within herself that she *must* hear him, since he willed it so.

"You mean, you command me," she said, "because you are a strong man and I am only a girl? Then speak to me here."

"Miss Reid, I would have cut off my right hand sooner than this had been done!"

"Well?"

"I have been to Copleston. Mr. Alan Reid, your brother, refuses to see me, and now I hear he has left for London, and left no address; and I know what message I should have had sent down to me if I had come to your door and had asked to see Mrs. Reid or you. I am hounded into getting to speak to you this way. I don't speak to you like this because you are a girl. I'm speaking to you as I should to a man—as you'd like best to be spoken to, if I'm not wrong—and in my country we don't shoot a man without hearing him: at least, not always. Miss Reid——"

"You have not said one word yet, Mr. Waldron," said Helen, fancying herself speaking with cold dignity, while all the while her eyes would have been annihilating him if eyes could kill. "What has happened has *not* cost you your right hand. Is it true that Copleston belongs to you?"

"I'm afraid that is so. But if Mr. Alan Reid would only be a reasonable man——"

"Is it true that you came from America on purpose to rob my brother of his birthright?"

"I did. That is the bare truth. But——"

"It was you asked for this interview, Mr. Waldron, not I. You have had your say," said Helen, beginning to feel that such a battle, even though barren, was going to have half the pleasure of a victory, and forgetting in her excitement that she had not yet allowed her adversary to say anything at all. "You have had your say, and now you must hear mine. Is it true that you have been bribing a man like Grimes, the sexton, to help you search for papers—evidence, I suppose it would be called. You see I know more than you think for. Is that true?"

She had built this surmise upon her knowledge of old Grimes, and upon the nature of his report of the character of the new squire. But she was hardly prepared for his answer.

"That fellow has been telling truth for once, has he? Yes, Miss Reid. But he could not tell you more than he knew. I paid Mr. Grimes ten pounds sterling for evidence that——"

He could sooner have stopped an avalanche than Helen's fire of questions just then.

"You are at any rate frank enough now. Is it true that—no, I need not ask you if it is true—that you told me, when I saw you before, why it was that you had come here: when you would even have taken the welcome we would have given you then, the welcome of those whom you were planning to ruin—when you would have taken it to spy out more evidence, I suppose! I remember all you said—every word! You will tell me you were only trying to get your rights, I suppose. What kind of a right have you, in Heaven's name, that could make my mother and my brother give up everything to you without even a word?"

"Ah—you don't know?"

"And because I don't know, I think it will not bear knowing—there! And I am not going to rest until this week's work is undone. I won't believe in your rights until I know them. And while I don't believe in them, I won't try to tell you what I think of you. If you had all the right in the world, it would not excuse you for suddenly springing a mine, like a traitor, upon a widow . . . her husband hardly in his grave . . . sending her homeless into the world . . . ruining the life of a man. . . . I am only a girl, but we will see!"

"Thank God, Miss Reid, that there's one sane living being in Hillswick except myself—and that's you!"

At last he had found words to silence her. That such a speech should come from him, with every note of sincerity, left her, for a moment, with nothing to say. He did not let the moment slip by.

"Yes, Miss Reid, I mean what I say. That's you. I do not know my cousin, Mr. Alan Reid. But I conclude, from all that has passed between us, that he is a man I should be proud to know, and not think the worse of for being—how shall I put it?—not much a man of the world. I do unhappily find myself, by the law of this country, owner of Copleston. But it's so much against my own will, that I've quarrelled with my best friend for putting me there. I'd——"

"Gideon Skull?" said Helen, with a curl of the lip that was almost a smile, though a bitter one, half in scorn for what she must needs take for a string of hypocritical protests and excuses, half to think how right she had been in looking for the clue in Gideon Skull, though, as it had turned out, he had been but the tool instead of the hand of the robber. Her mother's story did not lead her to think

less ill of the friend and principal of that respectable trader, Gideon Skull. Treachery on the part of the master might fairly enough be inferred from probable malice on the part of the man.

"Yes, Gideon Skull. Not that he's to blame. But if I'd known what he was going to do, I'd have strangled him! If Mr. Alan would take back Copleston for nothing, he should have it and welcome. If he wouldn't take it as his moral right, I'd sell it him for two cents; if he'll only make any sort of terms, I'll take them, whatever they are. I've made him two offers, by letter, before he left for London. I have proposed that he should continue to reside at Copleston, and buy me out by degrees at whatever his advisers thought a fair price, and the lower the better; or that I should take the place with a charge on it for Mrs. Reid and you, and leave it to him and his heirs by will in case he didn't buy me out sooner. He wouldn't take it back as a moral right, so I was bound to put things in that kind of roundabout way. In short, there's nothing on this wide earth, short of suicide, I wouldn't do to meet his views. And as he is just stupefied with notions of honour, there's no help for it. As we are the only two sane people in Hillswick, we must take matters into our own hands. You say 'this week's work must be undone.' Yes, Miss Reid, and it shall. And then perhaps you will let me show you how a hundred words may sound as true as they sound black, and yet be as false as——"

"Take care, Mr. Waldron, that you do not find Alan's sister as 'stupefied with honour' as he. We both had the same father, and we are not likely to forget him. You do not know—I do—what losing Copleston means to my brother. More than the land. By any fair means he would have kept it, I know. How did *he* answer you?"

"There is the last letter I had from him. It just made me mad. Yes, read it, please."

Helen took the letter, almost eagerly. That Alan would not wish her to see it she felt sure, but the temptation was irresistible. It took her hardly more than a second to read, she took it in at a glance—the quicker because there was so little to learn. "Sir," she read, with her eyes almost outrunning the words, "I will entertain no proposal. I am compelled to admit your legal claim, but beyond that I will neither do nor permit one least thing on the assumption that I am not my father's heir. As no terms can be even proposed without assuming this, I will have none. I think you will understand why, and if you do not, I cannot help you. . . . Alan Reid." That was all. But if the letter gave Helen little light, it told her what to do.

"Yes, that is Alan : that letter is not forged!" said she. "He must have cause, indeed, to lose his all rather than even buy it back from your hand. I think Mr. Skull must have been more frank with him than you have been with me . . . or less so. Here is your letter, Mr. Waldron. I see what he has cause to think of you. Yes, I dare say he is 'stupefied with honour.' Alan is more like his father than I am, and *he* shall keep his likeness, whatever I may do. . . . Alan will make *no* terms with *you*, nor will I make terms."

"What will you make, then?" he asked; the question was struck from him by her last emphatic word.

"War!" said she, and passed on.

Not many days ago, Victor Waldron would have laughed at such a fit of tragedy; though there was nothing theatrical about Helen Reid, as she swept away from him in scorn. Where was his presence of mind? He knew not whether to follow her or whether to let her go; and before he could recover his breath it was too late, and she was gone.

"The devil take Gideon Skull for the most blundering brute that ever was born! And the devil take all the Reids for the most impracticable, crackbrained—I don't know what to call them. I believe I'm the only sane man in all Great Britain: except the minister, who's got a few dull wits, and the sexton, who knows *his* business, I'm the only one I've seen. What's to be done now?"

He walked backwards and forwards up and down the path, absently reading the epitaphs on either side, thinking what he could possibly do. Old Grimes had gone off to dinner, so that he could pace up and down and think undisturbed.

"I know what she thinks of me now," he thought very bitterly. "And I can't blame her. That blundering brute, Gideon! Briton all over, through and through: an honest, true-hearted, stubborn, well-meaning, meddling, thorough-going—fool! . . . And it's come to her thinking that of me after all; just as I knew it would be. Alan Reid is a fine fellow. Seems to me to be better cracked than most men are whole. No—I wouldn't have given a fig for him if he'd taken a cent from a man whose claim to give it him is that his mother isn't the wife of his father. I think I should have got on well with Alan Reid—the devil take Gideon Skull, and send him to—Copleston! It would all have gone so well. I should have stayed on, and had a good time, learning triple bob majors and checking the churchwardens' accounts of the seventeenth century, till it was long enough after the funeral to call on my own cousins—any man may call on

his own cousins, even if there has been a funeral. I should have got on with Alan Reid. That sort of man is always a splendid fellow when he's at home—out in the world, where fine feelings give a man more weight to carry than thick ones, I'm not so sure. But it's better than fine feeling to stick up like that for his mother's right to his father's name. I should have liked Mrs. Reid too. A mother that's stuck up for like that must be worth sticking up for. . . . And she'd have thought differently then. Fancy a girl like that liking one well enough to flame out *for* one that way! And I've let her go, thinking like that—anybody but myself would take me for a bigger fool than Gideon. Perhaps I am. Perhaps I've been a bigger fool than I know, to have been hanging round this church day after day, till *that* day came. Perhaps the bob major hasn't been the attraction, nor the churchwardens' accounts, nor even old Grimes. Perhaps I shall never see another woman that I'd sooner see in a storm than not at all, excepting Cousin Helen. She's as grand in a storm as she was sweet in a calm. She has no patience, no justice, no reason—her heart's too big for them. I believe if she loved one man, she could kill another; and next to being the man she loved, I think I'd be the man she killed. . . . So there they all go, dream after dream. And the best last of all. No, I'm not going to be a fool. Life's too big a thing to let it be twisted out of the bee-line because one has seen a girl twice; and a girl that thinks one a cad and a cur, and tells one so the second time of seeing. Well, I shan't see her again; and perhaps it's lucky—I might have turned into a real fool the third time. The question is, what's to be done? It's clear she doesn't know the bottom of this business. Of course the man who stuck up for his mother like that wouldn't shame his sister and her mother too by telling *her* why. Poor fellow! he must have had a bad time telling his mother, if she needed telling, without letting his sister know that her mother had no right to her wedding ring—not even to her weeds. It's lucky there was nothing in that note I gave her to read to tell her. What's to be done? Let me see. There must be somebody to look after a place like Copleston, and to see that the tenants don't live rent-free. If Alan Reid won't touch the rents, I must, I suppose—any way, as far as receiving goes. Suppose I die without a will. Then heaven knows who my heir-at-law would be. I shouldn't like to bet on Mrs. George Waldron the first having left me no cousins. Suppose I make a vow never to marry, and leave Copleston to Alan Reid or his children, or to Helen Reid and hers if he has none? Then there's the chance of his outliving me, and he's sworn as hard as a man can that he won't take Copleston by any title except the one I

can't give him. I wouldn't even trust his children—unless I insure his marrying a woman like one or two I could find him in New York, whose principle is, when anything's given them, to open their mouths very much and their eyes very little. . . . Leave it to her then? Well, yes, I suppose so. And her brother wouldn't so much mind being *her* heir-at-law, I suppose. . . . But then 'she might marry. . . . If I left it to her to dispose of as she liked, and if she'd take it, in spite of being her brother's sister, she mightn't care to leave it to him and his when the time came. Wives and mothers have notions of their own—and if *that* girl married, *she* wouldn't marry by halves. There's no sense nor justice in making her a machine for passing on our family place to some confounded fellow who'd be no more a Waldron than I'm a Grimes. . . . Marry her yourself, and settle matters that way? Yes, of course—mend a thunderstorm by jumping over the moon. If I wanted to hear a pleasant answer from a woman, I wouldn't fish for it by asking Helen Reid to be Mrs. Waldron of Copleston. . . . No; the first thing is to keep myself single, whatever else I can find to do; and, at any rate, *that's* easy. Nature never makes doubles; there aren't two Helen Reids. . . . Lucky for the world; two tempers, and two tongues, and two pairs of eyes like hers wouldn't leave much work for fire to do. . . . I *was* a fool once: I never murdered Gideon Skull. And it is too late even for murder now."

CHAPTER IX.

BALTHASAR. How! Thou art Conrad—and thou know'st not me?

CONRAD. Not I!

BALTHASAR. Not know Balthasar?

CONRAD. Him? Right well

I know Balthasar! Hast thou news of him?

BALTHASAR. Look on Balthasar, Caspar—it is I!

CONRAD. Balthasar!—Thou!—Thou'rt jesting, Were it he, Then were I changed: and no whit changed am I,

If I be changed not wholly Thou art he?

Then hath the god of blindness given me eyes

To read in thine a soul I never saw,

And not Balthasar's. Whosoc'er thou art,

I do not know thee. Hence, or be my foe.

MOST assuredly it was not an easy thing for Victor Waldron to make up his mind what to do with Copleston in a single day. Yet, if there was one thing he hated more than another, it was indecision; and

his favourite scorn was for the man who cannot make up his mind what to do under any given circumstances within any given time. There were many strata of feeling in him. Uppermost of all came his consciousness that a most unhappy combination of circumstances made him look like a mean traitor in the eyes of a girl whom, to say the least of it, he knew well enough now that he cared for ten times more at a second sight than he had ever before cared for any woman at a hundredth. Her storminess alone suited him ; and it gave him a wider and deeper insight into her nature than a hundred peaceful interviews in the belfry could ever have done. Next to this was his man's shame at having the direction of matters taken out of his own hands. Instead of playing football with fortune, fortune had been playing football with him—his resolve to give up his dream of being Waldron of Copleston had been the signal to deliver the place into his hands. And what a signal—the death of one whom his experience of Hillswick talk had made him more than respect, and the unlooked-for legal accident of an intestacy. Next below was the sense of having, though against his own will, committed an actual most cruel wrong—towards strangers it would have been bad enough : but, to Helen ! Then—much lower—came a very inconsistent thing : he did not believe in fate ; but had not the finger of Providence itself been at work in all this seeming chance in preventing his perverse will from standing in the way of righting an old wrong, and in restoring one who, apart from the dead man's intestacy, was still the just if not the lawful owner, to his own ? Copleston had, after all, been the dream of his boyhood, ever since he had heard from his father the story of his father's father ; and even under the crushing hand of love, such dreams die hard. To what other end had all these things come ? Gideon Skull's secret knowledge, his own acquaintance with Gideon, and their joint and most unlikely presence at Hillswick just when old Harry Reid died ; that strange and almost unaccountable affair of the intestacy ; Alan Reid's character ; and, to crown all, the sudden death of a strong man like Harry Reid just in the nick of time, were all separate and unconnected accidents working together to one obvious end. Perhaps matters had in truth, and not merely in seeming, been taken out of his hands. Perhaps Alan Reid would have proved unworthy of a trust like Copleston. Perhaps Victor Waldron had not only dreamed in those not far-off days when he justified his desire for Copleston by an ambition to make himself a missionary to the mother country, and to show what could be done by a Republican squire with American light in him, and by the grandson of George Waldron the rebel. It might have been necessary,

for so just and so great an end, that he should be saved by stronger hands than his own from the greater treason of falsehood to life and duty for the sake of leave to look into a girl's eyes. Was he not bound to take Copleston, and to throw the responsibility on those wiser eyes and stronger hands? But then, below this, came the lowest depth of all. He knew that he loved Helen Reid as surely as he knew that she hated him.

And, therefore, though his conscious thoughts took every opportunity of accusing themselves of injustice, he did not forgive Gideon Skull. It was an old friendship—perhaps too long, for the history of all save married lives (and of some of these) is the history of divergence and of drifting apart until a time comes when the space between them grows too wide for the bridge of friendship to join them without most perilous stretching. Certainly, Victor had never felt so little sympathy with Gideon as on the evening of the day when old Harry died, and when he had just, for the first time, seen Helen Reid. The cynicism which had once been a pleasant salt had jarred on him; either something had gone out of his life, or something new had entered which did not agree with the old.

So, by the time he was back at the "George," where, not to put too strong a strain on old Mr. Skull's hospitality, he was still staying, he was in about as complete a state of indecision as a man can be—so much so that his ideas began to verge on the preposterous, if not on the impossible. Love is more apt to play at jumping over the moon than he fancied when he accused himself of being more foolish than his fellows. His plans turned into romances, and his romances almost into plans. How would it be if he were to turn to account a slight turn he had for play-acting by following the Reids to London, disguising himself, changing his tailor, and making court to Helen under another name? The notion was absurd enough to amuse him, while he followed it out to the end, and built castles upon it just as though it were by no means absurd. Or suppose he were to go abroad, and let the Reids hear that he was dead? But he did not follow out that romance very far, seeing that it would bring him no nearer Helen. He grew half vexed with himself for castle-building about what could not be done, instead of seriously and decisively setting himself to think out what could be done and ought to be done; but all the same the castles went on building; for they had a sort of sweetness in their very vanity which was new to his taste, and the same lady lived in them all—and, since he could not build for her even a cottage of earth, he might at least spend one hour in building her castles of air. Strange, it seemed to him, that his

thoughts and dreams of Helen Reid took no part of their character from her scorn. I think that when a flower first puts its head out into the world, whether out of heart or meadow, it finds its first draught of air sweet; let the wind be blowing from the north-east and be sharp with snow, the flower would not go back into the earth again, though it knows that it will be frozen dead in an hour. And the shorter its hour must be, the more freely it may spread out its fancies and dream out its dreams. We may live out ten lives in an hour if we will, and find them at least as sweet as if they were true. So Victor Waldron let things slide for at least an hour, and, sending thought to where he had so often of late been sending Gideon Skull, lived all sorts of wonderful and impossible lives, and knew them to be impossible all the while.

Most assuredly he was not best pleased to be called back to that part of earth called Copleston by Gideon Skull.

"I thought I should have found you in the steeple," said the latter, "but old Grimes told me you'd left hours ago. Well?"

"Well?"

"I mean, are you really off to-night?"

"Yes. I shall call and see your uncle and the ladies before I go. I shall go and see some lawyer up in town."

The difference between them made itself felt in the air of both, but much more strongly in Victor's than in Gideon's. Gideon's was rather the air of one who feels himself compelled—he knows not why—to accept a difference which he does not share: there was none of Waldron's bitterness in his words or tone. "If you want a lawyer," said he, "go to——"

"No. I'll go to one of my own finding."

"Perhaps you're right, Waldron. You'll feel yourself all the more sure. But you may make yourself easy. There isn't a lawyer in England who won't tell you that a man's bastard can't be his heir-at-law."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Alan Reid?" asked Victor quickly.

"Who else? I didn't make either the law or the dictionary. I'm hanged if I can make you out, Waldron, these last days. If I was half the cynic you call me, I should think you wanted to kick down your ladder. After all, it's the way of the world."

"Don't talk any more of that truck. I'm sick of it. Come!"

"Where?"

"I'm a bad hand at sitting still. I must do something, even if it's nothing. I'm going to the Vicarage, to say good-bye to your aunts and your uncle."

"Wait a bit. I must have a bit of talk with you."

"Well, you can have it after. You can drive over with me to the station, if you like, or you can talk while I'm strapping my valise. But I must leave your uncle's soon enough not to frighten your aunts with thinking that I want to be asked to take pot-luck ; and it's near four now."

"I'll go with you, then," said Gideon. "Why didn't you tell me," he asked, as they left the George, "that you've been talking two hours in the churchyard with Helen Reid?"

"For three reasons. Firstly, I didn't talk to Miss Reid: she talked to me. In the second place, because it was not for two hours. In the third place, because if I had talked to her for four hours, it wouldn't have signified to another soul. I've had more than enough, these days, of telling everybody everything."

"I didn't suppose it was two hours, because I heard it from Miss Bolt—so, of course, one must divide it by ten. Say twelve minutes, then. Look here, Waldron. We've knocked about together a good bit, you and I. We've been chums, off and on, out west, when we've had plenty of money and nothing to eat ; and down east, when we might have had plenty to eat if we'd only had any money. We've had our rough and our smooth water, and we've had our quarrels too. That's like lots of men. But I've always said of you what I've never been able to say of any man alive—and that is, that we've never done one single thing behind the other's back, and that whenever we've been the closest partners we've been the best friends : and——"

"That's so ; and it's your having done something behind my back that's the matter with me now. I can't forgive that ; so don't ask me. But here we are."

The Rectory, of which, as well as the parish, the curate was in charge, was much too large for him and his ways, and thus exaggerated his general character by reducing his occupation of it to a sketch in outline of a tenancy. As it happened, the Misses Skull were out visiting, and Mr. Skull would not be in for half-an-hour. So Gideon's talk was simply adjourned from the George to his uncle's library—not much to Victor's satisfaction, for he was in anything but a mood for Gideon.

"You say I've done something behind your back ? And I say that you're not doing as you'd be done by. There's something between us, Waldron, that I don't understand. If it was anybody but you, I should know what to think, but I can't think it of an old chum like you, and I won't, until I am obliged. Let's have it out, and make a clean breast of it, and have done with it, like honest men

that may have a bit of a misunderstanding where a girl's in the way, but know how to trust one another through thick and thin."

"Well! You know my quarrel. Go ahead. What's yours?"

"I don't know your quarrel. But I want to know if this firm's dissolved."

"What firm?"

"Waldron and Skull."

"Waldron and Skull?"

"Yes. If it isn't, I'll go through with it. If not—but it can't be. If you don't remember the name of the firm, I'll put it another way. I suppose you remember your first coming across me out in Texas—and how we got talking about my native land—confound her!—and how interested you were when you found I knew Hillswick and Copleston. Yes, and even the name of General George? I'll tell you now, Waldron, that I liked you, and I do like you, for though we're old friends now, you've never done me so much as half an ill turn: and from the minute I heard how your family were always clear that General George had never married Mistress Hannah, I felt we'd struck oil together. And you thought the same. I was the inventor: you were the patentee. We came over here. Was it to get evidence that Copleston was ours, or was it to flirt in churchyards? Yes or no?"

"You're not going the way to get over misunderstandings, I can tell you," said Victor, flushing. "Yes; we did come over to look for evidence that Copleston was—mine; and it failed."

"I said 'ours,' Waldron. Remember what the organist said to the bellows-boy, and how the bellows-boy answered him. It's not like you to quibble, Waldron. Good God! if what you're driving me to suspect is true, I'll no more believe in a man's honour again than I do in a woman's. Don't quibble and split straws. Yes, that evidence did fail; thanks to you—because you were afraid of a trumpery bit of paper. It wasn't you, was it, who knew that little story of the first Mrs. Reid? Who met her on Broadway? Who knew how to convince Alan Reid, late of Copleston, that he hadn't a legal leg to stand on?"

"Thank God, it wasn't I! I no more understand one word you're saying, Skull——"

"You admit my service, then. I was afraid—but no; I wasn't afraid. We've done the thing between us, and we've done it well. It hasn't cost six-and-eightpence to a lawyer. And now—what's my share?"

Victor could only stare at him amazed. It seemed as if the

honest, loyal, blundering Briton, Gideon Skull, had been spirited away, and that he was holding converse with some changeling of mature years from the land where nothing is what it seems, and where nothing that glitters is gold. And yet, even now, it was impossible, absolutely impossible, to look at Gideon Skull and take him for any other than the truest and honestest of men. His eyes met Victor's frankly: there was even sorrowful rebuke in them, as if disappointed that his question had been allowed to come from him instead of from Victor. And the look of rebuke deepened as Victor's silence continued, until a deep red flush began to creep over Gideon's cheeks and brow.

"By God, Waldron—if I didn't know you weren't like other men, I should believe you were going to cheat me as man never cheated man before!"

Waldron sprang to his feet. But Gideon did not stir. Unspeakable sorrow filled his voice as he spoke on.

"Tell me it isn't true, man! Tell me you haven't been using me to do the work that was too nice for your kid gloves to meddle with, only to chuck me over like a worn-out tool that had done its work—don't let me think that of *you*. Of course it was quite right of you to leave those things to me: let every man keep to his own line. But—well, you were the last man I believed in; and you'll be the last, too. Do you mean to tell me, Victor Waldron, that you'd have swung me off no less if that strange chance hadn't made it needless for me to get rid of that register for you? Do you mean——?"

"Gideon Skull! Do you mean that you—that you think me such an almighty scoundrel as to have meddled with a——"

"Why, what else did you speak of it for? What else made you so particular as to finding out what would buy old Grimes? If you didn't do it yourself, why did you leave it to me? One of us must have done it, I suppose. It isn't doing what's needful to get one's rights that makes a man an almighty scoundrel, Waldron. That belongs to getting one's rights and not owning how. I got Copleston for you, Victor Waldron; and you know as well as I that I can't unget it for you again. Yes, you've got me in your power. I trusted you so utterly, that I held nothing back; I didn't take one single precaution that I'd have taken against any other friend of mine. I've got you Copleston without costing you a cent or making you do one single uncomfortable thing. I trusted you like my own self; I did for you as I thought you'd have done by me. . . . More fool I."

"You must be stark, staring, raving mad," said Victor; "or you must be making the worst joke—— Do you suppose that I mean

to take advantage of a mere legal flaw in a clear moral title by keeping Alan Reid out of Copleston one single needless day? If I did that, call me scoundrel if you please!"

"Do I suppose you mean to keep Copleston? Yes, I do. Do I suppose there's a man on earth who'd give up a place like that, worth thousands a year, if he could keep it? No, I don't. Do I suppose Alan Reid would, if he'd had the ghost of a leg to stand on? No. Do I suppose you're a greater fool than Alan Reid? Anything but that, anyhow. Do I suppose you talk that rot for the sake of cheating me? Yes, I do. There's nothing else left to think now. . . . And I'd have trusted you"

Nobody, unless he lost his temper, could have doubted the absolute sincerity with which Gideon Skull upbraided his former friend. No mere loss of expected booty could have imitated the pathetic dignity which a genuine sense of ingratitude, treachery, and the loss of a last illusion could alone confer. It was plain enough that, in his simple, straight-going mind, no man on earth ever had entertained, or did or could by any natural possibility entertain, a single motive for action but his own profit or his own pleasure. If Gideon was speaking Greek to Victor, Victor was talking Carthaginian to Gideon. No; even now to charge him with dishonesty was absurd. And to be thus treated by a trusted friend—a friend from whose natural human treachery and selfishness he had been fool enough to neglect making himself secure—yes: it was hard to bear.

But Victor did not keep his temper; for him things had become impossible to bear. To be called cheat by a cheat was almost worse than Helen's scornful anger. What had he done, that the opposite poles of the human world, Helen and Gideon, should unite in scorn of him!"

"You are a scoundrel yourself," he cried out, "and——"

Gideon Skull neither raised his voice nor stirred. "You are a damned Yankee thief and liar," he said, as quietly as if he had only said, "It is a fine day."

"Take that!" cried Waldron, sending the curate's brass reading-lamp straight and hard at Gideon's head—"and I only wish it was Copleston!"

Gideon had likely enough had things harder to miss sent at him in his time. He bent his head quietly; so that the lamp smashed on the door, and fell at the feet of its owner, the Reverend Christopher, who was just coming into his quiet room to rest after his parish rounds.

"Bless my soul!" said he.

"I am sorry I only broke your lamp," said Victor, his temper arranging the order of his words, while he fancied he was making a sufficiently polite apology to the clergyman. "I will get a new one in town. I shall be at the Portland," he said to Gideon, "if you have any message to send me there. Good day, sir," he said to the bewildered curate, and returned to the "George." He knew he was forgetting his manners, but he could not suddenly shift his behaviour after that day's adventures to fit the requirements of a call upon the Reverend Christopher and the Misses Skull, with Gideon in the room.

"Will you be good enough to explain to me the meaning of this, Gideon?" asked Mr. Skull, looking from the lamp to his returned prodigal, and back again.

Gideon shrugged his shoulders. "A piece of horse-play, I suppose."

"And may I ask if it is one of the customs among the natives of America to amuse themselves in gentlemen's libraries by throwing lamps about and nearly breaking people's heads with them? In all my experience I never knew of such an event till to-day. Under the circumstances, I can quite understand that my sudden appearance should confuse Mr. Waldron, and prevent his remaining to make a proper apology. He spoke of buying me a new lamp. I must say, I think it is the least, under the circumstances, that he can do."

"They are queer fishes, the Americans."

"I wish you could have managed to take Mrs. Reid's offer for yourself, Gideon; I do, indeed. I thought, when you proposed it to me at the time, that it was a mistake to select for such an office a complete stranger to the affairs of the family; and I am more than ever of that opinion from what I have seen to-day. One who does not know how to conduct himself as an educated gentleman will be a most objectionable person in Copleston. I object, on principle, to American warming-pans. Warming-pans we used, in my younger days, to call those who, for a consideration, consented——"

Gideon shrugged his shoulders again. "It's done now, Uncle Christopher. My opinion is that we're all fools together—yourself, of course, excepted. There was nothing else you could do, and you have nothing to lose. But my opinion is that Mrs. Reid is a lunatic, her son a baby, her daughter a—girl, myself an ass, and the Yankee a—Yankee. Well, it's only applying generals to particulars, after all. We're all men and women, and it's our way. Luckily for Hillswick, it isn't yours. By the way, could you manage to lend me

ten pounds? I've had to lend all my spare cash to the warming-pan, to take him to town. You'll have it back in a day or two."

"With pleasure, my dear boy. I'll write you a cheque; luckily, I paid fifteen pounds into the bank this very day. But I fear you are too ready to take a view of human nature which the ancient Greeks termed cynical, from the Greek word for a dog, and applied to the philosopher Diogenes. Mrs. Reid is a high-principled woman, Gideon: if she be mistaken, it must be enough for us that she means well. The maternal instinct, Gideon, is a quality which neither you nor I, with all my experience of human nature in its deeper aspects, nor you, with your knowledge of business, can ever expect wholly to feel. It is necessary to be a mother to feel the maternal instinct, Gideon. Doubtless Mrs. Reid's plan for her son will turn out well if it is so ordered, and ill if otherwise. Such things are not in our hands. Her views upon higher matters, such as the cure of the souls of this parish, prove her to be a woman of eminently sensible views After all," the curate went on, as he filled up the cheque, "it is no more than seven years before poor Mr. Reid's will operates: and seven years is not long to wait," added he, who had been waiting for more than forty to be something better than Curate of Copleston. "There is the cheque, Gideon.—There is only one thing with which I cannot be satisfied. An American who behaves in a library as Mr. Waldron does in mine is not fit to be trusted with Copleston."

Assuredly the new squire did not appear to be inheriting golden opinions from the old squire. He had made three enemies in one day, and all three meant danger. For it is dangerous in itself to offend one's rector: it was something more than dangerous for Victor Waldron to have war declared by Helen Reid: and, as to the third of his enemies, Gideon Skull had heard a word slip from his uncle Christopher that might enable him to turn the tables gloriously upon his old friend.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH THROUGH EDUCATION.¹

IN this address I propose to consider the question of "Health through Education," that is to say, the study of those methods of education by which the mind, -during the whole period of its work, may be maintained in a healthy and properly balanced condition, its powers usefully employed, and its natural tendencies allowed full and natural scope and development.

Up to the present time the progress of science for the promotion of health has had reference, almost exclusively, to the physical health in education, to the state of the schoolroom, to the diet of the scholar, to the clothing, to the training and exercise of the body, to the position of the scholar at the desk, and to such-like purely physical considerations. These considerations can scarcely be over-estimated. I have had the happiness to be associated with the most earnest and energetic of the sanitary leaders who, in our generation, have striven to force them on the attention of a public not always too willing to listen to them, and I regret that I should have to put them somewhat aside for the present hour. But I feel there is another subject even of more pressing moment, and therefore I turn to it. The purely physical study has made its way to some extent: the subject I have now before me has made, practically, no way at all, although its importance can hardly be exaggerated.

Men engaged steadily and systematically in taking different views of the same object are led to see differently and to express themselves differently. I cannot therefore conceal that I approach the argument I would set forth with a perfect knowledge of the fact that I must speak what is, or what may seem to be, contrary to the opinions which are entertained by many who are deeply interested in the work of education, and who, in most respects, are masters or mistresses of the argument on its practical, scholastic side. Those who are engaged in the actual labour of teaching from day to day may entertain views very different in kind from mine. Those who are anxious and over-anxious for the education of their children may

¹ Address delivered at the Conference on Education, held in the Rooms of the Society of Arts, January 16, 1880.

entertain views of a very different character from mine, and may, indeed, be far more likely than the teachers of their children to differ from me. The teachers will I think, in their hearts, be in most respects with me altogether.

When I say that the physical side of the health question is not a part of my present programme, I do not quite state the whole truth, for the physical side of the question is, in one direction, admitted in it. There is always in progress a reaction of the mind on the body which, when it is clearly understood, is seen to be momentous in its results. The amount of physical disease that is dependent on mental influence is large beyond any accepted present conception of it. I am almost afraid to express what I know on this point, lest I should appear to be putting forward what is speculative instead of what is real. And yet I may venture to say that a good fourth of the deaths of adults who die in their prime from what are called natural diseases are due to diseased conditions of body that have been induced by mental influences. The actual and immediate cause of the demise, the killing blow, may be outside the body, may be independent of the body, may be very subtle and seemingly very slight, may admit of no correct scientific exposition at this present stage of science, may be some unknown or obscure meteorological influence; and yet the conditions leading up to the point when slight causes take effect may all the while have been in steady progress, and may all the while have been mental—mental from the first in the persons affected. Thus men in the prime of life often die suddenly from some slight external influence of a physical nature which has acted upon them fatally, and which gets the whole of the blame; but the conditions of body which have rendered that external influence effective have been long in operation; have been, in the strictest form of expression, mental influences modifying the physical structures, and making those structures susceptible of destructive change from slight external shocks or vibrations. Thus, again, hereditary tendencies, originally formed from mental action, are often transmitted in the character of hereditary physical disease, under which, from some slight external influence, death may occur.

Impressions traversing the senses into the organ of the mind afford the most striking illustrations of physical derangements and of degenerations from mental action in which the mental and the physical most intimately blend. They give rise, in fact, to a term which is as distinctly physical as any that would describe a mechanical concussion or blow—the term, most correct in its application, of “mental shock:” a shock or blow received by the body through the mind,

and producing physical action in the body ; a transmutation of an unknown force—which we have only named, so far, by metaphysical names, such as fear, anger, hate, love—into a strictly physical force and a resultant effect ; a vibration through the senses, yet not of mere sound, not of mere light, but of something more of which sound or sight are but the modes of conveyance, modes of conveyance into the nervous atmosphere or ether, to be changed there into some new state of motion or into a new physical condition that is inimical to continuance of life.

Let me explain by one example.

A little boy was once brought to me by a medical friend under the following painful circumstances. The boy was the son of a carpenter, and his father sent him occasionally to a neighbouring timber-yard to give orders for wood. The keeper of the timber-yard, a modified type of Mr. Quilp, had a morbid delight in frightening children. He had bought a large ugly and savage dog, and he tied the dog closely up in a recess in the passage leading to the timber-yard. The little boy I speak of, knowing nothing of this new and terrible importation, was proceeding, as usual, down to the yard, when the dog flew out at him. The dog could not reach the boy, but the little fellow was so affrighted that he stood motionless for two or three minutes, and at last fell to the earth. He was picked up by some kind passer-by and taken home, and from that moment was stricken by the fatal disease called diabetes, of which in time he died. In this instance there was the direct physico-mental shock followed by physical change, in line. There was the metaphysical vibration of fear transmitted by sight and sound into the body ; there was the nervous storm engendered in the body ; there was the resultant in a modification of chemical action, by which, in continuous new conditions, a part of the food taken into the body was changed into glucose or grape-sugar ; and, on the formation of this sugar in excess, there followed a new series of other organic changes, ending in destruction of the unity of functions which makes up what we call life. I need scarcely say that the illustration above supplied is one in which a mental impression, made through the mind upon the body, was exceptionally severe in its physical effects. But such severe effects have to be seen before the great and primary truths they teach can be recognised.

I was myself many years in practice as a physician before I fully recognised these physical changes wrought through the windows of the mind. It is true I had read of those who were almost bechilled to jelly by the act of fear, but then I looked upon such

sayings as mere flights of poetic genius, and in medical literature proper I discovered no clue for guidance in this beat of observation. At last such facts as the one I have stated arrested my attention, and since it has been so arrested I have been daily studying the subject with increasing interest. I could, indeed, fill this essay and many essays with details of observed phenomena of physical disease from mental action.

Indeed, in so many forms do the mental impressions tell on the bodily organisation, that mental health in education becomes a new branch of science which all persons should begin to learn. By the assistance of this learning our successors will formulate a new world of thought, and will in no small degree fashion, physically, a new world of women and men, having the garb of their souls structurally finer, stronger, and more tenacious of life, from whom shall come a new evolution of species, and a new living earth.

On this inviting theme I must not longer dwell. It is my desire now to treat on those bad mental influences in education which undo the mental and physical health, and on the modes by which these injurious influences may be removed.

Suppose we had before us in our schools a body of children all of whom were typical specimens of health. It would then be a momentous fact to know that we could, by our methods of feeding the children with knowledge, make them all specimens of good or bad health. But the truth is that, when we have before us a class of children, we have probably not one before us who is a typical specimen of perfect health. It is a solemn thing to say, and yet it is as truthful as it is solemn, that I have never in my whole professional life seen a perfectly healthy child, and I doubt if one exists in the land. The birthday of health is not yet in the almanack. As a rule, in the majority of children of every class, there is some prepared mode of departure from health inborn in its members. In many of its members the bad health is not merely inborn, but is in actual existence, easily detectable under scientific research. How important, then, that in the modes of training the mind such modes only should be selected as shall lead to the better development of both body and mind! How vastly important that all modes shall be avoided which shall lead to a lower development of the mind, and of the body through the mind! If, indeed, it could be that the mind could be elevated while the body was degraded, I, for my part, should doubt the wisdom of education. And if it be really impossible, as I should maintain it is, to elevate either mind or body alone, and

absolutely impossible to make one great and the other little, how wide a problem lies before us in respect to education in this age!

What, then, are the modes to be followed in education by which the mental training may be made conducive to both mental and physical development and regeneration? May we think of such modes? I am sure we may, and practise them also. At the same time, the thought as well as the practice requires to be considered from new points of view of an educational kind.

Let me proceed to indicate what seem to be some of the basic changes that must be made in education in order to found a system of mental and physical health on education. I cannot pretend to do more than touch on a few of these changes, the more prominent to my own mind, but far from a complete list.

In the first place, there is, I venture to think, too much friction of mind in education, and, as a consequence, much injury, mental and physical, from cross nervous vibration, owing to the plan which now prevails of treating every boy and girl as if every boy and girl had the same nervous construction and mental aptitude.

As it seems to me, there are as distinctly two grand divisions of mental aptitudes as there are two grand divisions of sex, and any attempt to convert one into the other is a certain failure. The two divisions I refer to are the analytical and the synthetical, or, in other words, the examining and the constructive types of mind.

In our common conversation on living men with whom we are conversant in life we are constantly observing upon them in respect to these two qualities of mind. We say of one man that he has no idea or plan of looking into details; he cannot calculate accurately; he cannot be intrusted with any minute labour of details; but he can construct anything. Give him the tools and materials for work, and he will build a house; but if he had to collect and assort the tools and materials, he would never construct at all. We say of another man that he is admirable at details, and can be intrusted with any work requiring minute definition, but he has no idea of putting anything together so as to produce a new result or effect.

Moreover, we assign to these different men distinctive services in the world. We understand them perfectly, and by an unwritten and, I may almost say, by a spontaneous estimate we reckon them up and give them their precise place in the affairs of life with which they are connected. It is as if by design of nature these classes of men, and it may be of women also, exist as pure types of intellectual form, have always existed and are always being repeated. In other words, it is as if they are definite families, and that out of

them, as out of a dual nature, that human organisation of thought, which we call history, is educed.

The elements of the analytical and synthetical minds appear on a large scale in the pursuits which men follow. The mathematician is analytical, and he, in whatever science his powers are called forth, is always working on the analytical line. He may be an astronomer, a chemist, a navigator, an engineer, an architect, a physician, a painter ; but whatever he is, all his work is by analysis. We often wonder at his labour, at his accuracy, at his fidelity. We may say of him that he approaches nature herself in the magnitude and perfection of his results, but we never say of him that he is inventive or constructive. From him much that is quite new comes forth, but it is always something that he has hauled out of the dark recesses : he lays his treasures at our feet, and we are content to admire and wonder. We may be entranced with our view of the produce of this man, but he very rarely kindles our enthusiasm for him as a man, and very often we find that no credit has been given to him as himself deserving of it. We praise only his industry. The poet is, as a rule, synthetical. This does not always follow, but it usually does, and I think we may fairly say that every man of a purely constructive mind is a poet, albeit we may not be able to say that every poet is constructive. But in whatever particular phase of life and action he exists he shows his synthesis distinctively. His tendency is naturally to drift into such labours as are inventive and constructive. Frequently he avails himself of the labours of the analyst whom he unconsciously follows, believing meantime in himself alone. He makes for us romance in literature ; mechanical instruments in handicraft ; pictures in art ; tunes and melodies in music ; plays and epics and songs in poetry ; strategies in war ; laws in parliament ; speculations in commerce ; methods in science.

The two orders of men are often as distinct in feeling as they are in work. They do not love each other, and they admire each other little. Jealousy does not separate them, but innate repulsion. The analytical looks on the synthetical scholar as wild, untrustworthy, presuming, hasty, dangerous. The synthetical looks on the analytical with pity, or it may be contempt, as on one narrow, conceited, and so cautious as to be helpless ; a bird that has never been fledged, or, being fledged, has not dared to stretch out his wings to fly.

It has in rarest instances happened that the two natures have been combined in one and the same person. It is, I think, probable that this combination has been the reason for the appearance of the six or seven greatest of mankind. As a general fact, however, the

combination has not been fortunate. It has most frequently produced startling mediocrities, whose claims to greatness have been sources of disputation rather than instances of acknowledged excellence.

These orders of mind, distinctive of the distinct, are in their primitive forms so essential to the course of progress, that it is difficult to assign priority of value to either. The analytical mind seems to be most industrious and soundest in practice: the synthetical, the most brilliant, and when on the right track the most astounding, in the effects it produces. The analytical is the first parent of knowledge, the synthetical the second—both necessary.

To apply this reasoning to our present argument, I maintain that, as the child is the father of the man, so in every child there is always to be detected, if it be a child of any parts at all, the type of mind. I will undertake to say that every experienced teacher could divide his school into these two great analytical and synthetical classes. He might have a few who combine both powers, and he would no doubt have a residuum, a true *caput mortuum*, that had no distinctive powers at all; but he would have the two distinctives. He would have the scholars who could analyse as easily as they could run or walk, and to whom the mathematical problem and all that may be called analytical is as easy as play, but who have little inventive or constructive power. He would have the scholars whose minds are ever open to impressions from outer natural phenomena, who have quick original ideas, who have, it may be, the true poetic sentiment, but who cannot grasp the analytical and detailed departments of learning at all. The illustrious William Harvey was a scholar of this latter type. It is related of him that late in his life he was discovered studying Oughtred's "*Clavis Mathematica*," and he remarked then that the simplicity of the propositions—their obviousness, as it were—had formerly been an obstacle in his way. Harvey was simply a pure type of a most original, and I may go so far as to say mechanical, mind, which, abashed in youth before mathematical problems, in later life, when the reasoning faculty—the wise faculty—was brought to bear upon the difficulties, looked on the understanding of them as difficulties merely from their self-obviousness and simplicity.

The moral I draw from these outlines of natural fact is that in teaching it is injury of mind, and thereby injury of body, to try to force analytical minds into synthetical grooves, or to try to force synthetical minds into analytical. I have an instance under my own observation at this time in which a worthy, a most earnest, and I may add most practical, mathematical master is trying to teach a boy,

whose mind is all for construction, the details of the science of details. He had better try to get a third chemical element out of water by chemical process, for that task, hard as it might be, could possibly be a success. But this boy, bright of brightness when the lines on which he can tread are before him, is hopeless here. The master may be angry or perplexed, the parents disappointed ;—the thing cannot be done. If fifty masters could be employed in the effort, or if the ability of fifty masters could be forced into one master, the thing could not be done. By a mere act of temporary cram, the thing might be carried out in what we may call a treacherous manner ; but it could not be carried out by an honest and reliable education of that youthful mind. Meanwhile, the injury that is being inflicted on the youthful organism is incalculable. Time that could be usefully expended is ruthlessly cast away. Then, the mind itself is rendered irritable and obtuse with each lesson, and the hope deferred makes the heart sick in the truest sense of the term. The failure of each lesson tells on the heart, making that organ irritable and uncertain—making its owner, in fact, “sick at heart.” This tells in turn on the stomach, causing persistent dyspepsia, and soon there follow the trains of sensations of disappointment, fears of failure in other things, anger at sight of the success of other minds, and all those troubles which lead to the perversion of feeling which so easily becomes the promoter of universal doubt and the opener of despair.

Teachers of youthful scholars will recognise so readily and fully the facts I name, that they will perhaps wonder that I should relate them. Let them pardon me for the sake of the object I have in view. They know, and I know, that these natural differences exist, but the fathers and mothers of children of such differing capacities do not know. The parents look upon all children as alike, and expect all to be turned out of the same brand. If the children are not turned out of the same brand the fault, of course, is the master's, and the master or mistress is thought to be very conceited or overbearing if he or she presumes to state the truth. Perhaps, therefore, it is best for me, who am not a master, to dare to speak the truth in all its nakedness. I am only one of the public, and can bear, without harm, any amount of chastisement for my temerity.

As a practical outcome of this part of my argument I should suggest to the public that the members of the scholastic profession should be duly encouraged to try and discriminate, in the case of all their scholars, what is the natural bent of the mind of each scholar ; and that, having found this out satisfactorily, they should be

further encouraged to train the scholar according to his bent of mind, in order to make him what he really can be as distinct from what he never can be made by any forced attempt at producing the impossible.

A second point in relation to mental health in education to which I would wish to draw attention relates to the constitution of the body, the stamina of the body—to use a good and expressive term—for work of mind. Just as children of quite different mental stamina are set to the same labours, and are expected to do the same kinds of labour with equal success, so in like manner children of different bodily stamina are expected to do the same labours, and to produce out of them the same results. No error can be more fatal. The class is under the eye of the teacher, in line before him. In one sweep of vision, if the class is a large one, he takes in all the diatheses, all the deep constitutional tints and taints of disease. If he swept his fingers over the keys of a pianoforte he could not detect a more definite series of regular changes.

There is the child with blue eye, light flaxen hair, fragile form, pale cheek, finely chiselled ear, delicate hand, quick apprehension, and nervous, almost scared, nature. That child can be taught almost anything and everything. It may be a very ambitious child, but it is easily put down, and it is always, on the least emotion, vibrating or palpitating. It is the type of the true tuberculous child. You will find of a certainty that some members of its family have died of tuberculous disease in one or other of its forms, most likely of pulmonary consumption. This child may be precocious to an extreme degree, may lap up learning like water, and become morbid in the acquirement of knowledge, but it is always vibrating and constitutionally feeble.

There is another, of the same general construction, but of much coarser mould, an obviously defective child, with nothing to fascinate: a head probably a little misshapen, the crown somewhat raised and pointed; the face pale; the eye blue or bluish-grey; the ear not well shaped; the hair stiff, so that it has to be cut short to look passable; the hands large and clumsy; the mind rather stolid, and not over-appreciative, but fairly steady at work; the manner subdued and obedient; the nature trusting, but somewhat selfish, and often fretful. This is the type of the strumous child. This child never can work with zest: it has no precocity: when it labours hard, it soon becomes as it were benumbed, and the firmest teacher bids it go out and run, or lets it sit down and sleep.

There is another type in the class equally distinctive. The head is large; the face large and probably ruddy; the lips large; the eye grey or light blue; the hair reddish-brown; the ear large, with a big lower lobe; the hands big; the body inclined to be plump, and the joints large and clumsy. The minds of this type are slow, but at the same time receptive: they are good-natured and heavy, but they bear disappointment badly, and punishment of all kinds *very* badly. Neither much work nor much play is in them. These are types of the rheumatical diathesis. You would find in them, as family physical taints, rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, as direct conditions of natural habit; and epilepsy, chorea Sancti Viti, heart-disease, and dropsy as the secondary or indirect manifestations of the primitive taint which they have inherited.

There is a fourth class, most distinct from all of the foregoing: a type of child in which the body is small; the head, by comparison, large; the eyes very dark; the complexion swarthy; the hair dark; the lips large; the nose large; the ear large, and the lower lobe pendulous; the body either very small and fragile, or of a size above the usual; the mind appreciative, absorbing, reticent, and self-retained, with a keen sense of its own individual interests, but with small sympathies, and with brooding imagination. This child is a type of the true bilious temperament. It has always in it some blood born of a tropical clime: it has great capacity for work of a mental order, and often for varied work of that kind. It is a type of child fairly healthy during childhood, but suffering often from dyspepsia, ague of the face, small eruptive swellings, and frequent depression of spirits, amounting sometimes to actual sadness. It has a very limited capacity for all muscular efforts involving the qualities of endurance and courage, but it is devoted usually to music, and is gifted with musical and artistic ability.

Lastly, amongst the really prominent types, there is the scholar of low mental capacity altogether, and by physical condition incapable of illustrating the active working mind. The children of this type are usually either of small or of very gross build of body. They are unduly pale and fragile; they have irregular or notched teeth; compressed features; very scanty and dry hair; often some bodily deformity, such as strabismus; diminutive heads; and a feeble, sluggish circulation. These constitute, mainly, the class of children whom I have described in my work "Diseases of Modern Life" as children in whom idleness is a veritable disease. You may do what you will with them, you cannot make them work; you may pet them, encourage them, punish them, they are the same. They grow up

listless and helpless, and as a rule die of some organic disease of a nervous character before they have reached the full meridian of life.

I have drawn out sharply five classes of types. In these there are various shades and qualities. In the first class there is now and then a specimen of great mental strength, and often of great physical beauty. In the second, there is often extreme vigour of mind, brightness, and tenacity. In the third class there are, as a rule, many specimens in which both mind and body are active and powerful. In the fourth the mental power is frequently excellent and strangely analytical in its character. Of the fifth I need say no more than has been said.

In large schools with the scholars of which I have come in contact it has occurred to me to observe all the distinctive types and shades of type here named, and a few times in science-teaching I have been able to compare and test in a fair way the mental by the side of the physical characteristic. Those who are teachers know these classes as well as I do, I dare say a great deal better, though they might not like to define them so minutely. I define them because I want to enforce this grand truth, that it is utterly hopeless for parents to expect the teachers of their children to produce great results while the system is enforced of teaching all these children on one uniform system, and while the teacher is debarred the privilege of forming a judgment of capacity in respect to the individual scholar. There can be no mental health in education while pupils of the last class I have named are put in order with those of the first and third. There can be no mental health in education while the brightest and quickest of the first class, the precocious of that class, are allowed to indulge their precocity for learning, and are trained into an ambition which almost of a certainty will, in a very few years, imperil both their mental and their physical organisation.

The practical lesson I would enforce is that the teacher and the parent of the child taught should have between them a better understanding in relation to mental and physical capacities. The quick precocious child of the first class may, under pressure, be taught anything, but the exertion of pressure is at the risk of future disease of the most fatal kind. The child of bilious temperament may be taught with difficulty, but the effort to teach it may be the most useful in rousing its physical powers into new and active life. The first can be killed through the brain, the second can be saved through it. While, in respect to the last-named class, the class of child in whom the brain-cement is so consolidated that there is no free cellular

activity, every attempt to overcome inertia may be the very means of increasing and intensifying inertia.

From the reflections which arise after the study of these different classes of children, I am next led, in thinking over the matter of mental health in education, to touch on the subject of limitation of work in youth. The more I see of school labour, the more certain I become that the strain commonly put upon the youthful mind is altogether opposed to health. It is a matter now of nearly daily task for me to have to suggest relaxation or removal of the young from school or student labour, on account of health. In these days no organs of the body are forced so much as the brain and the senses which minister to it.

There are two reasons for this cause of evil action.

The first reason is the utterly absurd general opinion that the period of education is to be limited by the periods of life, and that with the attainment of the majority the day of learning has ceased. If we could get over this transparent yet all but universal fallacy, we should do more to regenerate the world than by any other effort of an educational character. We could then make life a continual feast of learning. We could fill the vacancies between business and rest, vacancies which are now filled often by the most poisonous and injurious pursuits, called pleasures—pleasures which satiate by their repetition and ruin by their inanity; we could fill these vacancies with delights of new worlds of knowledge which, ever changing, were ever bringing new spirit and wholesome repose. We should do far more than this—grand as the prospect of cultivating an unwearied life may be—we should take off the strain from the young brain, when all the natural powers are required, not for the using up of the brain in the service of learning, but for the service of the brain itself, for its own growth and development and preservation.

My view is that the duties of the teacher and of the learner in relation to learning should never cease, but that the aim should be to discover in what periods of life such and such processes of learning are best cultivated, and to make life divisible into periods devoted to the attainment of certain phases and forms of knowledge. I take the case of one I know best. He, when a boy, had great powers of memory for words and discourses and poetry, but had then little power of memory for dates and details. When he was thirty that power of memory by committing to heart began to fail, but the power of memory for details improved in a surprising degree, so that he could without

an effort learn new sciences which before were to him closed books. Later on in life he found, in like manner of change, a facility for artistic learning and for the study of forms of which earlier in life he had no notion.

What is true in this one case is, I believe, true of men generally. The man I refer to has, in later life, simply found it easy to acquire that which was not by force forced upon him, and thereby forced out of him, in early life, so that in many ways he would actually like to pick up his satchel and go to school again. We want this finding extended generally. If we could take off the pressure of early mental training, so as to improve the mental health by education, we should in turn improve the method of education. We should do this in various ways. We should limit time so that boys under twelve would not be pressed with more than four hours of work, and girls with not more than three hours, daily. After this we should gradually apportion more and more of time for work, until the maximum of six hours for either sex was obtained.

In other ways we should conserve. We should not strive to teach by short cuts and clever devices until such short cuts and clever devices become more complicate and laborious than the subject itself which is taught by them. I give one example, and that only, of what I mean. There is a book recently published, called a Latin Grammar, in which the Latin language is tried to be taught—for I presume teaching is the aim of the composer—by rules which are, to my mind, much harder to learn than the language. To make these rules facile, they are illustrated by doggerel verses so atrociously bad that they make the flesh creep to listen to them. They would have knocked all the verse out of Shakespeare himself had he been tortured with them. The object, I am told, is "short cut." To enable many facts to be taught in a short time, it is requisite to artificialise the mind with foreign matters, in order to make it take in more: therefore so much brick rubbish is used on which to lay an unsound foundation for an edifice that is not intended to stand beyond the majority of its owner, but which is fully expected then to fall to the ground or to remain a useless ruin. So the minds of grown-up men are filled with the ruined edifices of learning, shapeless, empty, and valueless.

To the errors which are thus cultivated by the crush of education in early life, and which breed a dislike for education in after-life, there is added, in our modern systems, another error—that of making learning, which should be as quiet as a mill-stream, competitively furious. I confess I stand daily appalled at the injury to mental and physical life which I see being perpetrated in this way under the name of

learning. Thirty years ago matters were getting bad, now they are getting hopeless. At that time one sex, at all events, was safe from the insanity. Women were saved from competitive mental strain, so that the progenies that were to come and replenish the earth were born with promise of safety from mental degeneration, on the maternal side at least. Now, however, women are racing with men, in strife to find out who shall become mentally enfeebled and crippled first. The picture looks terrible indeed.

The picture is terrible, and for the future would be positively calamitous, but for one gleam of hope which, as I will show by-and-by, is cast over it. At this time we look fairly and honestly round to find a great many men still playing an active part in the affairs of this world, writing useful and amusing books, conducting great organs of public opinion, making discoveries in science of the most extraordinary kind, composing songs, and, in a word, keeping alight the intellectual fire. Who are these men? Read their lives, and you will find that they are, I had almost said without an exception, men who in their early career have been under no competitive pressure: free men, whose brains at the period of maturity are not filled with ruined edifices or whitened sepulchres holding dead men's bones. This, you will say, is satisfactory so far. It is. But then comes the solemn question:—Who are to follow these? We look at the past history of men, and see that heretofore the men have always come. We look at the present, and are obliged to say: Yes, but in the future where shall they come from? The dearth has commenced in earnest, even at this time. How shall it be removed?

In the upper and middle classes the dearth cannot but remain while the current method of encouraging mental death by competitive strife is the fashionable proceeding. War-cries in learning, as in every other effort, have but one end—desolation, desolation! I am going to say a bold saying—bold because it is based on natural fact. I can find numbers of men who, having been born with good natural parts, have been turned into practical imbeciles by severe competitive strain; but I challenge the production of even one man of pre-eminent and advanced power who has been brought out in complete and sustained and acknowledged mastery of intellect by the competitive plan. "Glamis has murdered sleep"—competition has murdered mind. There is one university which more than all others is the offender, the exemplar in this regard. It is not a teacher; it is a destroyer of teaching. I do not call in question its good intentions, but I oppose its pride and declare its blindness; and I want

you who are engaged in education to protest against the ruin of your good work which it and all who go with it are inflicting so determinately.

I said I would light up this subject with one gleam of hope for the future. I take that gleam from the Board schools ; it is kept in them, and I trust it will be always. If the Board schools will only maintain a moderate system of education ; if they will simply be content to lay the foundations for the development of such men as Shakespeare, Priestley, Fergusson, John Hunter, James Watt, Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, William Cobbett, Turner, Flaxman, Richard Cobden, Charles Dickens, George Stevenson, David Livingstone, and others of such sort, all of whom would almost surely have been mentally abolished by the competitive ordeal, they will do a work which will be more than national, a work world-wide and lasting as time.

Haply, too, in the success of their undertaking, the Board schools may, by force of results, bring back to reason the erring crew who would cram all learning into the human mind in the first quarter of its existence, and leave it stranded there. It is a sad look-out for the now governing classes, one million in twenty-four millions, if this lesson be not soon learned. For knowledge alone is power, and knowledge with wisdom combined is victory and governance.

In this suggestion for the future, no thought is conveyed of placing the Board schools in opposition to the higher-class schools and the Universities. The higher-class schools and the Universities of these islands have played, in the past, a part second to none elsewhere. They have had their princes of knowledge, their Newtons, their Halleys, their Hamiltons, their Harveys—their hundreds of great scholars, poets, philosophers—all that is mentally noble, as their own. My argument is, that these great ones were theirs when they were content to cultivate industry, to nurse genius, and even to fan into life what might at first seem feeble and unpromising mental effort ;—but that the like of these can no longer be theirs, if they continue to care less for true culture than for the apparent, and only apparent, results of culture ; and if, instead of sustaining the weak, they strive to become powerful by crushing and killing in their early life the strong as well as the weak by the like impatient pressure.

I had intended to touch on education as it should be modified according to seasons of the year, and on one or two other equally important topics ; but my time is up, and I therefore content myself with offering, as the essence of my discourse, the following propositions :—

1. To secure health through education, it is requisite that a more systematic and scientific study of the psychology of the subject should be undertaken, and that class studies should be divided in regard to the mental aptitudes of the scholar.

2. Parents should expect teachers to exercise a fair and discriminating judgment as to the particular capacities of children under their care, and should be influenced by such judgment in the direction of educational work. The teacher should become, in short, like a second parent to the scholar.

3. Much greater care should be taken in observing the influence of special physical peculiarities of body and heredities on educational progress, while the influence of education on such peculiarities and heredities should be carefully learned and determined. By this means two useful purposes would be secured: education would be made to conduce to physical health, and physical health to education.

4. All extreme competitive strains in learning should be discountenanced, as efforts calculated to defeat their own object, and to produce mental as well as physical degeneration.

5. In school-work, the Swiss system of teaching should be more closely followed: that is to say, very quick and precocious children should be directed rather than forced and encouraged, while dull and feeble children should receive the chief attention and care of the teacher.

6. Education should be so carried out as to make the whole of the life of men and women a continued process of learning, varied, at different ages, according to the changing capacities, faculties, and aptitudes for the different subjects included under the head of knowledge useful and universal.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

TAILS, LIMBS, AND LUNGS.

THE extreme respect occasionally paid by the scientific investigator to the merest rudiments of parts and structures in animals and plants, or to apparently insignificant phenomena in the physical universe around us, naturally presents a source of wonder and curiosity to the uninitiated mind. Circumstances which to the latter appear "trifles light as air" may in truth afford "proofs of confirmation" of the strongest character to the man of science. He has learned from the successes of the past, the wisdom of seeing a possible clue to some of the deepest of nature's problems in the veriest byways and in the most unlikely paths into which his researches may lead. The connection of one fact with another may not at first sight be apparent; and the isolated truth may remain, for years, a detached fragment of knowledge, possessing no evident relationship with the arranged facts constituting the main body of the science. But the patience of science must be equal to its hope; and the experience of the past has taught us many a lesson regarding the real value of facts which seemingly were of little import, as year by year they remained disconnected and solitary offshoots of the tree of knowledge. Thus one of the first precepts of scientific inquiry is that which inculcates the wisdom of gathering up the fragments which deep research often leaves behind after its "golden reaping" is past and over. For a second harvest of veritable treasures may not unfrequently reward the patient searcher in science-pastures, after the larger toil has apparently left no corner of the field of inquiry unexplored. The application of the foregoing commonplace is nowhere better exemplified than in many facts supporting evolution which have been elicited from quarters of the most unlikely nature, and from natural-history details which, in former years, might have been regarded as antagonistic to the first principles of the development theory. One of the most convincing circumstances of the general truth of evolution, indeed, consists in the amount of spontaneous support which has flowed towards this theory from all directions in biology: whilst, in turn, the theory of development has strengthened its own case by afford-

ing the only rational explanation of hitherto unexplained facts, and in no less degree by supplying the theoretical connection required to connect detached facts with the main body of scientific knowledge.

A popular excursion into the domain of comparative anatomy will present us with several apt illustrations of these remarks, and will serve to prove the truth of the assertion regarding the import to science at large of the veriest "odds and ends" in natural history trifles. Of such "ends," in one sense, the tails of fishes may be said to present us with examples of the most literal kind. The class of fishes unquestionably presents an interesting field of inquiry to zoology of the most popular nature. There might possibly exist, however, a shade of hesitation on the part of even enthusiastic students of fish-lore, in affirming the truth of the assertion that in the tails of fishes we may perchance find a study of more than usual interest. These structures are unquestionably elegant enough in their way, and, whether as constituting the propelling agents or the steering-gear of their possessors, claim a just share of zoological attention. But that on the caudal appendages of fishes we may presume to "hang a tale"

of the probable origin and evolution of the race at large is an expectation by no means warranted on a brief review and consideration of the apparently trivial nature of the subject. In the history of scientific speculation, however, "tails" have played more than one prominent part. On more than one occasion, a theory of tails has been gravely discussed and hotly debated; and it is indeed difficult to assign a reason why the appa-



FIG. 1. SPIDER MONKEY.

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rent insignificance of the subject should disguise and conceal its real importance. Possibly owing to the deterioration of the caudal region in the human subject, the importance of the "tail" in lower life acquires thus a tendency to become thoroughly overlooked. Were a



FIG. 1. SPIDER MONKEY.

Spider Monkey (Fig. 1), however, capable of forming and expressing an adequate opinion on the value of his tail, consisting, as it does, of no less than thirty-three joints, our estimate of tails in general might undergo



FIG. 2.
SIDE VIEW OF HUMAN SPINE.

a complete revolution. Such an appendage constitutes a veritable fifth hand to that agile denizen of the South American forests. Grasping the bough of a tree with its prehensile tip, he is enabled to swing himself hither and thither, with his four "hands" free and ready for action in any desired direction. And he might be inclined to regard his higher neighbours, in which the tail is reduced to a mere rudiment, as degenerate and reduced creatures when compared with himself and his terminal organisation—so much in thoughts and thinking, as we all know, depends upon one's special point of view.

It is, of course, a patent fact to anyone who will take the trouble to compare the backbone of man with that of a Spider Monkey, or indeed with the spine of well-nigh any other vertebrate animal, that the four small bones forming the end of the human spine, and collectively named the *coccyx* (Fig. 2), represent a rudimentary tail. These bones are seen to be degraded and deteriorated in structure when compared with the other joints of the spine (or vertebræ) with which they correspond. As any tail is merely the hinder extension of the vertebrate spine, so the *coccyx*, representing in its feeble way the terminal part of man's spine, is certainly a veritable appendage of the kind in question. Man is, however, not the only animal in which degradation of the tail exists, and is propagated by descent as a natural condition of animal existence. The Manx cat has a truly rudimentary tail in this latter aspect; certain higher monkeys possess the merest traces of this appendage; and tail-

less varieties of sheep are known, the latter being well exemplified by a Chinese breed in which, as Mr. Darwin, quoting from Pallas, tells us, the tail is reduced "to a little button, suffocated in a manner by fat." It should also be remembered that, in lower life, tails of considerable length may dwindle and disappear, leaving

their possessors as absolutely tailless as man. One has but to compare the young crab with the adult, or the fish-like tadpole with the frog, to witness a most typical case of the disappearance of a tail. And it is worth remembering that the frogs have the advantage of humanity in point of antiquity : since the advancement of the tailed tadpole race to become the tailless frogs of to-day must have taken place, according to geological evidence, long ages anterior to the advent of the "imperial race" of man.

But if so much may be proved and said regarding the rudimentary nature of "tails," it must also be borne in mind that the opposite case of a special development of the tail in man is by no means unknown. Occasionally in the human subject a short but free tail is found to be developed, this fact constituting at once a surgical abnormality and a physiological "reversion" to an ancient order of things. Let us consider for a moment what development teaches us concerning the exact place assumed by the end of the spine in higher animals. Primarily, we are struck by the close resemblance to each other presented by the embryos or young of vertebrate animals (fig. 3) in their earlier stages of development. Even Von

Baer himself, an authority in matters relating to embryology, said of this likeness that "the embryos of mammalia, of birds, lizards, and

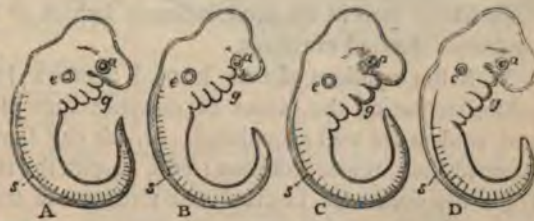


FIG. CALF. [FIG. 3.] RABBIT. MAN.

snakes, and probably also of chelonia (tortoises and turtles), are, in their earliest states, exceedingly like one another, both as a whole and in the mode of development of these parts ; so much so, in fact, that we can often distinguish the embryos only by their size. In my possession," he continues, "are two little embryos in spirit, whose names I have omitted to attach, and at present I am quite unable to say to what class they belong. They may be lizards, or small birds, or very young mammalia, so complete is the similarity in the mode of formation of the head and trunk in these animals. The extremities, however, are still absent in these embryos. But even if they had existed in the earliest stage of their development, we should learn nothing, for the feet of lizards and mammals, the wings and feet of birds, no less than the hands and feet of man, all arise from the same fundamental form." The close likeness between verte-

brates in their early stages of growth, so plainly described in Von Baer's words, extends to the caudal or tail-region amongst other parts and details of structure. It is not more surprising, in truth, to find that man in early life possesses an undeniable tail (Fig. 3, D) than to discover that he is provided at the same period with a series of clefts and arches in the side of his neck (fig. 3, G) corresponding to the gill-clefts and gill-arches¹ of fishes and other gill-possessing Vertebrates. Like his gill-clefts, man's caudal appendage gradually becomes abortive as development proceeds; but he retains the rudiment of his tail, whilst the gill-clefts entirely disappear. Nor is this all. When the coccyx of man (fig. 2) is examined in its ordinary and adult condition, it is found to be provided with the merest rudiments of muscles, one of which corresponds to a very large extensor muscle developed in the tail of many quadrupeds—just, indeed, as man possesses a representative rudiment of the muscle by which the dog and horse shake their coats, as well as thoroughly useless rudiments of the muscles which move the ears of his lower neighbours. Thus man's coccyx furnishes important evidence of his origin, and the isolated facts of human anatomy regarding the tip of the human spine fall naturally into the service of the theory of development which relates man in the most intimate fashion to lower but no less wondrously-formed creatures.

With the opinions of that learned Scottish Judge, Lord Monbodo, respecting the causes of disappearance of the human tail, most readers are well acquainted. In his day Lord Monbodo was esteemed the shrewdest of men; and, despite the fact that his theory of the disappearance of man's tail through the friction of pressure produced by the sitting posture has been a stock subject with those who can afford to treat such subjects in a flippant manner, one may be excused for suspecting that his Lordship certainly meant what he wrote. It is extremely interesting, therefore, to find that Mr. Darwin, strengthening himself by observation on the manner in which certain apes dispose of their rudimentary tails, comes to the conclusion that the theory of the tail's disappearance through friction "is not so ridiculous as it at first appears." A certain monkey, a species of Macaque, possesses a short tail composed of eleven joints, whilst its tip is very flexible and sinewy. In the sitting posture, this tail may prove a decided inconvenience to the animal. It is frequently bent under the body, and a peculiar curve exhibited by the tail leads to the belief that the tail had originally been bent round

¹ See article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1880, entitled "Animal Development, and what it Teaches," for an account of the gill-arches, etc.

by the will of the animal, and so disposed as to prevent being pressed into the ground. One result of this adaptation to the sitting posture is that the tail is rough and hard ; and as we know from positive evidence that the mutilations and injuries of the parent may be inherited by the offspring, it is conceivable that the short tails of many monkeys indicate the results of degeneration from the effects of gradual and inherited mutilation. This idea is strengthened in a very material fashion by the consideration that in other species of Macaques the tail has actually become thoroughly abortive. It is difficult or impossible to explain, save on the theory of gradual modification affecting species in different ways and at different rates, why one species of monkey should have a fairly developed tail, whilst in another and nearly related species the tail has well-nigh disappeared.

This dissertation on the tail as represented in human existence may preface the brief dissertation on the tails of fishes, the consideration of which in its own way

teaches us a lesson in evolution equally plain with that drawn from the confines of quadruped existence. The tails of fishes, as everyone knows, are set vertically (Fig. 4 *c*), so that the flat surfaces of the tail-fin correspond with the sides of the body. The



FIG. 4. PERCH.

fish in this respect differs materially from the whale (Fig. 5) or dolphin, in which the tail is placed horizontally, or across the body. When a review of the tails of fishes is attempted, two very distinct forms of this appendage are dis-



FIG. 5.
HORIZONTAL TAIL OF WHALE.

cerned. In most fishes, the tail may be described as symmetrical when unforked (Fig. 4), or as possessing its halves of

equal size when forked (Fig. 6). But in other fishes, and most notably in such fishes as the sturgeons, sharks, and dog-fishes, the upper half of the tail is seen to be disproportionately developed when



FIG. 6. FISH SHOWING AN EQUAL-LOBED TAIL.

compared with the lower half. In such a fish as the fox-shark (Fig. 7)



FIG. 7. THRESHER OR FOX-SHARK.

orthresher—both names, indeed, being derived from the peculiarity in question—the upper lobe of the tail appears relatively enormous when compared with the lower half. Such are the external appearances of fishes' tails, and from their aspect when casually regarded we might seem fully justified in saying that but two kinds of tails were developed in the fish-class: namely, equal and unequal tails. We must, however, inquire as to the verdict which comparative anatomy, with its deeper research into the structure and composition of parts, has to pronounce on the likenesses or differences which the superficial view discovers. The result of such an inquiry shows us that the tail of a fish, in Othello's words, may be said to

Beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise :

since we shall find that the tail of equal shape and conformation is certainly not what it seems, and that, moreover, it possesses a singular relationship to its unequal neighbour. When the bony framework consisting of the end of the spine, which supports the tail, is duly examined in certain fishes, such as the *Polypterus* of African rivers, the spine is seen to terminate in such a fashion that the rays of the tail-fin are divided into two equal portions. In this case, the tail is both apparently and really symmetrical. But such a state of matters



FIG. 8.

is comparatively rare. The salmon, as everyone knows, has to all intents and appearances a tail which is perfectly symmetrical and equal. Yet when we inspect the skeleton of the salmon's tail (Fig. 8), we find a very obvious want of symmetry. The extremity of the tail is bent upwards, as depicted in the illustration, so as to give a greater preponderance of spine (*s, s*) to the upper half, and the symmetry of the tail is preserved simply through the lower fin rays being more numerous and longer than the upper ones. In those fishes (Fig. 7), on the other hand, in which the tail is of unequal conformation, even in external appearance, the upper half attains its greater development from the spine extending boldly upwards, and from the inferior and rudimentary develop-

ment of the rays and elements of the lower half of the tail. Thus summing up the knowledge regarding fishes' tails which comparative anatomy supplies, we find that only a few fishes possess really symmetrical tails—that is, tails in which the spine terminates in the middle line, and in which the fin-rays are given off in symmetrical array. And we also discover that in most fishes with apparently equal tails, the spine is really unsymmetrical (Fig. 8), and projects into the upper half—a condition of affairs more visibly exemplified in certain fishes of which the sharks (Fig. 7) and dog-fishes are the best-known examples.

The inferences and conclusions regarding the general development of the fish-class which may be deducible from the brief consideration of the structure of the tail in these animals will be apparent if we venture to trace the development of the tail, and to take a wide survey of the succession of the fishes in time, as represented in the records of the rocks. It is perfectly clear, to begin with, that the tails of all fishes are modelled upon one and the same type. In so far as the prevalence of one modification of a type over another may be said to indicate the primary form of the type, we may hold that the fish tail begins as a straight appendage, to which must be assigned the place of honour, as probably the most primitive and least modified form of the fish tail, whilst to this straight condition succeeds the unequal variety. And the story

told by development very plainly endorses this statement. All fish tails, whatever their ultimate and adult form, exhibit the unequal type as their first well-defined condition. The equal appearance of the tail of the vast majority of fishes is thus proved beyond doubt to be a modern innovation, so to speak, in the matter of fish history. If we appeal to the researches of Alexander Agassiz on this point, we may learn much that is instructive and edifying on this curious question. In the development of the flounder, for instance, the soft rod, named the *notochord*, which at first does duty for the spine, is seen to possess a straight extremity (Fig. 9, A s); and the embryonic or first-formed tail-fin is simply rounded in shape. Very soon the tail end of the notochord

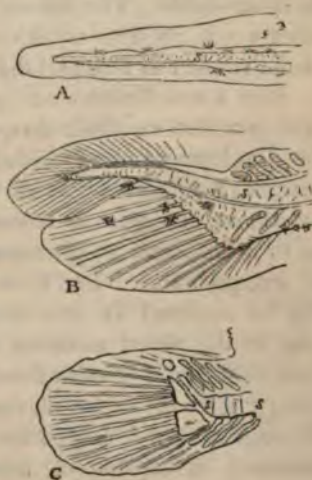


FIG. 9.
DEVELOPMENT OF THE TAIL IN FISHES.

becomes bent upwards, and carries up with it in its progress the primitive tail-fin. At this stage (Fig. 9B) the permanent tail-fin becomes marked out and defined from the primitive fin, and in due course, and even before the spine itself has become developed, the young flounder possesses an unequal tail. The permanent tail-fin appears almost like a second anal fin (Fig. 9B)—the anal being the fin (Fig. 4A) situated in the middle line of the fish below. As the spine develops, it is formed behind around the bent-up end of the notochord (Fig. 9C); and as development is completed, the perfect and still unequal tail-fin appears under a symmetrical guise, from its encroaching upon and ultimately replacing the primitive fin. It is a noteworthy fact that certain of the stages exhibited by the tail of the flounder and of other fishes during development present the closest possible likeness to the permanent condition of the tail in some of those fishes in which the tail is markedly unequal in form.

After such revelations from the laboratory of the zoologist, we may be prepared to discuss the validity of the conclusions to which the evolutionist is led—namely, that the unequal tail-fin is the primitive form of that appendage, and that this tail, in its turn, was preceded by a straight or rounded termination to the body, represented by the first stage of development in the flounder (Fig. 9) and in other fishes. The history of the individual fish and its tail, in other words, presents us with a short recapitulation of the evolution of the whole fish race and the tails thereof.

Such a speculation seems perfectly consistent with the facts of the case, provided we admit that, as the scientific world is well agreed, the development of an animal presents us with a panorama of its descent. Regarded otherwise, the ever-varying and often inexplicable succession of stages in animal development simply appear before us as a collection of phenomena without any conceivable meaning or interpretation. But it in the record of fish-development it may be accepted as true—firstly, that the unequal-lobed tails belong to the oldest members of the class; and, secondly, that the great bulk of our modern fishes with even tails are to be regarded as being “foremost in the files of time,” and relatively new-comers on the stage of life—it may be further asked if any counter-proof to these assertions is capable of being produced? Fortunately, in the science of fossils we possess a means for verifying and substantiating our conclusions. Suppose that we hark backwards in time and try to discover the exact succession and order in which the fishes have appeared, as indicated by their fossil history. Let us inquire, for instance, regarding the nature of the oldest fishes, and trace the

piscine race downwards to existing times, as completely as the scattered pages of nature's records will admit. If we discover that the *succession of fish-tails in time* corresponds with the *order of their development to-day*, we may then be certain that the history of the individual repeats the history of its race.

Of the very lowest fishes, it must firstly be remarked, we possess no traces or record in a fossil state. These democrats of the fish-class are represented by the existing lancelet (Fig. 10), a tiny fish about an inch and a half long, with a soft and perfectly transparent body; and by the lampreys (Fig. 11) and hag-fishes—the latter found boring their way into the bodies of cod and other fishes by means of a single large tooth borne in the palate. The Lancelet, Lampreys, and Hag-fishes possess no hard parts which could have been preserved in a fossil condition. Yet, from all considerations regarding



FIG. 10. LANCELET.

their lowness of structure, we are forced to conclude that these fishes possess an immense antiquity, and probably represent the primitive founders of the entire fish-class.



FIG. 11. LAMPREY AND ITS BREATHING APPARATUS

The first rocks in which the fossil remains of fishes occur are the Upper Silurian strata. These first traces at once of fish and vertebrate life consist of the fin spines, &c., of fishes evidently allied to our existing sharks—fishes, which possess, as we have seen, the primitive type of the unequal tail. Throughout the succeeding ages of the Palæozoic period—a period including in its later epochs the Old Red Sandstone, Coal, and Permian formations—the type of fish-tail remains practically unaltered, and presents us with the unequal form. Nowhere is the unequal tail more typically seen than in the famous fishes of the old red sandstone (Fig. 12), which, clad in a stout shield-like armour of “ganoid” scales, like our living bony pike (*Lepidosteus*) and sturgeon, must have presented well-nigh impregnable fronts to their adversaries. As Owen remarks, “The preponderance of heterocercal (unequal-tailed) fishes in the

seas of the geological epochs of our planet is very remarkable; the prolongation of the superior lobe (or upper half) characterises every fossil fish of the strata anterior to and including the magnesian limestone (Permian rocks); the homocercal (even-tailed) fishes first appear above that formation, and gradually predominate until, as in the present period, the heterocercal (unequal-tailed) bony fishes are almost limited to a single Ganoid genus (*Lepidosteus*.)”



FIG. 12. PTERICHTHYS, A FOSSIL FISH
(OLD RED SANDSTONE).

Not until we pass far into the Mesozoic rocks, and arrive at the Chalk, do we meet with fossil representatives of the familiar fishes (such as our herring, salmon, cod, &c.) which swarm in the seas of to-day, and which, as we have seen, possess apparently equal tail-fins. After the beginning of the Mesozoic period, we discover that the Ganoid and other unequal-tailed fishes begin to decline in numbers, many groups becoming wholly extinct, whilst only a comparatively few

representatives of these early fishes remain in our seas of to-day to represent, like “the last of the Mohicans,” their plentiful development in the oceans of the past.

The geological evidence, then, reads very strongly in favour of the evolutionist's views concerning the great antiquity of the unequal-tailed fishes. We may see, theoretically, the first beginnings of the fish-tail paralleled by the first stage of the modern flounder (Fig. 9A) and by the permanent condition of the living lancelet; presenting us with a symmetrical end to the body, but with no very characteristic or definite tail. Next in order in point of time come the Ganoid fishes (Fig. 12) and the representatives of the sharks (Fig. 7), skates, and rays, with tails of the truly unequal conformation, the spine bending upwards into the upper half of the tail—an era in the development of the fish group represented by the second stage of the flounder (Fig. 9B), when the extremity of the back-bone is seen to undergo a similar alteration in growth. Ultimately we attain in the Chalk to the modern order of things, and find therein the first appearances of fish-tails of the modern and equal type—a conformation which, as we have seen, really retains, under the guise of an outward symmetry, the evidence (Figs. 8 and 9C) of its connection with the unequal tail of long ago. Thus perfectly does the geological evidence harmonise with that of development, in showing us how

modification and evolution have represented the laws of fish-production. It is only needful, by way of close to such a history, to remark that the laws of evolution and of the production of fishes through descent and modification follow, in their uncompromising application alike to higher and lower life, the boasted impartiality of the legal codes of man. The laws of life, like those of matter, indeed, are absolutely inflexible throughout; and the story of a fish-tail and its development finds the closest parallel in that chronicle through which evolution traces the production and growth of the entire scheme of nature.

From the nature and development of the tails of fishes and of other animals we may pass, by an easy transition, to the subject of limbs and their modifications. In this latter study we may perchance discover facts and inferences of no less interest than those evolved in our investigation into the history of fishes' tails. The limbs of animals appear before us as out-jutting portions or special out-growths of the trunk or body proper. That there are limbs and limbs is a very evident fact to anyone who considers the wide variations which exist between the similarly-named parts in an insect or centipede, a fish, a bird, a whale, a dog, and a man. And even within the limited compass of our own frames, there would appear at first sight to be an essential difference betwixt the arm and leg, and an equally great distinction between the fore-limbs, or "wings," of a bird or bat, and the hind-limbs of these animals. A fish, too, might popularly be supposed to want limbs; but, as the sequel will show, most fishes possess very distinct representatives of the bodily appendages seen in higher animals, and associated with the movements of the frame. Leaving the limbs of invertebrate animals out of sight for the nonce, we may find that, despite the apparent dissimilarity of form and functions, the limbs of vertebrates present an identity of structure which is literally amazing. A very slight examination of the limbs of a horse would convince us that, roughly regarded, the parts or segments of the fore-limb correspond to those of the hind-limb. There usually exists a degree of correspondence between fore- and hind-limbs which is easily observed, but which, on the other hand, in such animals as bats and birds appears less easy of detection. But, laying aside external appearances as thoroughly unreliable, let us appeal once again to comparative anatomy, and inquire, firstly, into the likenesses and differences between limbs; and, secondly, into the nature and manner of origin of these important appendages.

In the arm of man (Fig. 13, A), we find an upper arm bone (*a*), two bones in the fore-arm (*b* and *c*), eight bones in the wrist (*d*), five

in the palm (*e*) of the hand, and three in each of the fingers (*f*), save the thumb, which is composed of but two bones. Thus it would seem that in the arm of man there are some three chief segments, namely, upper arm, fore-arm, and hand; and in the lower

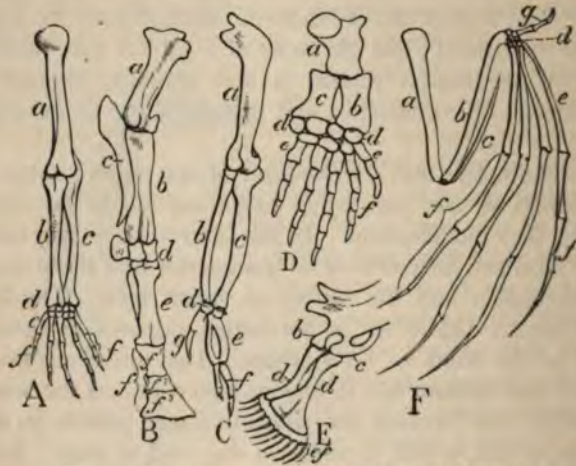


FIG. 13. FORE-LIMBS OF VARIOUS VERTEBRATE ANIMALS.

limb the same elementary divisions, corresponding to thigh, leg, and foot, may be discerned. Man has five fingers, which, reckoning from the thumb side, we may number one, two, three, four, and five respectively: the great toe being similarly the first digit of the foot. In the wing or arm of the bat (F), a type of structure exactly similar to that seen in man's arm is readily perceived. The upper arm (*a*), fore-arm (*b, c*), (with one of its bones (*c*) somewhat degraded in size), the wrist (*d*), the palm (*e*), and the fingers (*f*), are fully represented in the bat; but the four fingers are greatly elongated to support the fold of skin forming the flying-membrane, and the thumb (*g*) is of small size. No doubt can exist, therefore, that the arm or fore-limb of man is exactly similar to that in structure, or, in other words, is "homologous" with the arm or fore-limb of the bat. In the paddle of the whale (D), shortened and modified as that limb may be, we perceive a type of structure exactly corresponding with that of man and the bat—the upper arm (*a*), fore-arm (*b, c*), wrist (*d*), palm (*e*), and fingers (*f*), being readily seen when the skeleton of the paddle is even cursorily examined. Of the wing of the bird (C), despite the modification of its wrist and fingers, the same opinion in favour of exact agreement with the human, bat, and whale type must be expressed. Upper-arm (*a*), and fore-arm (*b*), are duly represented in

the wing; and although but two wrist bones (*d*), two united (second and third) fingers (*e, f*), and a rudimentary thumb (*g*) exist, there can be but one opinion as to the agreement of bird and man in respect of the identity of their fore-limbs. In the horse (B), whilst the limb itself, down to and including the wrist (*d*), exactly resembles in all essential details the limbs already considered, we find the fingers reduced to one—the third. Rudiments of the second and fourth fingers, however, also exist, and prove to us the essential similarity of the one-fingered hand of the horse with the five-fingered hands of its higher and lower neighbours.

If we investigated the limbs of reptiles and those of the frogs

(Fig. 14) and their kind, we should detect a like agreement in fundamental structure with the limbs of man and his nearest allies—the upper arm (*h*), fore-arm (*r*), wrist (*wr*), palm (*mc*), and fingers being duly represented. The fishes, as the lowest members of the vertebrate group, would, however, present us with grave difficulties in the way of reconciling the structure of their limbs with that of higher animals. Fishes (Fig. 4) possess two sets of fins. These consist of the first set, or *paired* fins—the “pectorals” or “breast” fins (*p*) and “ventrals” (*v*); and the second set, forming the *unpaired* fins placed in the middle line of the body, that is, on the back (*d¹ d²*) and on the belly (*a*) of the fish, whilst the tail-fin (*c*) also belongs to the unpaired series. It is evident that the “paired” fins must represent the limbs of other vertebrates, such limbs being invariably developed in pairs.

The breast fins (Fig. 4, *p*) of the fish are in reality its arms, whilst the ventral fins (*v*) represent its lower or hinder limbs. Comparative anatomists are not agreed as to the exact or detailed correspondence of fish-limbs with those of other vertebrates, but that such a correspondence exists no one may doubt, since, were any other proof wanting, the naturalist might point to the fact that the

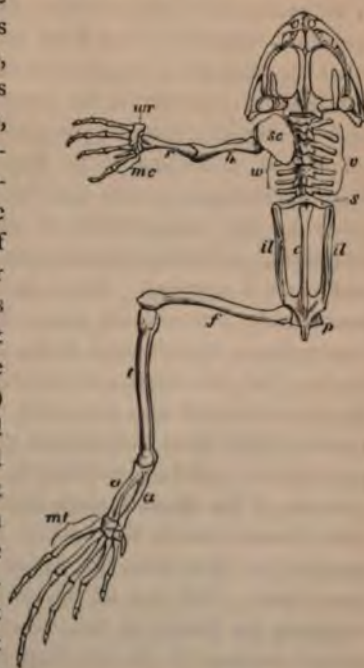


FIG. 14. SKELETON OF FROG.

representatives of the limb-girdles (shoulder-bones and haunch-bones) of higher animals are developed in fishes for the support of their paired fins. We thus discover the important fact that the limbs of vertebrate animals are modelled on a common plan, and the task of discovering how such identity may be explained forms a legitimate subject of further inquiry.

A primary remark, of some importance in investigations like the present, would insist on our recognizing that a series of deep-seated likenesses in internal structure, such as that presented to our notice in the limbs, is much more likely to be truly accounted for by some natural law of development than by any mere chance production, or by any spontaneous resemblance existing apart from natural affinity. If we assume for a moment the position of a holder of the "special creation" theory, we may form some idea of the difficulties which beset the reasonable imagination in accounting for likenesses of such well-marked character as the limbs of vertebrates exhibit. In each case we should require to postulate a new and special creative act which had, according to no known or conceivable law, modelled these appendages on one and the same type—a system of creation given to the preservation of useless rudiments of once useful structures,¹ instead of simply giving to each animal the exact organs and parts it requires. True, such a method of creation may be conceivable, but nothing more, if we reflect once again upon the extraordinary likeness and on the evident common relationship of the limbs. But this creative theory entirely loses caste and status when placed in contrast with the more reasonable theory of descent. By means of this latter explanation we account for limb-likeness on the principle of natural inheritance, and on the relationship, through descent, of the animals which bear the related limbs. We thus see in limb-likeness merely the natural result of descent from a common ancestor or ancestors, in which the fundamental limb-type was developed. The law of likeness, whereby the offspring tend to resemble the parent, in fact demands common limb-likeness as the natural heritage of all vertebrate animals, and presents the theory of descent as the only natural solution of the query, "Why are limbs modelled on one and the same type?"

As Darwin himself remarks, "What can be more curious than that the hand of a man formed for grasping, that of a mole for digging, the leg of the horse, the paddle of the porpoise, and the wing of the bat should all be constructed on the same pattern, and should

¹ See article on "Clues and Traces in Natural History," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1879.

include similar bones in the same relative positions ! How curious it is, to give a subordinate though striking instance, that the hind feet of the kangaroo (Fig. 15, A), which are so well fitted for bounding over the open plains—those of the climbing leaf-eating koala, equally well fitted for grasping the branches of trees—those of the ground-dwelling insect- or root-eating bandicoots—and those of some other Australian marsupials (Fig. 15, B C) should all be constructed on the same extraordinary type, namely, with the bones of the second and third digits extremely slender and enveloped within the same skin,

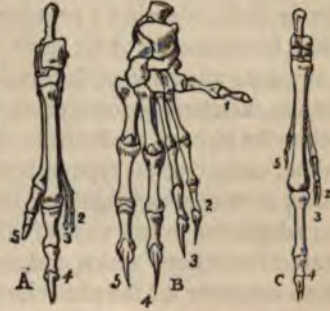


FIG. 15. FEET OF MARSUPIALS

so that they appear like a single toe furnished with two claws. Notwithstanding this similarity of pattern, it is obvious that the hind feet of these several animals are used for as widely different purposes as it is possible to conceive. The case is rendered all the more striking by the American opossums, which follow nearly the same habits of life as some of their Australian relatives, having feet constructed on the ordinary plan. Professor Flower, from whom these statements are taken, remarks in conclusion: 'We may call this conformity to type, without getting much nearer to an explanation of the phenomenon;' and he then adds, 'but is it not powerfully suggestive of true relationship, of inheritance from a common ancestor?' To say that things were simply created so after a creative plan may be a confession of faith; it is in no sense a scientific explanation with which the mind may grapple so as to arrive at its true significance.

But the theory of descent goes still further. It also supplies an answer to the obvious question which awaits the naturalist, "How are the variations seen in the limbs of vertebrates to be accounted for?" Admit that the varied limbs of vertebrates are but so many modifications of a common type, and that as such they were derived from their ancestors, to what process do they owe their subsequent modification to the varied wants and ways of life of their predecessors? The agreement in fundamental structure, as we have seen, is the result of inheritance; to what law of life do we owe the variations in function the limbs exhibit? The answer to this query lies in a single word—*adaptation*—that is, the modification of the primitive type of limb for the special circumstances of each animal's life. The

essential principle and strength of Darwinism consists in its ability to show, firstly, that alteration and modification of an animal's structure take place according to its requirements, and as determined by the surroundings of its life; and secondly, that such variations as are favourable or profitable will be preserved. Such modifications as would fit a limb for swimming or for flight might take place without any violent or sweeping alteration of the limb-type as a whole. We know as a fact that the skeletons of some domesticated and artificially bred animals, such as the pigeons, are liable to alteration and modification of structure without change of the type of bony framework; and so with the limbs, which, as mere appendages, are infinitely more susceptible of alteration and adaptation to new ways of life. Thus is illustrated the principle of "natural selection," which constitutes the key-note of Darwinism, and which contends for the preservation of those variations and alterations in structure favourable to the preservation of the animal and its race; such favourable variations giving it an advantage in the "struggle for existence." This principle satisfactorily enough accounts for the modification of limbs to suit the varying habits of life which from time to time were assumed by vertebrate animals, as the new races and groups sprang into existence by the modification of the older and more primitive stocks. And the presence of the varied scheme of the vertebrate life of to-day—the active bird, the crawling serpent, the lithe fish, the fleet steed, the aerial bat, and even the erect ruler of the universe himself—in this view, appears but as a testimony to the operation of a great law of nature, which decrees that the newer and stronger shall possess the earth, whilst the weak and primitive are at the same time prevented, and perhaps wisely, from cumbering the ground.

The subject of the origin of limbs, however, still awaits our brief study. At various periods in the history of comparative anatomy, the original nature of limbs has formed a subject regarding which very diverse opinions have been expressed. Owen long ago regarded limbs as corresponding to processes or appendages of ribs; MacIise represented them a little later as modified ribs; and other authorities have propounded theories in which the limbs are regarded as corresponding to outgrowths from a peculiarly modified gill arch, the latter structure forming the supporting "girdle" of the limbs—or, in the case of the fore-limb, the "shoulder." Recent researches into the development of the fins of fishes—to which we naturally turn for the most primitive form of limb extant—appear to lead to the declaration that there is no real difference in nature to be perceived between the "paired" and "unpaired" fins. The paired fins of the dogfishes and sharks are known to arise as special developments of

a single long and continuous fold existing in each side of the young fish ; and the unpaired fins arise from folds of like nature. Thus, if the history of the individual may again be held to explain the evolution of the race, then we may conceive of the first limbs having been developed as a pair of long and unbroken side-fins, which ultimately became detached or broken up to form the paired fins as we see these organs in the fishes of to-day. When the simplest types of limbs in fishes are examined, as for example in the *Ceratodus* or "Barramunda" of Australian rivers (Fig. 16)—the native "salmon"

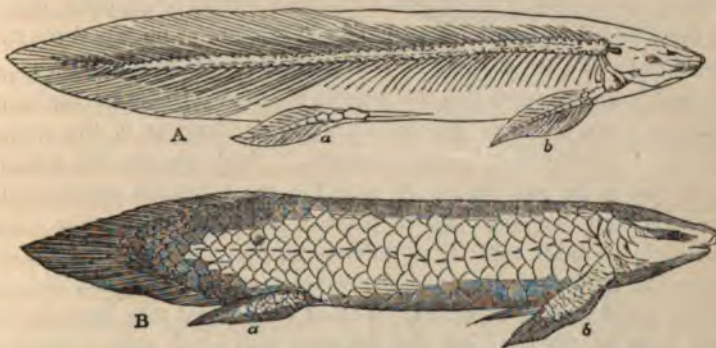


FIG. 16.

of the colonists—the primitive nature of such fins appears to accord well with the idea of their origin and formation as above described. In *Ceratodus* the skeleton of the limbs (Fig. 16, *a*, *b*, and Fig. 17) appears as a simple many-jointed rod of gristle (Fig. 17, *a*), to the sides of which the equally simple fin-rays are attached. And it is equally interesting to find that the lowest and presumably the oldest and most primitive fishes—the lancelet



FIG. 17.

(Fig. 10) and the lamprey (Fig. 11) tribe—are absolutely destitute of paired fins or limbs. These latter fishes may thus be regarded as presenting us with a representation of the early stages in piscine existence, before the limbs became specialised, and when the unpaired and median fins alone represented the organs of motion. That both pairs of limbs were probably developed from one and the same structure is rendered more than probable when we discover that in some fishes the pectoral and ventral fins exactly resemble each

other—such a likeness being well seen in the somewhat remarkable fish, allied to the sharks, &c., and known as the *Chimera*, or “King of the Herrings.” The development and growth of the paired fins or limbs became localised, and thus brought about the separation of the limbs and their distinction from the continuous side-folds which gave them birth ; whilst the growth of the unpaired fins, on the other hand, continued throughout the entire length of the fold, and resulted in the production of the back, tail, and anal fins as we find them to-day. Amidst much speculation and not a few theoretical considerations regarding the nature of the limb-girdles or supports, which it must be left to future research to substantiate or nullify, there still remains to us a large share of true and exact philosophy in what is definitely known regarding the genesis of limbs. In such a study we discern a new phase of the ever-recurring watchwords of the evolutionist, “modification” and “descent.” And we are led also to note that in the past history of even the most familiar structures of animals may be contained a veritable romance of science. For certainly no more startling or unlikely supposition than that of the common nature of the arm, the wing, the fin, the paddle, and the limb, could well be broached. Yet, as the context may have shown, the facts of life bear out the romance with which even a technical but interesting study may be shown to be invested ; and the truths of comparative anatomy are thus shown to be stranger indeed than the creative fictions of former years.

If the tails of fishes may be literally deemed “ends” in the most literal sense, there yet remain one or two cases of “odd” structures in fishes and in other animals, the investigation of which may serve to strengthen those conclusions respecting the validity of the development theory at which we have already arrived. One of the most peculiar structures found in fishes is the “air-bladder,” “swimming-bladder,” or “sound,” as it is variously called. From the walls of the swimming-bladder of the sturgeons the well-known “isinglass” is prepared. The air-bladder exhibits exceedingly diverse forms in the class of fishes, and in truth presents the upholders of the “special creation” theory with one of the most unsatisfactory of subjects in respect of the eccentricity of its nature and distribution in the fish-class. Thus, no traces of an air-bladder are discernible in the lowest fishes—the lancelets and lampreys before alluded to. It is well represented in our common fishes, but certain of the latter—as, for example, the flounders and other flat-fishes—want it altogether, whilst the sharks, rays, and dog-fishes possess the merest rudiment of this organ. The special-creation theory affords

no explanation of the anomaly of one fish possessing an air-bladder, whilst in certain of its near neighbours this structure is entirely absent. But the difficulty of the one theory of creation is, as we shall presently see, the triumph of the other. Even amongst ordinary fishes, the air-bladder varies very much in form. In the cod and perch, for instance, the air-bladder is simply a closed sac or bag filled with gas. In the carp (Fig. 18), on the other hand, this organ (B, c) communicates with the throat (E) by means of a duct or tube (D); and in this fish, as well as in the roach, the air-bladder lies in curious relation to the internal ear,



FIG. 18. AIR-BLADDER OF CARP.

and probably serves some important function, such as that of increasing the resonance of sound. In the herring the air-bladder appears to be placed in communication with the stomach; and in other fishes (*Corvina*, Fig. 19, *c*, and *Johnius*, Fig. 19, *b*) this structure is of complicated form, and is divided into a large number of ramifications and processes. In all ordinary fishes the air-bladder has one settled function—it acts as a hydrostatic apparatus. By compressing or expanding this structure with its included gas, the fish is enabled to preserve a due relation between its own specific gravity and that of the water, and is thus enabled to rise or sink at will.



FIG. 19. AIR-BLADDERS OF FISHES.

But the story of the swim-bladder ends not thus. The mere knowledge of its functions and use in no wise aids us towards the understanding of what it is or of its origin. Yet we may trace this organ, from its form and nature in our common fishes, to the ancient Ganoid group of fishes now sparsely represented in our seas by the sturgeons, by the bony pikes of North American lakes, by the Polypteri of the Nile and other African rivers, and by the still more curious *Lepidosirens* or mud-fishes (Fig. 20) of the Gambia and Amazon, and the *Ceratodus* or "Barra-



FIG. 20. LEPIDOSIREN OR MUD-FISH.

munda" (Fig. 16) of Australian fresh waters. In the Ganoid fishes, the air-bladder presents us with varying forms. In all, it communicates with the throat or stomach by a tube or duct, as in the familiar carp. It may be single or paired in the Ganoid group, and we must note a more special feature of the swim-bladder of these fishes in that it frequently presents a cellular or divided structure internally. In the Polypteri of African rivers, the swimming-bladder (Fig. 19*a*) is thus not only double, but divided internally into cells or small compartments; whilst it all opens into the throat by a distinct aperture (*o*). In the bony pike (*Lepidosteus*) it is quite as complicated in structure. But in the mud-fishes or *Lepidosirens* (Fig. 20) which spend half the year amidst dry mud, and the other half in their native waters, the air-bladder obtains its highest development. Here it is not merely double, cellular internally, and communicates with the throat by means of a tube or duct, but it is provided at the extremity of the tube with an organ resembling the structure which guards the windpipe of higher animals. The nostrils, which in other fishes are simply closed pockets, open backwards in *Lepidosiren* into the throat, and thus place the air-bladder in communication with the atmosphere without. More noteworthy still, we find that part of the impure blood circulating through the body of the mud-fish is sent to this curious air-bladder, and circulates through its bloodvessels. From the air-bladder it is returned in a pure condition to the heart, fitted for re-circulation through the body. What is the meaning of this curious alteration in the function and use of the air-bladder? The answer is plain. The air-bladder in the mud-fish has attained its highest development. It appears as an organ receiving impure blood which is purified in its cells. It receives air from the outer atmosphere for the purpose of purifying this blood. In one word, *the air-bladder of the fish has become a lung.*

Thus we discover that the air-bladder of the fish in reality represents the lungs of higher animals; and evolution would proceed still further, and ask us to recognise in the air-bladder the structures from which the lungs have been developed in the past—and a full consideration of the details just presented strengthens this latter opinion. We noted that in the most primitive fishes no swimming-bladder was represented. Its development therefore took place at a stage subsequent to the appearance of the ancestors of our existing lancelets and lampreys. Gradually, as the piscine type advanced, the air-bladder appeared. The forerunners of the sharks and their allies, which are as ancient as the Ganoids, may have possessed an air-bladder, since we find rudiments of this organ in these latter

fishes. But in free-swimming and surface-living fishes like the sharks and dogfishes, or groundlings like the skates and rays, the necessity for a hydrostatic apparatus is obviated, as it is in the flat fishes which spend their lives on the sand. To the Ganoids we must look, on the contrary, for the true history of the air-bladders. Equally ancient with the sharks and their allies, the Ganoids, from their habits and ways of life, became provided with an air-bladder, which, as time passed, became still better specialized through the effects of use aided by "natural selection" as the propagating principles of a structure useful and advantageous to the race. As offshoots from a more ancient type of fishes, the first representatives of our common fishes probably developed an air-bladder, which once again, owing to variations in habit, has become well developed in some (such as the carps, herrings, perch, and the like), but obliterated in others (such as the flounders and their neighbours), most probably from disuse. The Ganoid race has declined in numbers since the days of Devonian oceans, but its living members represent beautifully within their select circle the stages in the modification of the swim-bladder. In the sturgeons the type of the organs is of primitive kind; in the Polypteri (Fig. 19 *a*) the air-bladder has become double; but in the bony pike it is not merely double, but exhibits a cellular or lung-like structure internally; and it is equally lung-like in *Amia*, another well-known type of Ganoid fishes. Still more lung-like does the organ become in the *Ceratodus* or Barramunda (Fig. 16), where it is placed in relation with the blood-system. When, however, we reach the mud-fishes or *Lepidosirens* (Fig. 20), we pass the definite boundary which separates the swim-bladder from the lung, and discover an organ, not merely lung-like in structure, but which performs all the functions of a lung in purifying venous blood, and in returning such purified blood to the heart.

The lungs of the mud-fishes, formed thus by the gradual modification of an air-bladder, present us with the true origin of the breathing-organs of higher vertebrates. It is interesting to note that in the climbing perches and ophiocephali—both characteristic Indian fishes—we find examples of fishes which appear actually to breathe air directly from the atmosphere, in addition to the air respired from the water of their gills. These fishes possess large cavities in the throat, air being admitted to these receptacles by the mouth. Impure blood circulating in the bloodvessels of these cavities is purified by oxygen of the inhaled air, and the essential functions of a lung are thus discharged by the receptacles in question. Experiments on these fishes reveal the interesting fact

that, unless they are occasionally permitted to gain free access to the atmosphere for the purpose of inhaling air, they die suffocated. The climbing perch, indeed, is known to make overland journeys, ambling along on its spiny fins in search of water, and presents thus a striking exception to the truth of the universally accepted apophthegm regarding the discomfort of "a fish out of water." We thus discover that the process of modification in the fish-class in the direction of air-breathing habits may be illustrated in other ways than by development of the swimming-bladder; although it must be borne in mind that the latter organ is the true representative and ancestor—as illustrated by lepidosiren—of the lungs.

The lungs of true air-breathers, as seen in members of the frog-class, may indeed (as in the *Proteus* and its neighbours) be actually inferior in structure to those of the mud-fishes. And when we consider that, like the mud-fishes, the frogs and their neighbours breathe invariably by gills in early life (Fig. 21), in their tadpole-stage, and



FIG 21. DEVELOPMENT OF FROG.

afterwards, as represented by the frogs, discard their gills for lungs, we may discern in such a series of changes in breathing-apparatus the further stages through which the progenitors of the higher vertebrata passed from the fish-like type and assumed that of the higher atmospheric breathers. For, as has been remarked by authority in matters biological, "the tadpole is at first a fish, and then a tailed amphibian, provided with both gills and lungs, before it becomes a frog, because the frog was the last term in a series of modifications whereby some ancient fish became a urodele (or tailed) amphibian; and the urodele amphibian became an anurous (or tail-less) frog. In fact, the development of the embryo is a recapitula-

tion of the ancestral history of the species." Darwin, too, remarks, that "morphology plainly tells us that our lungs consist of a modified swim-bladder which once served as a float;" and again: "according to this view, it may be inferred that all vertebrate animals with true lungs are descended by ordinary generation from an ancient and unknown prototype, which was furnished with a floating-apparatus or swim-bladder."

The discussion of biological odds and ends has thus brought us face to face with the great problem of nature, which admits of a fair and rational solution only on the hypothesis that change, alteration, and modification in living beings perpetuated by descent, and favoured or annulled by the action of "natural selection," constitute the factors which are responsible for the existing order of things. The most abstruse phenomena of nature and the most diverse facts are brought by this theory into definite relationship, and made to serve as pathways towards the knowledge of still hidden laws. Under the old *régime*, in which the operation of a special creative force, alike erratic in its action and spasmodic in its work, was made to do duty as the originative method of this world and its belongings, the universe itself was simply a connection of paradoxes and insoluble enigmas. The naturalist of bygone days had need for a full cultivation of unreasoning faith in this unknown creative method; since of its apparent vagaries he was unable to give any rational account. Now, with the theory of evolution at hand, the disconnected facts fall into an harmonious and unbroken sequence of fingerposts and guides, pointing the way of creation as having passed through the pathways of descent, with modification as its henchman, and adaptation to new ways of life as its "guide, counsellor, and friend." Before, creation was an undeterminable scheme, and its Author an erratic moulder and fashioner of living and non-living alike. Now, creation by law takes the place of the former idea, and the grandeur of the creative work, as demonstrated by evolution, is only paralleled by the newer and higher conceptions which that theory instils, of the wisdom and power marking the ways of Infinite Mind.

ANDREW WILSON.

*NORMAN AND SAXON BLOOD
ROYAL.*

THE associated doctrines of development and heredity are more important in their relation to the human race than as they affect other races of animals or the various orders of vegetable life. Unfortunately, they cannot be so easily tested among men as among plants and the inferior animals. There have been some cases in which men have been treated in some respects like animals under domestication, as, for instance, in certain slave-breeding districts. But even in such cases the influence of the affections, though restrained, was not destroyed; and the process of selection which slave-breeders would have liked to carry out systematically was considerably interrupted. Besides, slave-breeders were unable to hasten the growth of individual specimens of their art, so that in the lifetime of a single slave-breeder not more than two or three generations of slaves could be dealt with; and in two or three generations selection can produce no very marked results. Nor, again, can the effects of natural selection be noted in the case of the more civilised races of man; seeing that multitudes of relations, other than those which are involved in ordinary natural selection, come into active operation among communities of men. To mention one point only—the inheritance of property. Under the older law—

the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,

—the choice of a wealthy wife or husband, as the case might be, would always involve, more or less directly, the influence of the forces which are active in natural selection. The brave and the strong would be the chief owners of wealth, and would preserve their wealth for their children, male or female, who would probably inherit also their personal qualities. But in civilised communities, where a definite law of succession is established, property will often pass to persons very deficient in the personal qualities which would favour success in a struggle for existence. In fact, it may frequently happen

that a contest between two opposing causes of change may come into operation. The possession of property usually implies that somewhere along the line of descent to the wealthy person there has been energy and skill, while along a considerable portion of the line there has probably been care and prudence. But to be born to wealth removes those reasons for the exercise of energy, skill, and prudence which influence persons not so favoured by fortune. Thus there may arise in the course of several generations a tendency to idle and careless habits ; and it may be exceedingly difficult in later generations to distinguish between the effects of these qualities in the nearer ancestry and opposite qualities in the remoter ancestry. In like manner, other relations of civilised life render the task of tracing the phenomena of heredity difficult and perplexing.

Apart, also, from such causes of difficulty, we seldom have the means of ascertaining what is the actual ancestry of particular persons. Even in the case of distinguished men, we can seldom learn anything about the ancestry preceding the grandparents. For before the great man appears (unless he belongs to a titled family) no one cares specially to note the marriages and intermarriages of the family ; and when he has come it is too late to obtain trustworthy records.

In the case of titled families we have some means of tracing the ancestry, though usually only along the main line of descent. But we have few means, except in one or two special cases, of ascertaining what may have been the personal qualities of the various ancestors of any man whose own qualities seem likely to throw light on the laws of heredity. Besides, it is doubtful how far it would be within our right to discuss a man's ancestry or his personal qualities in such a way. And even if it were permissible to do so, it would be in questionable taste. If it were not impertinent, it would be servile.

In the case of royal families, however, we not only have better materials for such an inquiry, but we have the right to make it. Nay, I am not sure that an occasional inquiry of the sort is not a duty we owe to ourselves. For reasons into which I need not here enter, many races of men have found it convenient to put themselves under the power of a single ruler, or else have been unable to save themselves from being thus brought under the control of such a ruler. Commonly, therefore, the first beginning of kingship in any nation has resulted from the possession of superior qualities, bodily or mental, by some man who has thus either perforce caused the rest to submit to him, or has been elected to "go out before his people, and fight their battles." But, in the long run, the succession

of kings over a nation has usually come to depend on blood relationship. Thus it has come to involve a sort of contract, though often matters may be so situated that the people reigned over by any family may have small power to determine whether the contract shall remain in force or not. The king or chief succeeds by virtue, not of his personal qualities, but of his relationship to his predecessor. His actual power is usually somewhat less than that exerted by the earliest kings of the dynasty ; but, on the other hand, he has not the same occasion to exert his personal qualities, either on his people's behalf or in order that he may retain them under him.

Clearly a relationship of this sort, whether the ruler's power be greater or less, yields so much, at any rate, to the ruler, that the people have a right to examine—or, rather, the people can examine without offence against good taste—into the qualities of their kings, whether in the past or at the present time. It would be an impertinence to note that Lord A. or Earl B. has such and such personal qualities (other than those affecting the discharge of the duties of any office he may hold), or to note the personal qualities of various members of his family. And it is, indeed, equally an impertinence to comment on personal qualities in the king, if such comments are suggested merely by the interest which persons of small minds take in those who are placed in conspicuous positions. But it is quite otherwise with an inquiry into the personal qualities of our kings suggested by the consideration that the well-being of the nation is affected by those qualities. An inquiry of this sort is perfectly legitimate and may often be most useful. It is in no way connected with mere curiosity, and is, indeed, more likely to be pursued by persons who care nothing whatever about the royal family in any other way, than by the feeble-minded folk who take interest in the Court Circular. For my own part, I may frankly confess that, except in this way, the royal family is less interesting to me than the family of my next neighbour, in whose concerns, nevertheless, I only take interest in so far as they affect myself. It is a matter of moment to me, as to every Englishman, to know what are the probabilities that the sovereign's influence will be used in this way or in that upon cabinet ministers, and therefore to know what are the leading features of the sovereign's disposition, what his chief tastes, proclivities, and so forth. For experience shows—and we have recently had very marked illustration of the fact—that ministers may be often very much influenced by the sovereign's views, and that thus the welfare of the nation may be importantly affected by his influence. Were it not for this, I apprehend that every man of sense would consider an inquiry

into the personal qualities of the sovereign a waste of time, while every gentleman would feel that such an inquiry was altogether in bad taste. But, as matters actually are, not only the mental, but even the physical characteristics of the king or queen are of interest. For history has shown, time and again, that not only a fit of temper, but an attack of illness, may affect the property and even the lives of men living under a monarchy not less limited than that of our own country.

Fortunately, as the relation of monarchs to their people gives these the right to inquire into the personal qualities of the former and of their progenitors, so also the circumstances of monarchical government are such as to enable us to examine the development of various qualities in royal families, to trace the growth and progress or the gradual decay of certain peculiarities of disposition and temper. In fact, we are enabled in this case, and fortunately we have the right, to study the laws of heredity in the human race. It is true the class of persons to whom our study is restricted is likely to differ in many respects from the average: their manner of life is abnormal, the arrangements regulating their marriages are exceptional, and in other respects the circumstances of the inquiry differ from those which the student of science would select if the matter rested with him. Yet, on the whole, we may expect useful evidence from such an inquiry, both in its scientific and in its historical or utilitarian aspect.

I select for the present inquiry the royal family of England, as the one about which we can obtain the readiest and the fullest information. I propose to consider this family at present chiefly with reference to the title by which it claims to be first in England: in other words, to trace the earlier lines of descent from Rollo the Ganger to William the Norman, and from Cerdic the Saxon to Edgar the Atheling. Hereafter I may consider the royal family with special reference to the blood actually (or presumably) predominant in the race.

It does not seem to be commonly known that, strictly speaking, the Queen has a better right in blood to the position she occupies, as being descended from James I. (of England), than as being descended from William I. Of course long-continued possession gave to the house of Plantagenet, and to its Lancastrian, Yorkist, and Tudor representatives, a more effective claim to the English throne than the kings of Scotland possessed. But in strict right the kings of Scotland were far better entitled to the throne of England than any of the house of Plantagenet; for they were the actual heirs of Egbert, the first Saxon king who held widely extended sway in England otherwise than by the consent of other chiefs. There had been Bretwaldas, or Rulers over Britain, before him, but only by the

agreement of other chiefs to regard one as supreme. Egbert, not by right of birth, but by force of will, exercised such a rule independently of the consent of the other Saxon chiefs.

However, it will be more convenient to consider the descent of the present royal family from William the Conqueror first, as that is the line along which the descent is usually traced; the right of James I. being regarded as derived through the daughter of Henry VII., not from Egbert.

William I. should in strictness be regarded as founder of the Norman line in England, as he had no legal right, according to our present views, even to the dukedom of Normandy. He was not only illegitimate, but there were legitimate representatives of Rollo, the founder of the Norman family in France. But it is essential for my present purpose that the line from Rollo to William should be considered, for it affords even better evidence of the character of the Norman ancestors of the royal family than the line from William onwards. After William's time we recognise a gradual change of character, resulting no doubt from the well-marked characteristics of the various families with which the Norman kings of England intermarried.

We carry back our survey, then, to Rollo, probably the most active and enterprising of all the pirate chiefs of the centuries following the breaking up of the Roman Empire. Undoubtedly his character may be traced far downwards along the line of descent, though continued, early in English history, through a woman.

Rollo the Ganger, as he was called because of his activity, (variously named Raoul, Rolf, Rou, Harval, and even Robert), must have been a man of singular energy of character, and also of great administrative skill. He ravaged the north and south of France, the Low Countries, and England, between the years 876 and 911. In the last-named year he even led a large army to the siege of Paris; and though he seems to have been foiled in this enterprise, yet he succeeded in obtaining from Charles the Simple the cession of the province of Normandy and the hand of Giselle, Charles's daughter, in marriage. In proof of his administrative energy, we have the fact that in a few years he introduced the feudal system into his duchy more thoroughly than others had established it elsewhere in a much longer time and under much more favourable conditions. He made his people give up their predatory habits so completely, that it is said a bracelet suspended from an oak in a forest near the Seine was left untouched for three years. The story may not be true, but it shows what opinion was formed of him. That he was rough and brutal may

be conceded without necessarily implying that he was inferior to other men of his own time and in a similar position. His behaviour when called on to render homage to Charles as sovereign of his duchy showed that he did not allow the principles of the feudal system to influence his own conduct. Theoretically, the same ready compliance with feudal forms which he required from his own followers, he should have shown to the king from whom he accepted the fief of Normandy. But he refused to go through the required forms in his own person, and it was doubtless in compliance with his own wishes that the soldier who performed the acts of homage, handled Charles's foot, which he ought to have kissed, so roughly as to pull that simple king out of his chair: an achievement which elicited shouts of laughter from the Normans standing around. It has commonly been said that Rollo was as weak in matters of religion as he was stout in war and stern in kingship. But as the duchy of Normandy and the alliance with the royal family of France were the reward of his submission to the Church, it seems likely that policy had as much to do with his action in this matter as either superstition or religious feeling.

On the whole, Rollo was an ancestor of whom the Norman line had no reason to be ashamed. He was a pirate, but he lived in an age when predatory exploits were regarded with admiration. He was harsh and cruel, but tenderness and humanity were not held in great esteem in his time; and a man must be judged in part by the age in which he lived. In these times, a man of Rollo's tastes and habits would only escape the gallows by being hanged at the yard-arm or shot through the head. But in the year 900 he was regarded as a worthy and able prince.

His son, William Longsword, added to the power of the Norman dynasty, and extended the dominions acquired by his father. His character showed some taint of treachery; for in the civil dissensions of France he forsook his party for that of the rival of Louis IV., Otho the Great of Germany; and eventually he forsook Otho for Louis. He would have abdicated and entered a monastic order, but shortly before the time appointed for this he was assassinated.

Here the legitimate line was interrupted, and the first instance afforded of what the Normans came later to regard as a sort of law—viz. that in every three generations (at the utmost) some great change would affect the reigning family. William left only one son, a boy of ten and a bastard. But the Normans recognised the lad as the successor of William. We see here that action of what doubtless, in the first instance, gave birth to the feeling of loyalty

or devotion to a particular family. The Normans perceived that under the able administration of Rollo and William their nation had achieved success. They were thus led to believe that this good fortune was associated in some way with the blood of their reigning family, and would desert the nation if chiefs not of that blood were raised to the supreme power. Despite the feeling which would naturally have led other chiefs to try to seize the ducal throne, they thought it safer and better for them to keep the succession in the line of Rollo's descendants, even though illegitimate. There was an unconscious recognition here of the principle of heredity: a true recognition, because the observed fact on which their action was based depends on the inheritance by the children of the personal qualities of their progenitors; but an unconscious recognition, because a fanciful and incorrect explanation was given to the observed facts.

Richard, the Fearless, as he was called, was an abler prince than William Longsword, and took a higher position among the nobles of France. It was chiefly to his energy and influence that Hugues Capet owed his success in usurping the French throne on the death of Louis V.

The son of Richard Sanspeur was Richard II., surnamed The Good. It is not easy to ascertain the grounds on which this honourable title was based. One of the most remarkable events in the good king's reign suggests the propriety of a quite different epithet. The peasantry of Normandy, long held in degrading subjection, endeavoured in this reign to lighten the burden of their yoke. At one of their secret assemblies, attended by two deputies from each county of the duchy, an interruption occurred. Richard le Bon despatched a band of soldiers, who seized the deputies and, having cut off their hands and feet, sent them home as a warning to the peasantry.

Richard III., who succeeded the Good Richard, showed the courage and energy of his race. He obliged his brother Robert to submit to him, but soon after died—by poison, many thought.

Robert succeeded. He rejoiced in two epithets, both according well with the characteristics of the family. He was called The Magnificent, because of his exploits and the splendour of his court; while, in virtue of his ferocity and licentiousness, he was called *Robert le Diable*. William, second of Normandy and first of England, was his bastard son.

Of William's mother, Herleva or Arlotta, little is known. Indeed, the men of the Norman line transmitted their qualities so strikingly to their sons that it would have aided us little to have considered the qualities of the wives or concubines, as the case may be, whom

they honoured with their affections. Up to William's time we have seen a succession of energetic and skilful, though fierce and brutal rulers, each of whom took up the work begun by his predecessor and continued it in the same fashion, and with but slightly varying success. The results obtained by this long-continued succession of able and energetic princes are well worth noting. The Normans had become in less than two centuries the foremost race in Europe. Without losing the fierce valour which had distinguished the followers of Rollo, they had acquired skill in warlike exercises and a mastery of the art of war such as their ancestors had never possessed. They were as distinguished for skill in negotiation as for courage in the field. There was scarcely a part of Europe where they had not made their energies felt, while in the East they had been the most successful of the first Crusaders. They were still coarse and brutal, according to our modern conceptions, but they were regarded by their contemporaries as not less chivalrous than courageous. Compared with Saxon nobles, the nobles of Normandy were graceful in manners and polished in habits of life. One of their historians boasts that every Norman gentleman was a born orator.

To the Norman race the princely qualities of their rulers had been advantageous. It was otherwise to the people of England after the Norman conquest. The military skill of William the Conqueror enabled him to bring the English people into subjection under him; the courage and energy of his successors during four generations enabled them to retain the supremacy which he had acquired. It was when a weak prince inherited the throne that the English people began to breathe again the breath of freedom—though, even then, they owed the change to Norman nobles.

In the first generation after William the First, we find Robert, William the Second, and Henry I. Robert was probably the weakest of the descendants of Rollo up to that, the sixth generation. We are not here concerned with his fortunes, however, except as they illustrate the development of personal qualities in the race of the Norman kings. Another Rollo or Richard Sanspeur would not have been content with a portion of his father's kingdom. But Robert, the eldest of William's sons, lost even the duchy of Normandy, and eventually died in a dungeon, the prisoner of Henry I. of England, his youngest brother.

Of William II. and Henry I. I say nothing here, as they are sufficiently familiar historical characters, as also are the remaining kings and their kinsfolk who belong to the line of descent from Rollo the Ganger to the present occupant of the throne.

The fact that the royal family of England descends directly from the Saxon kings of England seems less generally known than it should be, when we consider that, according to the "right divine" theory, the claim to the British crown is much stronger on this ground than as based on descent from William I. The queen is not, indeed, actually the nearest in blood to Egbert and Alfred of all persons at present living, for she is not the nearest in blood to James I. ; but she is the nearest after those members of the family whose claims were set aside by the Act of Settlement.

In the same way that William I. may be regarded as first of the Norman line, though we found it well to carry back the line to Rollo the Danish pirate, so Egbert, surnamed the Great, may be regarded as first of the Saxon line, while yet we shall find it well to trace the descent (as far as we can) from Cerdic the Saxon pirate. I say "as far as we can," because the line of descent from Cerdic to Egbert is not so well made out as that from Rollo to William the Conqueror.

Of Cerdic (pronounced Kerdic) we know little. That he was brave and enterprising we can safely infer from what little is known of him. Hengist had established himself in Kent in 473. In 477 Ælla had landed in Sussex, and by the year 491 had succeeded in founding the kingdom of Suth Seaxe, or Sussex. Five years later Cerdic appeared in the Channel with five long ships, or *chiules*. Sailing past the shores of Kent and Sussex he landed at Cerdicsore, supposed to be Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. (Higden simply says Yarmouth, but it is hardly necessary to say that Cerdic did not land at Great Yarmouth.) Cerdic was stoutly resisted by Natanleod, king of the region including Somersetshire and Hampshire, and was unable to obtain possession of this region for many years. He received important co-operation from other chiefs, who arrived from Saxony with bands of fighting-men. In 508 Natanleod defeated Cerdic in battle, but, pursuing him unguardedly, was attacked by Cynric, Cerdic's son, and slain, with 5,000 of his warriors. Six years later, Stufra and Whitgar, Cerdic's nephews, arrived with three long ships at Cerdicsore (which surely must have been on the mainland, whatever Higden may say to the contrary) ; and at last, in 519, a great victory, won at Charford on the Avon, enabled Cerdic to establish the kingdom of West Seaxe, or Wessex. Here Cerdic reigned till 534, when he died and was succeeded by Cynric.

We can form a clearer opinion of the family of which Cerdic was the chief from the behaviour of others than from the meagre account we have of his own doings. Brave his race certainly was, but as

certainly it was savage and brutal. His nephews, Stuffa and Whitgar, to whom he assigned the sovereignty of the Isle of Wight, established their supremacy there by the simple expedient of killing every Briton in the island.

It may be worth mentioning, in passing, that the last of the victories of King Arthur, the victory of Mount Badon, is supposed to have been gained over either Cerdic or Cynric. But the evidence is very doubtful.

Of Cynric we know even less than we know of Cerdic. He does not seem to have been possessed of greater skill and energy than other Saxon chiefs of his time, for had this been the case he would probably have attained the title of Bretwalda, or Chief of Britain. *Ælla*, the first Bretwalda, died in 518, and neither Cerdic nor Cynric held the title; but *Ceawlin*, Cynric's son, who succeeded to the throne of Wessex in 560, was recognised as Bretwalda from 568 to 589. He seems to have possessed considerable energy, but to have been ferocious and brutal. In the later years of his reign his own subjects rose against him and, assisted by the Angles and the Britons, fought a great battle against him at Woodensbury in Wiltshire. He was defeated and driven from the throne.

Here we lose the line of descent to *Egbert*. The successor of *Ceawlin* was his nephew, *Ceolric*, who was succeeded by his brother, *Ceolwulf*. The kingdom was next divided between *Cynegils* and *Cuichelm*. *Cynegils*, who survived *Cuichelm* seven years, was succeeded by his son *Coinwalch*, who died without children. *Cadwalla*, a descendant of the house of *Cerdic*, next (after a struggle of some duration) secured the supreme power. He was succeeded by *Ina*, who traced his descent from *Ceawlin* the Bretwalda. *Ina* reigned thirty-seven years. *Æthelherd* and his brother *Cuthrød*, also descended from *Ceawlin*, next reigned, then *Sigebrycht*, *Cynewulf*, and *Brihtric*. Lastly, *Egbert*, descended from *Inigils* the brother of *Ina*, and thus from *Cerdic*, through *Ceawlin*, succeeded to the throne of Wessex, in 800, the year of *Brihtric*'s death.

Although we have no means of tracing the exact line of *Egbert*'s descent from *Cerdic*, and thus can form no clear opinion of the qualities which he might be supposed to inherit, yet we know that he was the only remaining prince of the house of *Cerdic*, and may infer from the conduct of the various members of this family, whether closely or distantly related to *Egbert*, the general qualities of the house to which he belonged. The picture is not a pleasant one. The only good qualities shown by the family seem to have been those of a military kind. Murder, rapine, treachery, and brutality were poorly

compensated by fierce and stubborn courage in the field, or by stern energy in maintaining discipline among scarcely subordinate chiefs.

With Egbert, son of Alcmund or Ethelmund, commonly called Egbert the Great, the history of England may be said to have begun. He claimed the crown of Wessex in 784, but Brihtric succeeded in driving him from England. For thirteen years, viz. from 787 to 800, he fought under Charlemagne, obtaining a knowledge of military affairs, and also of the art of government, such as none of the Saxon chiefs had hitherto possessed. In 800, on the death of Brihtric, a unanimous vote of the Witenagemot placed Egbert on the throne of Wessex. He seems to have devoted the first nine years of his reign to the consolidation of his power and the improvement of his people; but from the year 809 he pursued a career of conquest. By the year 813 he had reduced the Britons in Devonshire and Cornwall to submission. At this time the Saxon Heptarchy had become a Triarchy, the only independent states being Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria. Egbert does not seem to have intended to extend his dominion over either of the two latter kingdoms. At any rate, the contest between Wessex and Mercia seems to have been provoked by the Mercians, though, according to another account, the East Angles induced Egbert to make war on Mercia. In the contest which ensued, in 823, Beornwulf of Mercia was severely defeated, and Egbert seized Kent and Essex, which had become dependencies of Mercia. Four years later, when Mercia had been still further weakened by contests with East Anglia (Norfolk and Suffolk), Egbert reduced both Mercia and East Anglia, thus extending his kingdom to Wales on the west, and on the north to Northumbria, the southern limits of which were nearly the same as those of our present Lancashire and Yorkshire. In 828 the Northumbrians acknowledged Egbert for their lord. He then directed his arms against North Wales, which he overran, occupying even the Isle of Anglesea. He was now master of the greater part of England. He was appointed Bretwalda, and, though he does not appear to have been formally crowned king of England, he may fairly be regarded as founder of the British monarchy. He reigned till 836; and though he underwent some severe reverses from the Danes in the latter part of his reign, yet at the battle of Hengstone Hill, in 835, he inflicted a bloody and decisive defeat upon the invaders, bringing thus to a fortunate end a long and successful reign. So far as kingly virtues (which are somewhat of the nature of glorious vices) are concerned, Egbert was an ancestor of whom the present royal family of Great Britain may fairly be proud.

His son Ethelwulf, although described by Malmesbury as a prince

of small abilities, seems, from the accounts of annalists more nearly contemporaneous, to have possessed courage and energy. He had to contend against very serious difficulties, for the Northmen now made incessant attacks upon England. These were opposed with considerable success, and between 841 and 851 the Danes seem to have been disheartened by the vigorous resistance of the Saxons. In 851 they made a concerted series of attacks, which were so successfully met that that year was long after known as "the fortunate year."

We need not specially consider here the character of the three elder of the legitimate sons of Ethelwulf, as they left no children. Still, the quality of the race is to some degree indicated by the different characters of these sons.

Ethelbald, the eldest, was of insatiable ambition and impetuous passions. During his father's absence from England he endeavoured to seize the throne, but, on Ethelwulf's return would have been obliged to submit, had not Ethelwulf arranged a division of the kingdom. On the death of Ethelwulf, Ethelbald married his step-mother Judith; but overawed by the remonstrances of Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, he consented to separate from her. This lady is directly connected with our subject, by the way; for, having returned to the court of her father, Charles of France, she presently eloped with Baldwin, his chief forester, whom she subsequently married, and from this alliance descended Matilda of Flanders, wife of William I., and great-grandmother of the first of the Plantagenet kings.

Ethelbert, like Ethelbald, was credited by the early chroniclers with great martial virtues; but we know of little that either achieved in war. Northumbria was in these reigns again an independent kingdom. The Northumbrian prince Ælla brought the whole nation into danger by his cruelty to Ragmar Lodbrog, the Danish sea-king. Having defeated Ragmar and taken him prisoner, he caused him to be devoured by snakes. Two of Ragmar's sons, Ubbo and Inguar, invaded England in the reign of Ethelred, the third of Ethelwulf's sons, slew Osbert in battle, captured Ælla and killed him with torture, and gradually extended their invasions southwards. Ethelred showed great unreadiness and carelessness in the earlier stages of the invasion, but eventually faced the Danes with sufficient resolution. He was unsuccessful, however, sustaining a severe defeat in the battle of Morten, where he was mortally wounded.

Alfred, the youngest and best loved of Ethelwulf's sons, succeeded to the throne of Wessex and the suzerainty (to use a word of later date) of England on March 23, 871. The history of his reign is too well known to need to be repeated here. Although probably the good

qualities of this king have been considerably exaggerated, there can be no doubt that he was an able monarch, and, for his time, a virtuous man. Ambition, which in his brother Ethelbald was mere greed of power, showed itself in Alfred in nobler guise. From his boyhood upwards he was emulous of praise. He seems to have been a "maternal son," or, in simple phrase, to have "taken after" his mother, Osburga, daughter of Oslac. That this was so is rendered probable by Ethelwulf's special love for him; for it is commonly seen that a father prefers those of his children who least resemble himself. But we may recognise also in the special tastes of Alfred, and in what little we know of Osburga, a resemblance between mother and son in disposition. Osburga was not of noble birth, though her father, Oslac, who was Ethelwulf's butler, claimed descent from renowned Gothic progenitors, and was raised by Ethelwulf to the rank of earl. Alfred's administrative ability, as well as his courage and energy, are shown by the complete success which he attained over the Danes in less than ten years. For they were strongly established in England when he came to the throne, and their numbers and means were increasing during the whole period of Alfred's reign, as was clearly shown by the success of their invasions elsewhere. Against Alfred must be recorded, first, the circumstance that until his thirtieth year he was immoral and despotic. He himself attributed the disasters which befell him in the eighth year of his reign to these faults. He does not seem to have duly regarded the claims of his cousin Ethelwald, son of Ethelred, to power. According to our present system of succession Ethelwald should have been king, but the Witenagemot had the right to make selection among the nearest of kin to Egbert. On the death of Alfred, Ethelwald opposed Edward, Alfred's son, but was killed in battle.

Edward showed greater military skill than his father, and obtained more durable success over the Danes. But in other respects he was far inferior to Alfred. His eldest son, Athelstan, was the first who ever bore the title King of England, for Ethelwulf and his three elder sons had been content to be called Kings of Wessex, while Alfred and Edward claimed no higher title than Kings of the Anglo-Saxons. Athelstan called himself King of the English, and sometimes King of All Britain. He was, on the whole, the best of the Saxon monarchs; in fact, if the accounts of contemporary historians can be trusted, he possessed in high degree not only all kingly virtues, but many of the qualities which specially adorn private life. His mother was of humble birth, the daughter of a Saxon husbandman. He was of doubtful legitimacy, and no son of his succeeded him.

Edmund I., son of Edward by his third wife Edgiva, reigned only

from 941 to 946. He was called the Magnificent, and was a brave, energetic, and, on the whole, successful monarch.

Edmund's son Edgar reigned after Edred, Edmund's brother, and Edwy, Edmund's eldest son. He was called the Peaceful, no war occurring during the sixteen years of his reign. But he was no coward, though small in stature. When Kenneth, king of the Scots, ridiculed his spare figure, saying it was a disgrace to the stalwart Saxon chiefs to be commanded by a dwarf, Edgar challenged him to single combat. If the chroniclers spoke truly of him, he was among the worthiest of England's kings. "There was no fleet so proud," say they, "there was no host so strong, as to seek food in England while this noble king ruled the kingdom. He reared up God's honour, he loved God's law, he preserved the people's peace—the best of all the kings that were before in the memory of man. And God was his helper; and kings and earls bowed to him, and they obeyed his will; and without battle he ruled all as he willed." Yet most certainly he was not faultless as a man. The story of his marriage with Elfrida, after murdering Ethelwold, is probably untrue, though of the wickedness and ambition of Elfrida herself there can be no doubt. But the story of his conduct to Wulfrith, a young Saxon lady, who tried to escape him under the guise of a nun, and who bore him a daughter—Editha, afterwards Abbess of Wilton—is well authenticated. He submitted to seven years' penance for this offence.

Edgar's eldest son, Edward II., was killed by his stepmother Elfrida that her son Ethelred might inherit the throne. Ethelred was but ten years of age when Edward was murdered. He wept when he heard of his brother's death, for which his mother, Elfrida, punished him severely, deeming his tears a reproach to herself. A few years later this ancestress of the present royal family retired to a convent, where she bewailed her sins so conspicuously that many doubted the reality of her repentance. Ethelred, surnamed the Unready, was fond of pleasure, idle, and careless of his subjects' interests. His reign, which lasted thirty-eight years, was one of the most unfortunate in the annals of this country. The Danes completely overran England, and London only remained uncaptured.

The reign of Ethelred's son, Edmund Ironside, only lasted seven months. It was a mere struggle for existence. He fought five battles, and at one time it seemed as though by his courage and energy he would have retrieved the fortunes of England. But in the fatal battle of Assington almost the whole of the West Saxon nobility fell, and Edmund was compelled to yield. He only survived his submission one month. It should be mentioned that his legitimacy

was doubtful—the only flaw, so far as I know, in the Saxon line of descent from Egbert to Victoria.

From 1017 to 1042, Danish kings ruled over England. But in the last-named year, Edward was king, son of Ethelred the Unready, the elder of the two born to him by his second wife, Emma, daughter of Richard I. of Normandy. He was the half-brother of Hardacanute, the last of the Danish kings of England, son of Canute and Emma. We are not particularly concerned with Edward's character, as none descended from him ever reigned in England. Still, his relationship to the ancestors of the present royal family, and the circumstance that his character seems to have been derived more directly from his Saxon than from his Norman parentage, renders it desirable briefly to note his qualities. He seems to have been a kind-hearted but feeble man, superstitious and simple. He was the first of our kings who touched for scrofula, but whether he was persuaded thereto by the ignorance of others or by his own conceit does not clearly appear. A century after his death Pope Alexander III. canonised him as Edward the Confessor, a circumstance which some will interpret in his favour and others differently.

Edward, son of Edmund, should have succeeded Hardacanute. But he was in exile, in Hungary, at the time of Hardacanute's death. Edward the Outlaw died before Edward the Confessor, in 1065. The last surviving male of the race of Cerdic was now Edgar the Atheling. But he was considered unworthy to succeed to the throne. He was made Earl of Oxford; and, as everyone knows, Harold the Unfortunate, son of Godwin, and in no way related by blood to the Saxon royal family, became king of England.

Edgar, though always described as of mean abilities, seems yet to have shown considerable energy in Scotland. Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, married Edgar's eldest sister Margaret. Malcolm and his eldest son Edward were killed in battle in 1093; Margaret died three days later. Thereafter Edgar took charge of his sister's children. He first removed them to England. Donald Bane (Malcolm's brother) was defeated by Duncan, a natural son of Malcolm Canmore, but regained the throne in 1095. Two years later, however, Edgar drove Donald Bane from the throne of Scotland and placed thereon his nephew Edgar.

Here we enter on Scottish history, and as our examination of the Norman blood royal ended with its first appearance in purely English history, so our inquiry into Saxon blood royal may, for the present, conveniently end with its first appearance in Scottish history as ordinarily studied.

THOMAS FOSTER.

VOICES THAT ARE STILL.

IT is an old tradition, of the existence of which exceedingly few people are aware, that on the night of the second Saturday in the first month of the last Session of every Parliament, honourable members who at some time since the Parliament was first summoned have gone over to the majority, once more assemble in the familiar chamber, and, for a brief space, conduct the affairs of the nation. One reason why this curious fact is so little known is, of course, due to the uncertainty which usually hangs about the precise day of the meeting. Would-be observers never, or hardly ever, are assured of the date when the meeting must of necessity take place. The rarer intelligence of honourable members qualified to take part in the business of a shadowy House is not to be baffled by exigencies of political life or the uncertainty of mortals. They met at the proper hour, on the precise day, in February 1873, though at that time nothing was further from Mr. Gladstone's thoughts than the issue of the manifesto with which he electrified the nation in January 1874. It is only under a Conservative minister, assured of the support of a disciplined majority, and so scrupulous of meddling with the constitution that he will not take upon himself to hasten the operation of the Septennial Act, that one might with any certainty hope to be present at this interesting gathering. How I got there, or where I sat, are details unworthy of notice in an historical record. Suffice it that, as certainly as the House met, I was there, that I saw again the well-remembered faces, and heard the familiar voices that have long been still.

Under the peculiar circumstances attending the gathering, it is the custom for the Speaker to take the chair at midnight. I arrived ten minutes before the hour, at which time the House was lighted up, and some score of members were already seated. In various parts of the chamber I saw Mr. Charles Gilpin, Lord George Manners, Mr. John Laird, Mr. E. S. Davenport, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, Mr. Robert Reid, Lord Augustus Hervey, Colonel Maitland Wilson, Mr. H. M. Feilden, Mr. John Vance, Mr. Charles Turner, Mr. Dingwall Fordyce, Mr. J. P. Cobbold, Mr. R. Shaw,

Mr. W. R. Callender, Viscount Galway, Mr. W. N. Hodgson, Mr. F. Walpole, Colonel Egerton Leigh, Sir Percy Burrell, Sir John Esmonde, Sir R. G. Booth, Mr. J. M. Cobbett, Mr. C. E. Cawley, Mr. W. O. Callaghan, Sir H. C. Pelly, Mr. John O'Keefe, Mr. John Chapman, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Mr. Richard Bright, Mr. A. C. Sherriff, Mr. James Sharman Crawford, Sir Francis Goldsmid, Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. P. Wykeham Martin, Mr. Bolckow, Mr. Ellis Eyton, Sir F. M. Williams, Mr. John Dunbar, Mr. Richard Smyth, Mr. E. C. Yorke, Colonel Duff, Mr. Isaac Fletcher, Mr. Charles Howard, Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, and Mr. W. Wilson.

Quite a buzz of conversation rose and filled the air. Amid the medley one just caught the notion that Mr. Charles Turner was chaffing Mr. Laird about the slackness of the ethereal shipping trade, and was deploring the fact that against the viewless navies of the air the *Alabama* had not the ghost of a chance. I noticed, too, that whilst honourable members, of whatever politics, mingled in friendly converse and hearty congratulation on this fresh meeting, they seemed to shrink from close companionship with Mr. Wykeham Martin. They had all died in their beds while undergoing due medical treatment, and it seemed that they were not disposed to forgive a man who had obstructed the course of public business by dying almost on the floor of the House. It was an unworthy prejudice, an altogether unjust aspersion, and I was glad to notice that Mr. Martin appeared totally unconscious of it. He was looking over the cards stuck in the back of the seats, and seemed quite disappointed that he did not find Dr. Brady's.

The ministerial bench was at this time empty. Presently, Mr. Ward Hunt rolled in, and, after a cursory glance along the bench, seated himself a little below the place usually occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"I thought Northcote would be here by now," he said to Lord George Manners, who leaned over the bench with friendly salutation. "I didn't think he'd face another session. But I suppose he has plucked up a bit now with Parnell in the United States. Still, I'll leave his place unoccupied." And the First Lord of the Admiralty, throwing his left arm over the back of the bench, incontinently went to sleep.

Sir Percy Herbert coming in a few minutes later, and not feeling equal to the exertion of striding across the bulky figure of the right hon. gentleman, passed round the other side of the table behind the Speaker's chair, and so reached the modest position he held in the flesh for too short a time.

"Dizzy's government can't very well spare salt of that kind," I heard Mr. Ronayne say, looking across to where the gallant soldier and simple gentleman sat reading a report from the ordnance committee.

Mr. Ronayne had just come in with his hand on the shoulder of John Martin, to whom he was telling the story of the forged letter in the *Times*, in which Mr. John George McCarthy was made to announce his retirement from public life, and his bitter regret that his patriotic endeavours on behalf of "unreclaimed slob" should have proved unavailing.

"I think I can see John George's face as he read that letter," said Ronayne, his sturdy figure shaking with laughter.

"Who do you think did it?" John Martin asked.

"Well, if I were now in the habit of writing to the *Times*, John George would have no doubt on the question. I believe that, as it is, he is now endeavouring to obtain a few specimens of the handwriting of our young friend Richard Power. Ah, Sir John, how do you like this weather, and what do you think of your son turning up in the House of Commons in a flaming cloak, a gold chain, velvet shorts, and black silk stockings? The gold chain was all very well—'still in chains,' you know—but I don't think nature intended Edmund Dwyer to sport black silk stockings."

"Ah! go away now, Ronayne," said Sir John, "I see there's no measure of dryness or rarification of atmosphere sufficient to dry up your funnig."

A short man with grey hair and deeply furrowed brow brushed past them as they stood at the bar, and with long strides passed up the floor, seating himself on the second bench behind that anxiously reserved for some of the leaders of the Opposition.

"There goes Whalley," said Mr. Ronayne. "He has never been the same man since he discovered that the Claimant was really a Jesuit father, and that the whole thing was a plot designed as a gigantic advertisement preparatory to the issue of a prospectus for the establishment of a new Jesuit College that should be to the south of England what Stonyhurst has been to the north. It would have answered too, only the stupid Jesuit overdid his part, and translated *Laus Deo* as 'The laws of God for ever.' People who cannot see a joke naturally thought that, if that was a specimen of the scholarship of Jesuit colleges, one would suffice for the needs of the nation. Still Whalley is not to be comforted, for he *did* believe in the Claimant."

Sir John Scourfield entered, smiling softly to himself, and tightly holding his elbows with either hand in the endeavour to retain the point of an anecdote which he had just remembered, and which he intended to introduce *à propos* of the first subject debated at the sitting, whatever it might be. Behind him came Tom Connolly, walking a little slowly with the aid of a stick. As he passed the group of Home Rulers, he winked gravely at Mr. Ronayne, and evidently would have liked to stop and crack a joke with his light-hearted compatriot. But he felt that the eye of Lord Augustus Hervey was upon him, and it ill-beseemed him, the champion of pure Protestantism and high Conservatism, to stand at the bar of the House chatting with the head or tail of a disreputable party that went to mass, voted against the best of governments, and talked about having a parliament of their own on College Green.

"Begorra," said Tom Connolly, reflectively twirling his stick, "I should like to be there myself."

And he walked on to his seat behind the Treasury bench, where he presently revived under the recollection that he might take an early opportunity of stirring up his compatriots on the other side by saying something nasty about the priests.

Mr. Horsman had just entered, and with nose in the air was surveying the House with a countenance in which curiosity struggled with a natural assumption of superiority. His glance was directed in the first place towards the front Opposition bench, and rested upon a particular seat, looking if perchance he might behold there a peaceful white head shading an ingenuous pinkish face.

"No," he said to himself softly, "as a poet of the *Nineteenth Century* somewhere hath it—

He cometh not, she said;
I am aweary, weary,
For Bob Lowe is not dead."

"Things would not be like this if old Pam were alive—eh?" said a voice striking just a few inches below Mr. Horsman's ear.

Turning quickly round at the interruption, the right hon. gentleman beheld at his left side a little man with a red face. Both hands were in his trouser-pockets, with the exception of the little finger of either, which remained outside, carefully disposed over the seam of his check trousers. He was standing on tip-toe, the better to convey with due secrecy this remark to the ear of the right hon. gentleman, and was waiting a reply with evident anxiety.

"Oh, you're here, Stacpoole?" said Mr. Horsman, instinctively throwing back his head and sniffing the higher air. "I always

thought, unless you took more care of yourself and bestowed less upon the affairs of the country, you would not be long coming," and he strode off, leaving Captain Stacpoole deeply pondering what he would have said supposing he had answered the question.

The Captain's thoughts worked slowly, and whilst he was still pondering there entered with slow leaden steps an old man, whose height, never commanding, was lessened by his bent back.

"A pretty full House, eh, Mr. Roebuck?" said the gallant and friendly captain, who knew everybody, and whose genuine geniality of temper and kindness of disposition were not to be soured even by contact of the most acrid things.

"D'ye think so?" said the old man, turning upon him with a slight snarl. "I have seen it much fuller when it was known that I was going to speak. The House of Commons, the Conservatives particularly, know an honest man when they see him ;' and though I have not always been able to agree with them—I may say I have had several disagreements with people during my life—I am glad to recognise their perception."

"Ah!" said the Captain, with hands still in his pockets and hat thrust on the back of his head, whilst a look full of thought mantled over his countenance, "things would have been different if Pam had been alive, eh?"

"What things?" said the old man, with a more pronounced snarl, turning quickly round on the hon. and gallant gentleman.

"Why, I mean these foreign affairs, don't ye know? These attacks of the Afghans on Isandula, the Basuto fellows, and—and——" said the gallant Captain, feeling he was in a fog, but adroitly seeing his way out—"Gladstone's private post-cards to the Emperor of Russia."

"Gladstone," said Mr. Roebuck, setting his teeth and striking his stick upon the floor, "is the sort of man I abhor. I am a patriot myself, and have been so all my life. What is a patriot? A lover of his country. What is country? Is it, as Mr. Cowen admirably put it at Newcastle the other day, so many square roods of land? No. A country is an aggregate of population. Population is made up of units. Of these millions of units each individual knows best his own desires and aptitudes and possibilities of usefulness. Let him cultivate these, and he will do his duty to himself and through himself to his country. If every man did this, and did it successfully, it is clear that each unit of population would be happy and prosperous, and the country as a whole would be an aggregation of happiness and prosperity. That is my view of patriotism, and I have done my best to carry it out."

"You have, you have," murmured the Captain compassionately, without the remotest idea what the hon. and learned gentleman was talking about.

"Through good report and evil report I have never raised my voice in public in favour of any man more worthy than the Emperor of Austria, and have denounced every job of the last fifty years, with the exception of one for the establishment of a questionable packet-service at an impossible port. I have been made the target for barbed shafts and envenomed abuse, but I have had my reward. I was, before I left the other world, dubbed Right Hon. by a man whom for years I have opposed, and for whose character I have expressed, what at least I honestly felt, a profound contempt. Mr. Disraeli, who once said, in words graven on my memory, that I reminded him of the tyrant of a twopenny theatre, made me privy councillor, and the *Daily Telegraph* wept over my tomb. These have been some consolations for a life not always happy. But the nettle that stung me most sorely, and the blade that cut me most deeply, was the spectacle of the daily life of this man Gladstone. If he had ever done anything mean, if he had ever fallen from his high estate, if he had ever lowered his lofty aims, I would have tempered my always deathless hatred of him. What business has a man to stalk through public life dwarfing in the eyes of posterity pigmies and patriots like me and Disraeli? I have quarrelled with many men——"

"All men," said the Captain, at last seeing light.

"—But the bitterness with which I have attacked them has been momentary, and if recurrent has been due rather to accident and spleen. Gladstone has never condescended to attack me in person. When the empire shook from end to end, and all the busy world stayed its progress at the news that I was dead, I know how he spoke of me at Perth. I know, and I hate him the more for it. Disraeli has given me stab for stab and kick for kick. That genteel imitator of me and Disraeli, who sits over there" (pointing his stick at Mr. Horsman, as if he were a wax figure), "has done his worst. Lowe has turned upon me and made the House laugh at me. These men I hate because—because——"

"It is your nature to," said the Captain, a line from a verse learnt in a far-off nursery happily coming to his mind at the moment when Mr. Roebuck, choking with ill-suppressed passion, faltered for a word.

"—Because I hate them. They have been more prosperous than I. Even Horsman had more friends—even Horsman, poor, weak, tin-kettle satirist as he was, had more friends than I. But this Glad-

stone, who goes on his way with his head in the clouds and his foot scornfully trampling down the husks amid which we root for our political living, he is the one man from whom my soul revolts. He has done me the unforgivable injury of placing his life and strong purpose and noble achievement against my career of reckless invective, bitter personality, and profanation of the name of patriot."

"Yes," said the Captain, "and he never would agree to my motion for the establishment of a royal residence in Ireland."

But Mr. Roebuck did not hear him, as indeed he probably had been unconscious of the gallant captain's presence since he had accidentally started him on this outburst. He had spoken with great animation, marking his more passionate periods with rigidly outstretched finger. But in this concluding sentence his voice had sunk to a strange and unusual pathos, and with weary walk he crept up the floor, making for the corner seat below the gangway. Laying his stick down at the back of the seat, he sat down. With chin sunk on his breast, and eyes dimmed with faded energy, he seemed to sleep. From this condition he was happily and effectively roused by the irrepressible Mr. Ronayne, who had been wandering about making little jokes appropriate to individual circumstances. Leaning over the back of Mr. Roebuck's seat he whispered in his ear,—

"Dillwyn's coming!"

In an instant the old fires were re-lighted; the head was up-raised.

"I wish he would. I would with great gratification for this occasion only give him up the seat."

"Tear'em's all right now," Mr. Ronayne said, returning to the little group of Irish members clustered round the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms. "I threw him Dillwyn, and though it is a dry bone, he is mumbling it as Lady Di Beauclerk's jackal might mumble the Major if she found him studying Lemprière in Windsor Forest. Hallo! here's Butt; he can tell us how he left Biggar."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," Mr. Butt answered, swinging his glasses to and fro between his right thumb and finger, and smiling genially. "But I had rather pass a night with Biggar than an hour with Parnell. Biggar's not a bad fellow, and his assumption of the airs of the statesman are really comical. His imitation of a severely sarcastic style is delightful. His model of parliamentary eloquence is Sir William Harcourt; and sometimes, when I have seen him with determinate, gravely ironical air accusing the Government of all sorts of obscure crimes, he has reminded me of a monkey in the clothes of my good friend Harcourt. But Biggar

is an honest man. He means well, and really thinks he serves the cause of Ireland, never for one moment suspecting his own grotesqueness or his tendency to bring the cause he advocates into disfavour and ridicule. Parnell is a fish of quite another breed, and I use the word fish designedly, for the essential failing on the part of Parnell, regarded as a public man, is his lack of blood. He began honestly, and is honest yet to this extent, that he believes his way of saving Ireland is the only possible one. But he has been bitten by the fatal poison of ambition. He wants to revive in these days the glories of O'Connell, a man with whom he is comparable only in respect of his attitude of hostility to the English Government. O'Connell was an Irishman with a robustness of mind and a power of concentrated energy which many of us lack. Parnell has a fatal cross of the Yankee in his blood. He suits the discontented element in Ireland, because he is the man who will go farthest in the way of bearding the British lion in his den. If anyone will go farther still in that direction he will displace Parnell, who has no hold on the affection of the people. The mob shout for him, but they do not love him, as at one time they loved the very ground on which O'Connell walked. Parnell is too straight-ruled and too strait-laced for Ireland. Beyond a cold sneer at an adversary, or some finely-drawn irony, he was never known to make anything like a joke. Mark my words—a man who always goes about with his coat brushed, his shoes tied, his collar straight, his hair carefully brushed, and who is incapable of joking with the driver of a jaunting-car, is not the man to gain permanent hold on the affections of the people of Ireland."

"There may be something in your remarks about hair-brushing and coat-brushing," said Sir Colman O'Loghlan, joining the group in time to hear this last declaration of Mr. Butt's, the truth of which had been rapped home by much wagging of the forefinger, "but I don't hold with you on the subject of joking. Now, I never made a joke in my life—at least, not in public—and you see I was Judge-Advocate-General in the great Gladstone administration of 1868."

"Yes, that was the joke," said Mr. Ronayne.

"I think a good deal of time is wasted in joking; and much physical energy that might be better employed is distributed in cachinnation. Look at the Scotch, now. They are not always tumbling and laughing, and yet their imports and exports are greater than ours, and the sun never sets on any portion of the world where they are not making money."

"I am not much given to making jokes myself," said McCarthy

Downing, "and I have spent hours in trying to convince Shaw that his habit of taking what is called a humorous view of things will be the ruin of him. If I had lived to reach his years, I should have begun to abjure the society of such fellows as Richard Power, a harum-scarum fellow who I don't believe ever read those Considerations on the Land Laws I lent him in MS., and which he always told me had been borrowed from him by an eminent personage whose name he was not at liberty to disclose. I believe he used the MS. for spill papers; anyhow, I never got it back. Shaw should avoid such company as that, and associate more with the sober men of the party, like John, George McCarthy, Synan, and Eugene Collins—a man of very profound thought, who has not received that attention from the House of Commons which is his due. Still, I don't go as far as Sir Colman. A joke now and then, and especially after dinner, and if its meaning is not quite clear, so that people may be usefully employed in searching out the point, may have its use. If any of you care to borrow the file of the *Skibbereen Eagle* which I keep in my house, you would often find 'laughter,' and 'loud laughter,' interspersed throughout my addresses to the commissioners. There's one I remember. I'll tell it you, if I can think of it. It had something to do with drainage and a pig. Pat Mulligan had written a letter—or got some one to write one for him—to the clerk of the Skibbereen commissioners, and this was brought before the meeting when I was in the chair. I forget at the moment whether the pig——"

"Mr. Spee-karr!"

A hollow voice pronouncing this dissyllable issued through the doors of the House, now flung wide open. The group at the bar was broken up, the recollection of Mr. McCarthy's joke being fatally interrupted, and, as Mr. Ronayne said to Mr. Richard Smyth, "We shall never know whether it was the pig that got into the drainage or the drainage that got into the pig." Conversation in other parts of the House was stilled. Mr. Ward Hunt woke up and looked sleepily around. Members sat at attention.

Presently there strode into the House a little withered man with immaterial legs pluckily bearing on his shoulder the burden of the mace. It was not difficult to recognise Lord Charles Russell, but to the one pair of mortal eyes privileged to look on this weird scene there was no tangible sign of the presence of a Speaker. Following close behind the Serjeant-at-Arms there certainly was a fragmentary something, seen for a moment and then vanishing. A waving of a black gown, a twinkling of silver shoe-buckles, a glimpse of a ghostly wig, and an

indefinable sense of movement—this was all that mortal eye could see. To the gaze of the immortals sitting about it was evident that more was visible. All stood up as the unmistakable Serjeant-at-Arms preceded the nebulous figure, and bowed low as he passed up the floor. Lord Charles Russell laid the mace upon the table, and retiring backward with a graceful ease, scarcely excelled by Captain Gosset, and calculated to make General Sir William Knollys, K.C.B., resign Black Rod in despair, filled—or, to be more precise, occupied—his proper seat below the bar.

In the same way that mortal sense recognised a Something in the chair of the Speaker, so three figures seemed to sit at the clerk's table. I noted the papers being turned over by invisible hands, and had the same strange sense of *a presence* in the several chairs. Presently I could see a three-cornered hat held in an intangible hand at the end of an invisible arm, and knew by the motion of the hat that the House was being counted with the view of ascertaining that a quorum was present.

"Forty," said a hollow voice in the neighbourhood of the chair. Then after a pause the same voice called out—

"Order! Order! Notices of Motion."

Thereupon, Mr. Ward Hunt, now thoroughly awake, rose, and, advancing to the table, gave notice that he should move, as an amendment to a resolution placed on the paper by Mr. Horsman, to leave out all words after "that," and add these words: "This House, whilst fully sensible of the responsibilities attaching to a policy of perpetual meddling in every part of the world, occasioning disturbances which entail expense, and consequently lead to increased estimates, views with satisfaction the appropriate action of the Prime Minister in calling the right hon. gentleman the member for Westminster (Mr. W. H. Smith), to the supreme command of a paper fleet."

Mr. Roebuck said he would be the last person to interfere with freedom of speech or with an unlimited choice of strong language. But he thought there was something invidious in the selection of the terms of the amendment just read by the right hon. gentleman who, when in another place, had been the first minister in charge of a phantom fleet, and he begged to ask the Speaker whether it was quite parliamentary to describe what was better known as a spirited foreign policy in the phrase embodied in the amendment just read?

There was a movement on the part of the silver shoe-buckles at the buffet before the Speaker's chair, whence I drew the conclusion that the right hon. gentleman was about to rise to answer this question. But before his voice was heard, Mr. Ward Hunt, interposing, ex-

plained that the words objected to were extracted from a speech of the noble lord now at the head of Her Majesty's Government. They were delivered in the course of an address delivered to his constituents in Bucks, when, as Mr. Disraeli, he represented that county in Parliament. Lord Palmerston was at that time in power ("Hear, hear!" from Capt. Stacpoole), and was making things warm all round, and Mr. Disraeli, who was then in Opposition, took an opportunity of offering the remark quoted for the consideration of his constituents.

"For the information of the right hon. gentleman the member for Sheffield, and of the House, I will," Mr. Ward Hunt continued, "if I am not out of order, read the next sentence following upon that which has aroused his attention. 'I am told that this is a very spirited policy,' Mr. Disraeli said on this occasion, 'that there is nothing like making the influence of England felt, and that there is nothing of which an Englishman should be more proud than the feeling that he is, like a Roman, a citizen in every part of the world.' The whole of the speech is, I may say, worthy the attention of honourable members at the present juncture, and if I might be permitted, I would—" ("Order! order!")

"The right hon. gentleman is now going beyond the limits of explanation on a point of order. Mr. Whalley!"

In obedience to this call from the chair Mr. Whalley rose, first thrice mysteriously tapping with his knuckles the back of the bench before him.

The hon. gentleman's notice of motion proved a very long one, and gave rise to a scene of some animation. As far as might be gathered from hearing the motion read over only once, it called upon the House of Commons to express the opinion that the true source of the remarkable reduction of the revenue was to be found in the machinations of persons to whom Mr. Whalley distantly alluded as "members of a certain religious order." These persons, it appeared, had for many years been laying a train of elaborate machinery, which was only now fully coming into operation, and the result of which was seen in the mysterious falling off in the revenue.

This is a brief and imperfect summary of the motion, which concluded by calling upon the House to sanction the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, "so that these malefactors might, if necessary, be seized in their beds." But I cannot pretend even to give a bare outline of the parenthetical remarks by which the reading of the notice was prolonged. Successive calls to order led to a constant movement of the silver shoe-buckles, immediately followed by

the sound of the hollow voice issuing from the chair, and, with increasing asperity, threatening the hon. member for Peterborough with untold pains and penalties.

It was at a moment when the House was in a hubbub of excitement, Mr. Whalley's words having been "taken down" in several editions, and Mr. Ward Hunt and Mr. Horsman having had a long wrangle as to the meaning of the new rule passed last session for the better maintenance of order, that a strange and startling incident happened. The Speaker had taken the chair at a few minutes after midnight. The preliminaries and the incidents connected with the ministerial notice had brought the proceedings up to about twenty minutes past twelve. Then Mr. Whalley had arisen, and in the course of a wrangle which followed I heard, with surprise at the rapid advance of time, the chiming of Big Ben announcing the morning hour. At this moment Mr. Whalley chanced to be sitting down with a look of patient resignation on his face. The Speaker, I gathered from the change in the position of the silver buckles, was on his feet. So was Mr. Ward Hunt; so was Mr. Horsman; so was Sir John Scourfield, in the very middle of an anecdote; so was Tom Connolly, red in the face with shouting; so was Sir Colman O'Loughlan, placidly making a long and argumentative speech to which no one was listening; and so, close by him on the front bench below the gangway, with left hand leaning on the trusty stick, and right hand with outstretched forefinger pointing at Mr. Ward Hunt was Mr. Roebuck.

Eight chimes; then came the loud boom of one o'clock. Instantly, whilst jaws were moving, hands were lifted, and the chamber full of sound, the whole thing vanished, swiftly and finally, like the movement of a picture cast on a sheet by a magic lantern. The gas, which had been burning brightly through the glass ceiling of the House, was shut off, and in blackest darkness, and not without some little trepidation, the one Hon. member representing a mundane constituency who had looked down on this strange meeting of the House of Commons, felt his way out into the freshness of the winter air.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

*THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW"
AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.*

THE recently published correspondence of Mr. Macvey Napier adds another chapter to the history of a publication in which all Englishmen take interest and pride, the *Edinburgh Review*.

Perhaps some of the letters in this correspondence ought to have been reserved for publication ten or fifteen years hence, when the persons whom they concern can no longer be hurt by reading criticisms which Jeffrey and Macaulay would bite their fingers off to see in print. I refer, of course, particularly to the notes about Mr. Carlyle's early contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and to the allusions to Professor Wilson. Perhaps some of Mr. Carlyle's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were crude in comparison with the powerful and picturesque works by which he has since enshrined his name high on the noblest of all rolls of British worthies, the roll of English authors. Perhaps some of these letters of Mr. Napier's ought not to have been printed at all. That is the case particularly with the letters in that triangular duel between Brougham, Napier, and Macaulay.

But the book itself, take it all in all, is one which I should have been sorry to lose, for without it we should have been left, practically, without a history of the old buff-and-blue after it passed out of the hands of the Editor who, with Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, and Brougham, made it the power in literature and politics that it was during the first forty years of the century. And the loss of these letters would have left a blank in the history of our periodical literature, a serious blank; for the second period of the *Edinburgh Review*, the period covered by Mr. Napier's editorship, is, if less interesting than the first, hardly less brilliant. It was the period of Brougham and Macaulay's most popular contributions, of Sir James Stephen's, of Henry Rogers's, of George Henry Lewes's, and of Carlyle's; and in this correspondence of Mr. Napier's we have the secret history of most of the articles that appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* from the day when Jeffrey installed the Editor of the

Encyclopædia Britannica in the chair which he had filled with so much distinction from 1803 to 1829, told the printer to send his devils to Mr. Napier for the tail of the number, and, in the last agonies of an expiring editor, invented a pretty little fable to explain his retirement from a position which he thought inconsistent with the position of Dean of the Faculty. It was impossible, of course, to explain the real reason, and Jeffrey suggested that it should be given out that his health absolutely required his retreat from the severe duties of the editorship, that he was bent upon dying at his post, and would infallibly have perished at midnight over a proof-sheet, had not his friends forcibly pushed him into a post-chaise and sent him off screaming violently for the printer.

This was in the summer of 1829, and Jeffrey retired with the laurels of five-and-twenty years' hard and continuous work, for he was sole editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1803 till his appointment as Dean of the Faculty; and with the exception of the numbers which appeared during his short visit to America in search of a wife, I do not believe that a line was printed in the *Edinburgh Review* that had not passed through his hands, and not an article that did not bear the marks of his "exterminating pen." The constant and unremitting care, the laborious conscientiousness that distinguished Jeffrey in the chair of the *Edinburgh Review*, distinguished his successor in an equal degree. Mr. Napier conducted the *Review* from 1829 till 1847, and in this correspondence of his with the chief contributors to the *Review* we have in a fresh and interesting form the secret history of almost all Macaulay's articles, of their inception, of their preparation, of the way in which they were written and re-written, corrected in proof, revised by the Editor, and the secret history of most of Brougham's and Sir James Stephen's.

Perhaps we ought to be content with the articles themselves without troubling ourselves about the way in which they were written—how, when, and where; why they took the form they did, and what the writers thought of their own work; but the interest which attaches to the *Edinburgh Review*—to its origin and growth—must attach to the articles by which it was carried everywhere and made the national institution that it is.

The *Edinburgh Review* in its origin was not intended to be a political organ at all. All, or almost all, its founders were Whigs. But that was a mere coincidence. They were none of them politicians in the strict sense of the word; and with the possible exception of Brougham, I doubt if any of the group who met in

Jeffrey's rooms in 1802 to chat over Sydney Smith's project were thinking of politics as an avenue to any of the prizes of life. Brougham was reading for the Bar. Jeffrey was thinking of trying his fortunes in India. Sydney Smith, fresh from his curacy on Salisbury Plain, was, I suppose, hardly dreaming of anything but a pleasant parsonage upon the Wiltshire Downs or in the Vale of Gloucester. It was Brougham who wrote the first political article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Brougham, with his passion for politics, dipped the *Review* a good deal deeper in Whiggery than Jeffrey thought desirable in the interest of the publication itself. It is doubtful, indeed, if the *Quarterly Review* would have been started at all if it had not been for Brougham's articles in the *Edinburgh*, and particularly for that article on Don Pedro Cevallos which appeared in October 1805. It was this article which first thoroughly roused the ire of Sir Walter Scott and of the Scottish Tories. All the political allusions of the *Review* had till then been ignored, but this led to an explosion. The *Edinburgh Review* was kicked out of many houses—literally kicked out—and the *Review* from that time forth became the recognised organ of the Whigs.

There has been a deal of discussion as to the authorship of this article upon Don Pedro Cevallos. Lord Brougham printed it in his collection of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and it was so generally believed at the time to be his, that Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a splendid advertisement for the *Review*, has a stinging allusion to "the blundering Brougham" as the author of the article. But it is said now to have been a joint production. It was partly Brougham's and partly Jeffrey's. The idea was Brougham's; the first two paragraphs were Brougham's, and the notable passage upon the way in which Napoleon directed his military combinations and made attacks was Brougham's. But Jeffrey claimed the last pages as his own. They were added to Brougham's MSS. by Jeffrey, and Brougham, in appropriating them, according to Lord Cockburn, appropriated a piece of writing which was, in energy and eloquence, far above anything that he ever wrote with his own pen. Carlyle's article on Burns in his *Essays* is another instance of the same kind. It is so unlike Carlyle's usual style that Jeffrey was once asked to explain why it was so. "Because I altered it," said Jeffrey. And that is what Jeffrey did with most of the contributions that passed through his hands. He cut and slashed them about almost as mercilessly as Gifford did those which were sent to him for the *Quarterly Review*, often writing in page upon page, and frequently changing the whole tone and colour of an article. This

was Jeffrey's forte as an editor. He thought these alterations improvements, that they lightened up an article, and gave vivacity to the review. But as Jeffrey kept all his correspondence with the early contributors to the *Review* in his own pigeon-holes, we have only his side of the story. The writers themselves, I suspect, often gnashed their teeth with vexation to find how they were "translated"—in the Shakespearian sense.

This article of Brougham's or Jeffrey's upon Don Cevallos committed the *Edinburgh Review* to the policy of the Whigs, and the *Review* once committed there was no turning back, and no attempt at turning back. Such a dash into politics must have brought a hornet's nest about Jeffrey's ears, and it probably lowered the circulation of the *Review*, especially north of the Tweed. But the keen partisan spirit which brought a storm round the head of Jeffrey in Edinburgh made him and Brougham the idols of Holland House, of Brooks's, and of all the Whig circles of the metropolis.

It is a matter of trifling importance what part the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly Review* takes in the political controversies of to-day. The newspapers have superseded the Reviews, and a discussion is often over and done with before the lucubrations of a quarterly reviewer see the light, prompt as he may be. "Rigby is a considerable man," says Taper, speaking of a famous reviewer, in one of his conversations with Tadpole, in "Coningsby." "If you want a slashing article——" "Pooh!" replies Mr. Tadpole. "He is quite gone by. He takes three months for his slashing articles. Give me the man who can write a leader. Rigby can't write a leader." And the men who can write leaders have long since superseded, in party politics, the men who wrote reviews.

But this was not the case in the early days of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Time, then, moved more slowly. Events marched with a statelier tread. There was less independent thought. There was less talk. The Reviews were then what the newspapers are now, and people, instead of taking in their intelligence and their opinions with the milk in the morning, and digesting them over their coffee and rolls in the twenty minutes after breakfast, were content to wait from January till July and from July till October before they thought of making up their minds upon anything but the trifles of the day.

Hence the importance of the Reviews in the first thirty or forty years of the century, and the sensation which the *Edinburgh Review* produced in the world when it made its appearance with that article on Don Pedro Cevallos.

The Whigs were prompt to see the service that a publication of this kind might be to them, and they turned it to account with skill. It was a reputation in itself to be known as a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. All the Whig clubs were open to you at once. You were petted by Premiers. You were flattered by Countesses. You were asked to breakfast at Rogers'. You were invited to dinner at Holland House. You had only to ask and to have. If you had any wish to sit in the House of Commons, you had only to express the wish, and the doors of St. Stephen's flew open to you at once. You might sit for Calne, or take your choice of half a dozen other boroughs which the Whigs had spared for the cultivation of rising men who were too poor to contest a manufacturing town. If in the House of Commons you showed the slightest aptitude for Parliamentary debate, you might lay your account for an appointment in the next Ministry, perhaps for a seat in the Cabinet; or if this were not in your line, for an appointment in India or the Colonies, a Commissionership in Bankruptcy, a Commissionership in Lunacy, or £1,200 a year in some pleasant sinecure where you could still write slashing articles for the Review.

Perhaps even without the aid of the *Edinburgh Review* Brougham and Macaulay might have risen as high or almost as high as they did, for they were both men of splendid powers. But I do not think either of them would have risen as rapidly, or have found their path strewn with roses as they did when they entered the House of Commons, if they had not entered it with the *prestige* which their contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* conferred upon them. Macaulay distinctly owed his seat for Calne to the interest which the Marquis of Lansdowne took in his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. These were the credentials with which he presented himself to the House of Commons, and but for these credentials I doubt whether three persons in St. Stephen's would have recognised in Lord Lansdowne's *protégé* anything, to use Charles Greville's expression, but a common-looking man in black, or have noticed anything special about him except his queer-fitting gloves, his squat figure, and his shrill voice. Macaulay confesses as much in one of the letters in this volume of Mr. Napier's. "Before I went to India I had no prospect in the event of a change of Government except that of living by my pen, and seeing my sisters governesses. In India I was an exile. . . . Now I am free. I am independent. I am in Parliament, as honourably seated as a man can be. My family is comfortably off. I have leisure for literature, yet I am not reduced to the necessity of writing for money."

That was hardly the case with Brougham, for Brougham, unlike Macaulay, made his mark at the Bar long before he entered Parliament, and his reputation as an Edinburgh Reviewer was a reputation independent of his professional and Parliamentary success. Macaulay, it is said, never had more than one brief upon circuit—the defence of a prisoner for robbing a hen-roost—and his speech took the form of a single sentence. The House of Commons was the sphere for Macaulay, and Macaulay won his seat in the House of Commons by his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. All his success was due to his timely introduction to St. Stephen's; and it is only necessary to run one's eye through the list of contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* to see that several of them, who are now known by the conspicuous part which they took in public life, would never have been heard of at all, without the *Edinburgh Review*, except by their writings. The *Edinburgh Review* did the Whigs good service when the Whigs were in opposition, and the Whigs, when in office, knew how to recognise the service.

It is curious to notice how many Edinburgh reviewers held seats in the House of Commons and on the Bench, and appointments in the public service. Brougham was keeper of the Great Seal. Macaulay was successively Secretary of the Board of Control, Legal Member of the Legislative Council of India, Paymaster of the Forces, and Secretary for War. Jeffrey was a Lord of Session. Sydney Smith was Dean of St. Paul's. Sir James Mackintosh held the Secretaryship of the Board of Control, and one of the highest appointments that an Englishman could hold in India. Sir George Cornewall Lewis was Chancellor of the Exchequer. M'Culloch confesses in one of his notes to Mr. Napier that all his reputation in London was due to his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his success, if it did not culminate in one of the great appointments of the State or in a professor's chair, as in the case of Malthus and Fmpson, led to a very snug appointment in the Stationery Office, with £1,200 a year and nothing to do but to sign cheques and regulate the use of lead pencils and red tape in the public offices. I do not add the case of Francis Horner, for although Horner, like Macaulay, owed his seat in the House of Commons to his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, he was cut off before he could redeem the promise of his youth, and win the laurels which were won by his colleagues, a Puisne Judgeship upon the English Bench, or a cushion in the Court of Session with Francis Jeffrey.

It is this that makes the origin and growth of the *Edinburgh Review* so interesting and piquant.

The *Revue des deux Mondes* boasts that it has supplied all the departments of the public service in France with men who have distinguished themselves and shed lustre upon itself, and I do not know that the *Edinburgh Review* is not entitled to make a similar boast, for independently of the men who trained themselves for the House of Commons and the public service by their contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, almost all the chief men in the Liberal ranks from 1802 to 1842 were in one way or another "dipped in Jeffrey's ink." There is not another roll of contributors to any publication in Europe like the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. It takes in almost every name that is distinguished in statesmanship, in eloquence and learning for a couple of generations. It includes a Prime Minister, Lord Russell; a Lord Chancellor, Brougham; a Lord Chief Justice, Lord Denman; two Chancellors of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice and Sir G. C. Lewis; two or three Lords of the Session and Puisne Judges upon the English Bench; a Secretary of War, Macaulay; a Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Lytton; metaphysicians like Sir William Hamilton; historians like Henry Hallam, Carlyle, and Napier; politicians like Charles Buller and John Arthur Roebuck; political economists like John Stuart Mill and M'Culloch; theologians like Henry Rogers and Dean Milman; almost all the poets who were invited to dinner with Apollo, Tom Campbell, Tom Moore, and Samuel Rogers; essayists like Sir James Stephen and Hazlitt; and it was only by an accident that Charles Dickens was not enrolled among the contributors with the greatest of his rivals and contemporaries, William Makepeace Thackeray.

The *Westminster Review* shares two or three of these names with the *Edinburgh*—those of John Stuart Mill, Charles Buller, and John Arthur Roebuck. But the *Westminster Review* is distinctly associated with the fame of only one distinguished man of letters, the name of the man who found jurisprudence a chaos and left it a science—Jeremy Bentham.

The *Quarterly Review* possesses a long and distinguished list of contributors—Sir Walter Scott, Canning, Southey, Gifford, John Gibson Lockhart, Gladstone, Croker, Frere; but the *Edinburgh Review*, that Pallas Athene in her buff-and-blue, can show three brilliant and distinguished names, names of the first rank in every class of Literature, to every one that its rivals have to show.

This pre-eminence of the *Edinburgh Review* may be explained upon two grounds. It may have been due in part to the fact that the *Edinburgh Review* was the first publication of its kind; that it sprang into existence at an opportune moment, at a moment when

all the intellectual life of the nation was astir, when Scott was publishing his poems, when Wordsworth and Coleridge, upon the banks of Windermere, were preparing a revolution in the art of English poetry, when Byron was trying his wing for a higher flight than either Scott or Wordsworth, when the House of Commons rang with the eloquence of a group of noble orators, and when the public mind was interesting itself with questions of the highest interest; and that it dashed into the thick of these discussions with a bold and independent tone which asserted its right to be heard, and to be heard with attention and respect. But it was due also in part to the consummate tact which Francis Jeffrey brought into play in the editorship of the *Review*, to the skill with which he selected his staff and kept that staff together year after year; and, if we may believe Christopher North, it was due also in part to the appreciation, the delicate appreciation, which men of genius and talent found in the ranks of the Opposition, and especially at Holland House and Bowood. "The Tories are the worst fosterers of talent in the universe. They look on a man religiously devoting his every hour and his earthly consideration to the advancement of their cause with the most supercilious coolness and effrontery, imagining that every sacrifice made by the sacrificer results from the operations of conscience, and that, in point of moral reference, the actions of the sufferer, being for conscience' sake, have not the slightest participation in their interests, or in the maintenance of their opinions. . . . But the Whigs are wiser in their generation. They assist one another and boast of one another's achievements. Inconceivable is the cackle and row on the birth of a Whigling. . . . When he is introduced into public life, he is to become as the pillar of fire amidst the surrounding darkness, to comfort hearts and guide the errant footsteps of the benighted Israelitish multitude of Whigs and Liberals, and their open-mouthed and hungry retinue of trimmers and shufflers. The consequence is that whenever this *illuminato* gentleman makes his appearance in public, he is hailed by his party with loud greetings of—

Dii immortales, homini homo quid præstat stulto intelligens,
Quid interest?

meaning thereby that the wisdom of the whole world is as dust in the scale when poised against the wisdom of this fresh, full-fledged, self-important Whigling."

And this was especially the case with the Edinburgh Reviewers. They were men to make their mark in the world, even without puffing. But they puffed themselves, puffed themselves in the *Review*, puffed

themselves in society, and were puffed by all the Whig coteries of London. All the best articles in the *Review* were picked out the instant the *Review* was published, and talked about. The *Review* itself was everywhere. Lady Holland fished out the name of every new writer, and the day after the *Review* was out he was surprised with a card of invitation and a flattering note from Lord Holland or from John Allen. If he could talk as well as he could write, he passed through the portals of Holland House to Bowood; and if he could contrive to distinguish himself by his talk at Bowood, his fortune was made. The House of Commons was open to him if he talked well. If he talked indifferently, he was made a Commissioner in Lunacy. And all men talked then, especially literary men, and they were popular in proportion as they talked. Brougham talked. Mackintosh talked. Jeffrey talked. Coleridge talked. Rogers talked. It was all talk, and these men owed no small part of their literary success to the way in which they talked. Southey could not or did not care to talk, and Southey in a threadbare coat was left to live the life of a hermit among his books and MSS. at Keswick, writing poems that no one read and histories that no one cared about. His articles were for several years the only articles that attracted the slightest attention in the *Quarterly Review*; but even when the author of these articles was discovered, the Tories could offer him nothing but knighthood. The Whigs would have made him a Colonial Governor, or a Charity Commissioner, and his head and shoulders, which excited even the admiration of Lord Byron,—“I would for that man’s head and shoulders almost have written his sapphics,”—would have been conspicuous in every Whig drawing-room as the head and shoulders of the greatest historian and poet of the age, rival of Gibbon and Milton. It was unlucky for the *Quarterly Review* that none of its principal contributors were good talkers. Lockhart is said to have been a man without words, conversation, heart, or disposition to please, throwing nothing into the stock of social intercourse; and Gifford was an invalid, who never knew what it was to enjoy “what you call health” for a single day. His ideal of happiness was a seat in a fishing trawl in the Solent, with a copy of “Juvenal” in his pocket, and the prospect of a fresh MS. to score ashore. John Wilson Croker was the only exception to the rule, and John Wilson Croker was in society practically the *Quarterly Review*. But perhaps it was quite as well for the *Quarterly Reviewers* themselves that they were the men they were, a group of ascetics, invalids, scholars, and satirists, who had no favour to ask Alexander except to stand out of their sunshine; for if they had all been men of spirit like the *Edinburgh*

Reviewers, they would have been driven to suicide from vexation and disappointment with a dinnerless party who did not know what to do with a man of genius when they happened to find one in their ranks, except to offer him a pension.

Yet nothing could have been humbler than the origin of the *Edinburgh Review*. Even the Edinburgh Reviewers themselves, when they took up their pens, were none of them skilled writers. Francis Jeffrey was the only man who had written anything, and all that he had written was a few pages of criticism in the *Monthly Review*. There was a returned MS. lying on his desk when Smith, Brougham, Horner, and Murray met in his rooms in Buccleugh Place—rooms fitted up complete for £7. 10s.—to talk about the establishment of an independent *Review* which should supersede all its rivals in a couple of years—if a publisher could be found to print and publish it till it had achieved success, and made Edinburgh what Nature clearly intended it to be—the Athens of the North. The idea was Sydney Smith's, and although Brougham, years after, contested the right of Sydney Smith to the distinction of being the founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, all the evidence, independently of Jeffrey's testimony, is in favour of the Vicar of Coombe Florey. It was Sydney Smith who suggested the establishment of the *Review*. It was Sydney Smith who conquered all the doubts and difficulties which Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham started the instant the suggestion took form and shape. It was Sydney Smith who, when it had been determined to start the *Review*, was commissioned to look out for a publisher, and to convince him that with such a staff of contributors as those in Jeffrey's rooms the *Review* must be a success. It was only by the merest chance in the world that the motto upon the title-page was not Sydney Smith's; for he had a characteristic motto on the tip of his tongue as soon as that was called for—*Tenui musam meditamus avenâ*, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." And it is a pity, I think, that Sydney Smith's motto was not adopted. It was characteristic of the place and it was characteristic of the men. But, as Jeffrey said, it was a little too near the truth to be put in too prominent a position, and it was set aside in favour of the motto which still stands at the head of the familiar covers—*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*. This was Horner's suggestion. He found it in turning over a copy of Publius Syrus, which happened to lie on Jeffrey's table; and it was adopted in preference to Sydney Smith's.

It was a stormy tempestuous night, and the spirits of none of the reviewers were particularly high, for they were only starting the *Review* because they could not find briefs and pupils to fill up their

time ; but Sydney Smith, with his boisterous wit, was superior to weather and everything else, and finished up the conversation with a laugh by predicting that, after all, they were brewing a bigger storm in Jeffrey's garret than the storm which was clearing the tiles off the roof of Holyrood.

Sydney Smith found a congenial spirit in Archibald Constable, "the Napoleon of publishers," upon the understanding that Jeffrey and his colleagues should find all the matter for the first four numbers, and that the articles should form a present to the publisher. The first number of the *Edinburgh Review* made its appearance on the 10th of October 1802.

It was one thing to start the *Review*, or to talk of starting it, over a cup of coffee and a cigar, to find a publisher, and to allot the first lot of books to the reviewers, and quite another to keep the thing on its legs when it had been started. All the reviewers except Sydney Smith lacked enthusiasm. Sydney Smith talked them into his idea ; but even Sydney Smith could hardly talk articles out of them. Brougham thought he had done his share when he had acquiesced in the resolution that the *Review* should be started. Horner was all hesitation and doubt, and Jeffrey soon made up his mind completely to abandon the idea of taking a share in the publication. He sent in two or three MSS., and then said plainly that he meant to desert after fulfilling his engagement for the first four numbers—"and I suspect," he said, "that the work itself will not have a much longer life." And that was Constable's idea, for although the *Review* made some noise, and was talked about a good deal—it was so fresh and racy—its sale was very slight except in Edinburgh itself, and the haphazard way in which each number was produced, an article now and an article then, no one apparently knowing where the next was to come from, or what it was to be, was not calculated to impress a keen and prompt man of business with much faith in its success, even if the writers should now and then make a hit, as Sydney Smith did—a palpable hit—with his comparison of Dr. Parr's style in his sermons with Dr. Parr's wig, trespassing a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorning even episcopal limits behind, and swelling out into boundless convexity of frizz, the μέγα θαῦμα of barbers, and the terror of the literary world.

How the original band of Edinburgh Reviewers, strengthened with two or three recruits—Murray, Thomson, Seymour, and Playfair, for instance—met together during the first year in a dingy room off Willison's printing office in Craig's Close, with Sydney Smith in the chair, to read the proofs of their own articles, compare notes, and

allot books, to criticise each other all round, and to sit in judgment on the few MSS. that were then offered by outsiders, is one of the literary traditions of Auld Reekie, like that of Christopher North walking down the High Street to his class-room with a book under his arm and a week's beard on his chin. Sydney Smith, entering into the spirit of the anonymous system upon which they began, insisted that they should all repair to this dark divan like a band of conspirators, singly and by back lanes, in order to throw off suspicion and to preserve that incognito without which, as he professed to believe, it was impossible for them to go on a single day. "Once I remember," said Sydney Smith, recalling these meetings years after, "once I remember how we got hold of a little vegetarian, who had put out a silly little book, and how Brougham and I sat one night over our review of that book, looking whether there was a chink or a crevice through which we could filter one more drop of verjuice."

It was not till after a good deal of consideration, consultations with Sydney Smith, and consultations with Longman, that Constable determined at the end of the year to try what could be done with the *Review* under more thorough and systematic management. Sydney Smith's faith in the success of the *Review* was from the first unbounded. "If you will give £200 a-year to your editor, and ten guineas a sheet to contributors, you will soon have the first *Review* in Europe." The terms look ridiculous to-day. But to Constable they looked preposterously high. It was impossible that any *Review* published upon terms like these could succeed. But the Edinburgh Reviewers were themselves indifferent whether it was published or not. Those were the only terms upon which they were to be kept together, and Constable yielded. It was in a spirit of pure speculation that Francis Jeffrey was installed as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, with a fee of fifty guineas a number, and with power to draw upon the publisher for ten guineas a sheet for contributions.

But Sydney Smith was right. The success of the *Edinburgh Review* was prompt and signal. It astonished even Constable. Contributions came in from all quarters. Brougham set to work with Herculean energy. His scrawl upon three or four MSS. was always to be distinguished among the litter of contributions upon Jeffrey's table from men of science and men of letters, and under Jeffrey's editorship the *Edinburgh Review* soon rose into such note that it was a distinction in itself to write, or to be supposed to write, in it.

To-day the *Edinburgh Review* is only one among a dozen, and by no means the most distinguished of its kind, for the *Edinburgh*

Review, like the *Quarterly* and the *Westminster*, still keeps up the tradition of the anonymous system with which it began, and most of the men who can write well, particularly well, now prefer, if they publish in the magazines at all, to publish with their names. But in the early part of the century the *Edinburgh Review* stood almost alone, and even when rivals grew up around it, young and vigorous rivals, the *Quarterly Review* and the *Westminster*, the position and *prestige* of Constable's *Review* were such that men who wished to be read, and to hear their articles talked about in the social and political centres of the metropolis, preferred to write for the *Edinburgh* to writing for either of its rivals, and all of them wrote anonymously without a second thought. It was the rule, and all the *Edinburgh Reviewers* came under the rule. Sir Walter Scott fell into the ranks of Jeffrey's corps. Charles Dickens, with all the honours of "Pickwick" upon him, asked to be admitted with an article to show "why such a thing as the Church Catechism is wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great religious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and understandings of the dangerous classes of society." Theological articles from the author of "Pickwick"! George Grote, the historian of Greece, offered an article on Witchcraft, written in a bank parlour in the City after the shutters were put up. John Mill, the historian of India, a man bred as a minister in the Kirk, asked permission to write upon the Science of Law. There is such a superabundance of literary skill in the world to-day that an editor has no difficulty in finding contributions—there are hosts of them. But in 1802 it was very different. You could count all the professional writers of that time upon your fingers, and an editor had often to take what he could get and furbish up the MSS. that were offered to him as best he could. This was one of Jeffrey's aversions, an intense aversion; but this was where his forte as an editor lay. Hardly an article appeared—except, of course, from Brougham, Smith, and Horner—that did not contain traces of Jeffrey's hand, and Jeffrey had a notion that his contributors rather liked his alterations and additions than otherwise. To receive an article that stood in no need of revision was, to Jeffrey, a luxury, which was all the more gratifying because it was so rare; and Sydney Smith never did Jeffrey a greater service than when, as the first generation of *Edinburgh Reviewers* was dropping off, he sent him Macaulay's card as that of a young man whose abilities might be turned to account in the buff-and-blue.

The chief contributions that passed through Jeffrey's hands till this

introduction of Macaulay, and the contributions that did the service to the *Review*, were those that came from the origin from Brougham, from Smith, from Horner, and from his or The group was broken up in Edinburgh after a year or two, *Review* continued to form a link between the men long after they struck out independent careers for themselves which called concentration of all their powers, and the *Edinburgh Review* a time, edited partly in London and partly in Edinburgh. was an understanding that Smith and Horner should meet in London on the first of every month, go through the publishers' list, select the books that were worth reviewing, keep what they had to deal with themselves, and send the rest to Edinburgh to be reviewed by the editor. But Jeffrey had the greatest difficulty in the world in keeping these men up to their engagement, and still had the difficulty in getting the reviews that they had undertaken. Horner, according to Smith, was a sort of literary tiger who was strewed with ten times more victims than he could devour. Smith, after keeping back books, was quite as likely as Horner to send a hasty note of apology, instead of the review, a day or two before the MSS. ought to be in the printer's hands. Jeffrey's correspondence is full of complaints of the way in which he is left to do the work of his contributors—to write against time and space, at the end of the quarter when his hands were full of briefs, or when he was on circuit, and had to sit down in the corner of a road-side inn with a bad pen and a worse temper to fill up twenty or thirty pages of the *Review* with wild quotations or wilder criticism. "Hear our state and consider"—this is one of Jeffrey's complaints in writing to insist that Horner shall send in his quota of contributions. "Brown has been dying with influenza, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake; De Puis is dying with asthma, and is forbidden to write for his life's sake; Brougham is roaming the streets with his sons of Belial, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting everything to the exertions of the last week, and the contributions of unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings; Elmsley—ever sage and staid Elmsley—has solicited to be set free from his engagements, and Timothy refuses to come under any engagements." The greatest candour and good nature in the world." And this was the case not once or twice, but again and again. The number for January 1805 was got out without any assistance from Horner, Brougham, Smith, Brown, Allen, Thomson, or any of those great supporters who voted their blood and treasure for its assistance. Jeffrey was always ready at ten minutes' notice to write a list

article upon anything that might turn up—to cut up a novel or a poem, to run through a book of travels with the paper-knife in one hand and his pen in the other—to discuss astronomy with Herschell, chemistry with Playfair, metaphysics with Dugald Stewart, or the picturesque with Madame de Staël, even with the printer's devil playing the tattoo at his front door; and thus in one way and another the *Review* used to be got out, the editor often writing two or three articles in each number, to make up for the deficiencies of his contributors. "I am in a constant state of hurry and agitation," he says in one of his letters to Horner; "I have had reviews to write, and felons to defend, visits to pay and journeys to perform, directions to give and quarrels to make up, and all this without an interval of domestic tranquillity, but under strange roofs, where paper and pens were often as hard to be met as leisure and solitude were always."

This, of course, was not the case with all Jeffrey's articles. Many of them—all the best of them, I expect, those that have been preserved by republication—were written in his quiet and luxurious little Gothic study at Craigcrook, a study that excited the admiration of Tom Moore, and were written probably after one of those long mornings in bed with a book, with the windows open to let in the song of the birds and the perfume of the flowers—which constituted his ideal of perfect happiness. The keenest and most trenchant critic of his time with a pen in his hand, Francis Jeffrey was personally one of the pleasantest and most genial of men, with an ideal of happiness worthier of a poet than of the Rhadamanthus of the *Edinburgh Review*—£300 a year and a cottage, with his wife and children, with his books and a few friends, with nothing to do but to read and write, to stroll out among the flower-beds, and listen to the song of the birds, the hum of the bees, and the splash of the waves upon a shingly beach. It was an ideal that was never realised, or realised only by fits and starts; and perhaps it was quite as well for Jeffrey that it was not, for all his fame to-day arises from his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, from the skill with which, by what he calls a system of vamping and patching, he succeeded in impressing his mind upon every page of the *Review*, and in building up a reputation as an editor which gave him for five-and-twenty years of his life an influence which was equal to that of the greatest of our parliamentary orators, and superior to that of a Cabinet Minister.

CHARLES FEBODY,

AN INDO-ANGLIAN POET.

I AM afraid it will be always very difficult to make the British public understand that the Indian question is a home question. Notwithstanding that we have become Imperial in our actions, we remain in our feelings insular. The fact is shown beyond all doubt by the relative popularity of English fiction. Let ever so great a novelist select a foreign scene for the incidents of his story, and that story falls flat, and does not get up again. George Eliot's "Romola" is but one example out of hundreds. We English must be familiar with the place written about before we can take an interest in the *dramatis personæ*; let the scene be placed at home, and we can find some likeness for it in our own experience; but with "foreign parts" we have, as a rule, not sufficient knowledge to permit of domestic sympathy with their inhabitants. This is a truth that travelled and cultured persons are slow to learn, but it cannot be gainsaid. To the ordinary mind the "unknown" may be "magnificent," but it is not attractive. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the exceeding difficulty which foreigners—even the very pick of them—have in representing to themselves how life goes on with us. Victor Hugo has been in England, I believe; yet what English writer, however inferior to him—nay, however crude and ignorant—could have portrayed the English so absurdly as he has done in "L'Homme qui Rit," for instance? Even in literary criticism, which to an alien is comparatively easy work, what mistakes have men like Guizot and Taine committed!

For a long time in India there have been efforts made by natives of position—chiefly Parsees—to become not only proficient in the English tongue, but to assimilate themselves to English habits and customs. I do not know whether they have given up the personal worship of the sun—which they certainly would have to do, if they visited us under present circumstances—but they have become, as they flatter themselves, thoroughly Anglicised, and have written several books about us. They even publish a magazine in our language—or in what they confidently believe to be such—which is certainly amusing, and in its way instructive, for it shows the utter hopeless-

ness of our becoming intelligible to them. I have not a word to say against this meritorious periodical, nor, indeed, against Indo-Anglian literature generally; but it is just as well that folks at home should know what it is. There is so much rubbish talked about the growing sympathy of native races with ourselves, and of "the giant strides" which their intelligence is taking, that an exhibition of the latest specimen may be wholesome.

To expose the shortcomings of the work in question is not a pleasant task, for the author of it is very young—"just verging," as he expresses it, "on his twenty-first year of mortality;" but the fact is, his faults are not those of immaturity, but of that ignorance and misconception of English life and thought which lie at the root of all that has been written of us by his fellow-countrymen. I do not mention the writer's name, for obvious reasons; suffice it to say that it is in a good many syllables, and utterly unpronounceable; but the work in question is to be obtained in a certain Indian capital of the famous publishers, "Gopal, Navazen, and Co., in the Kalbedevi Road." It is called "Courting the Muse," and is a selection of poems. "Such a gift of genius from India," says the author, "is rare" (though not so rare as he imagines). "The association of ideas of the late lamented Miss Todd Dutt, of Bengal, were altogether English and Parisienne; and though, as a native of India, she may be classed among her shining offspring, indeed her best place is at the side of the latest French writers."

Notwithstanding this modest compliment to Miss Dutt our "original and genuine Muse," as he calls himself, is not deficient in self-confidence; he shows that to have "a gude conceit o' oursels" is not peculiar to the thermal line of Edinburgh; and, to begin with, in the dedication of his poem, he appeals to the Creator Himself:—

Oh, Thou, who made the heavens, created earth!
The sun, the moon! from its primitive birth!
And all the stars that lustrous shine at night!
And the deep waters, moving murmuring white!
Who destined man o'er universe preside!
And reason, intellect given for his guide!
Thine aid I implore;—would that Thou inspire
My song and make it worthy of the lyre.

I cannot conscientiously say that this gentleman's prayer was heard. The "Queen of Peristan," his most ambitious poem, is dreadful. It is like "Lalla Rockh" with the sense and the grammar taken out of it. His reflections upon human life are obviously,

indeed, borrowed from Moore (when he was "Little"), but not his rhymes:—

How many wait for nuptial day's approach,
How many ask for wealth, and four and coach!

(This is really charming; and yet, if coach-and-four, why *not* four-and-coach?)

How many maids for Hymen's waters thirst!
How many 'buse the bachelors accurst!
How many younglings wish for wedlock's joys!
As wife were simple plaything, doll, or toys!
How many 'trothed awaited their honeymoon!
How many look on woman's death a boon!

(Here, it strikes one, there is need of a commentator. I think the poet means that if we really knew the fair sex as they are, we should wish them all in heaven.)

How many better do marry age—and wealth
And joys with others, husbands kept by stealth!
How many duchesses, countesses, misses,
Do pass in balls as veteran mistresses!

Here it is obvious that instead of "How many" the poet should have written "How few." But what a picture of society! Let us hope he does not draw it from his personal observations of Anglo-Indian life. If he does, where does he get his duchesses from?

Let us now take our "original and genuine Muse" in his devotional attitude. It will be observed that in "a Parsee's Prayer" the fervour of his religious feeling gets so much the better of him as somewhat to obscure the sense and meaning:—

Trembling and pale before thee stands
Oh, Lord, thy humble minion.
On me, oh, pour with blissful hands
The joy, the hope, the peace. Thou lenient.

This is very subtle. Is it possible, in connection with "pouring," that the last line should read—

The joy, the hope, the peace, the *liniment*?

It may be urged that this does not rhyme; but it rhymes as well as the other.

Unconscious unto sin betrayed
A devout redemption implore
Let Ardibesht preside o'er fate
And Tir the granaries restore.

Let Berhram give his helping hand
To virtue, decency, and truth,
And Plenty rule o'er smiling land
Thro' Angel Meher forsooth.

What the deuce does he mean by "forsooth"? And, indeed, what does it all mean? If that is a Parsee prayer, surely even the worst of infidels will prefer Christianity. There is, however, a certain confusion of religious creeds, and a vagueness as to the personages appealed to, which, in these days of pantheism, may have its admirers. I confess to having myself taken a fancy to *Ardibesht*, a name that strikes me as being properly some other name thus pronounced under the influence of intoxication.

I cannot refrain from remarking, by the by, in spite of the author's appeal to *Berhram* to give his helping hand in the matter of "decency," that that deity has not always done so. However, there are spots in the sun; so it is not to be expected that his mere worshippers should be without them. Where our author is at his weakest is in sarcasm. He has given us a poem in the style and metre of "*Don Juan*" which is, perhaps, the worst that has ever obtained the honours of print. It is directed against our social vices; but, fortunately for us, wherever he intends to be extraordinarily severe, he becomes completely unintelligible:—

Such rows are very common at the 'Change,
In London, the resort of wealth and fashion,
Where men never cheat, but purses sharp estrange,
So honourable is their intention;
While women sleep for pennies at the Grange,
So damned to shame is their wicked passion.
If Indians for a moral place you seek,
I recommend you London safe for a week.

It seems evident that in the third line of this noble verse our author had some muddle in his mind connected with Shakespeare's "the wise do call convey," but for the rest he must have drawn his inspiration and his rhymes, if from any known writer, from the poet *Close*. His knowledge of London, I fear, has been derived from some practical joker; though his way of expressing it is all his own. He retains the same unapproachable style in describing Indian life. Here is a picture of what India was before the English rule:—

No lavished charges burthened then the state;
Not thousands were the order of those days;
No separate plans Europeans procreate,
Or "more for whites" was not the rulers' craze:
Not choicest bits assigned at highest rate
To them alone—as modern India pays
Even to idiots—with horses, garden, hansom,
Clear two thousand every mensem.

In his intense indignation the poet really seems to take leave of

sense and even sound, just as a very angry man is obliged to sputter instead of speak. It is quite a relief to come upon four consecutive lines—when he is thus moved—which are intelligible, or nearly so:—

Oh, English, Scottish, Irish whites, that haunt
Our Indian soil and cling to it like leeches,
Remember, ere our humbleness you taunt,
That most of you when come had no whole breeches.

On the other hand, our author acknowledges what good we bring with us, as in the impassioned verse beginning—

How mild and gentle, guileless, obliging,
Is that Young Man's Christian Association, &c. &c.

As a humorous work, intended to be so, but only funny when it strays into seriousness, this poem is, in short, without a rival.

The Elegy on the Cabul Embassy has also not often been surpassed:—

Peace to the perturbed spirits of those dead !
Peace may ye find in heaven's unclouded skies ;
May blood-red flowers illumine o'er your bed
To trickle tears from posterity's eyes.

Calm be your rest who fought so bold, unworn !
Calm be your graves as joined in death as life !
Calm be the hearts that spouseless, sonless mourn !
Calm the revenge, calm the avenging strife !

After such lines as these it seems to be superfluous to have an erratum, with "Please read kingdoms for kigdoms," in it. It is with a great sense of relief that we turn from our author's elegiac stanzas to his amatory poems:—

To Polly the younger I love her so strong
That wherever she linger my heart goes along ;
In the ball, at the dance, on the ring for skaters,
Or volunteer's advance 'tis Polly me fetters.
In the landau driven what transport divine
Finds echo in my haven as her eyes meet mine.
On the stand, on the bunder, with music's soft trills,
When her papa goes under, what coos and what bills !

I wonder what the poet means by his proposed father-in-law "going under." Does he mean under the table, where he is naturally incapable of perceiving what is going on? That it has some reference to his being overcome with liquor seems clear, since a later verse runs thus:—

When to her father entered, all brandy and gin,
But his head had not centred on our scene.

I have heard of a "Head-centre," but never before of a head "centred." There are many new things, however, in English literature to be learnt from the Indo-Anglians.

Finally, to show how accurately these gentlemen gauge the sentiments and feelings of even the females of our race, I will quote the poem entitled "A Bombay Lady's Complaint":—

Oh for those stately ced'r and oak
My anxious heart repines,
And country chimneys' morning smoke
And tender drooping vines !

Oh for the hawthorn bush and glade
That sloped the hill adown,
And minster spire's uptowering head,
Adorned with clock and crown !

Oh for my redbreast robin's voice,
And bittern's early song ;
Oh for the whitened fields and snows
Of Lincoln's Norman-Long.

Oh for the river barque to glide
Along the gravel shore ;
Oh for my Bella's gentle stride—
This Bombay seems a bore.

Oh for the evening walks and drives
Along the park and green,
And for the happy parson's wives,
So chatty though so mean !"

There is much more to the same effect. But observe the "redbreast robin," and compare it with the "four and coach." Where on earth did our author get the notion that English ladies rise early in the morning to hear the bittern? Having read about "pluralists," he perhaps thinks it is only "local colouring" to speak of "parson's wives." However, he is convinced, as are other Indo-Anglian writers, that he knows all about us.

"What have I written" (he means "what I have written") "your own annals show."

Your English books, periodicals are at hand,
From which I cull, &c. &c.

So that he appears at least to possess some data. And yet, what comes of it? I really do hope—having dropped money into missionary-boxes in my time—that we know more about the natives of India than they know about us; otherwise, I should like that money returned.

JAMES PAYN.

LOVE'S DAWN AND DEATH.

A YEAR ago for you, dear, and for me,
Love was a new-born bright and fairy thing ;
It turned all earth to heaven, all grief to glee,
We sighed for joy and sang for sorrowing
In that sweet Spring.

How could we guess that Love would ere grow old,
Who saw its infant hours run idly by?
How could we know its kisses would grow cold
Who kissed so oft? and how could you and I
Dream Love could die?

And yet for us Love lives no more to-day,
Though how it died not you nor I can tell ;
We only know its charm has passed away,
That we can ne'er re-bind a broken spell,
And so farewell !

The world is joyous in the golden June,
The lark sings sweetly and the rose is red,
Yet earth seems sad, the bird's song out of tune,
And all the scent of Summer flowers fled,
Now Love is dead.

Still hearts meet hearts and lips to lips are pressed,
Still earth is fair and skies are bright and blue ;
Perchance it may be in some happier breast,
Some soul that to another soul is true,
Love lives anew.

TABLE TALK.

IN Wigan's book on the Duality of the Brain, some singular cases are cited of injuries which have affected one side of the brain, without destroying consciousness, or even in any marked degree affecting the reasoning powers. He mentions some cases in which a *post-mortem* examination showed that the whole of one side of the brain must have been diseased for some time before death. So far as actual wounds or the results of external action have been concerned the most remarkable illustration of the dual-brain theory has hitherto been the famous Massachusetts case, in which a man was struck under the jaw by a piece of iron from an explosion, the iron passing through the brain and coming out at the top of the head : yet the man recovered completely. But this case has now been more than matched (though complete recovery did not follow) by one which recently happened in Paterson, New Jersey. A boy, fourteen years old, had been sent to get some saw-dust from a place where a circular saw was used. The saw was not at work when he arrived, and he crept into the box in which it stood, and began to gather together the saw-dust there. While thus engaged the man in charge of the saw returned, and prepared to resume work by placing the belt on the axle-block, thus setting the saw running. A fearful scream was heard, and in a moment the belt was thrown off again ; but when the boy was released, it was found that the saw had cut its way into the right side of the boy's head, making a cut which extended from the right nostril nearly to the back of the head, and nearly a quarter of an inch wide. Subsequent examination showed that this cut was fully two inches deep in the middle, so that the right half of the brain must have been nearly divided into halves. It was a miracle, said the doctor first called in, that the boy was not taken out dead. Not only was he then living, however, but he was in full possession of his senses. Moreover, though the doctor gave him only an hour to live, he lived for five days after the accident. At first his left side was paralysed, and the doctors said the paralysis would increase and cause death : but instead of this, it gradually passed away. The intense pain which the boy at first suffered (in

such sort that the poor little fellow told his father he had not known pain *could* be so bad) also disappeared, and on the fifth day he was free from fever, had a good appetite, and seemed to be recovering from a wound which ought, one would have thought, to have proved instantly fatal. The doctors did not believe he would actually recover, though the oldest, Dr. Quain, did not despair of the lad's recovery, if pyæmia and erysipelas did not supervene, or, failing these, an abscess form within the brain, around some fragment of the skull or of saw-dust forced in when the accident took place. They considered, however, that, even if he should survive, he must be for the rest of his days little better than an idiot. In the mean time, the little fellow seemed not to think of death at all; but, with freedom from pain and return of appetite, became bright and cheerful. It seemed possible that, despite the doctors' gloomy anticipations, Wigan's theory might be so fully confirmed in this case, that one-half of the brain would be found sufficient for all the purposes which the complete dual brain usually subserves. However, after five days an attack of convulsions supervened, and the boy soon after died. His father would allow no *post-mortem* examination to be made, so that the actual nature of the injury which the brain received could not be determined.

THE gradual absorption into stalls of the pits of our theatres calls for some record more durable than the comments provoked in the newspapers by the noisy and emphatic protest of a few malcontents at the Haymarket. I think it is Madame Vestris who is reported to have said, when the first row of stalls made their appearance—"This means the ruin of the private boxes." She might also have said—"Here is the death-warrant of the pit." Sentimental complainings over the altered features of a theatrical representation are useless. Mr. Bancroft is right in saying that a theatre is a business speculation; and in a manager who looks upon it as such, it would be madness to assign to unremunerative spectators that which experience has proved to be the best part of the house. From the most important American theatres the pit has entirely disappeared. The same holds true of the great opera-houses. So soon as theatrical entertainments are as popular as operatic, the pit will vanish. Here, from the business point of view, is an end of the matter. Altogether apart stand, however, the social and artistic aspects of the question. The former are summed up in saying that the luxury which characterises our daily living extends as a matter of course to our amusements. A score or more years ago the young "Templar," after a modest dinner at a neighbouring chop-house,

turned into the Strand Theatre and watched the performance from the pit. His successor dines at eight o'clock in evening dress at his club, takes his third with two "chums" of a magnum of "Giesler" or of "Piper," and sends a commissionaire to the Gaiety to retain three stalls for the burlesque; thus living, so long as he can maintain the outlay, at a rate which a nobleman in the early part of the century might have regarded as extravagant. More important is, however, the artistic aspect. The disappearance of the pit means the relegation to the gallery of those who supply the actor with that pabulum, stimulant, or incense of applause, on which he lives, without which he languishes and dies. Stalls never applaud. Their languid occupants have learned too well the Horatian maxim—*Nil admirari*, taking this phrase either in its correct or in its conventional and erroneous signification. Upon the most remote and the least educated portion of the public is thrust, then, the responsibility of deciding what style of acting is to prevail, since no actor that ever lived has been able to persist through silence in artistic courses, or to refuse some concession to the laughter of fools. Are managers and artists prepared, then, to accept a state of affairs like this? Can art endure it? Already those actors to whom the public looks for the regeneration of the stage yield to the malign influences of "genteel audiences." So long as they act with moderation and judgment a fashionable audience is content. It makes, it is true, no sign. It comes, however, and pays its money, and takes its pleasure "sadly"—I spare the reader the rest of so trite a quotation. Discouraged at the coldness around him, the actor tries a little extravagance. Success immediately attends this, and the fools, of whom there is always a fair admixture in the audience, commence to laugh. Augmented extravagance produces increased demonstrations. The beauty of the performance is over, and the judicious public shows no sign of resentment beyond ceasing to attend. For a while the play lives on its reputation. It is then withdrawn, a new work is substituted, and things move again in the same vicious circle. There appears to be one only chance for the stage under these conditions. If once fashion asserts itself in favour of the theatre as in favour of the opera, and it becomes "good form" to grow enthusiastic over a *jeune premier* or a leading lady, as it is over a tenor or soprano, we may reconcile the maintenance of art with the abolition of the pit.

A PROPOS of the foregoing reflections I may mention a rumour, which reaches me from good authority, to the effect that

the Prince of Wales proposes, with a view to increased facility for attending the theatre, to make seven o'clock the ordinary hour of dinner. The practice at present prevalent of dining at eight or subsequently is fatal to theatre-going. There is a chance, if the change in question comes into effect, that there will be once more a place on the stage for dramatic work of a high order. At present the only form of entertainment the late diner affects is burlesque—a kind of composition the common effects of which are a neglected drama and a degraded stage.

AT the time when, as was stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, a club was founded at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in honour of Cave, the first printer of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the club named the Urban after my illustrious predecessor Sylvanus Urban, whose name I bear, ceased its connection with that building, it is but fitting I should chronicle the appearance, from the pen of two members and office-bearers in that club, Mr. Somers Vine and Mr. W. E. Church, of a record of the Urban Club and its old home. The volume thus named is illustrated with numerous views of the fine old building, and has an interest which extends beyond members of the club. So gregarious in habit have been in all times men of letters, that their history is inseparably associated with life in tavern, coffee-house, and club; and the names of these, from the Mermaid down to the Urban, will be preserved in the memory of sympathetic and admiring readers, until the establishment of that distant millennium when men of letters shall, in the words of Milton—

In a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze.

From the earliest recorded time they have unfortunately been, on the contrary, what in early records are called goliardi, or goliardenses. To an ecclesiastic, Walter Map, or Mapes, who lived in the twelfth century, is assigned the most remarkable praise of the tavern that has yet seen the light—the famous drinking song that contains the lines—

Magis quam ecclesiam diligo tabernam,
Ipsam nullo tempore spreui, neque spernam,
Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam,
Cantantes pro ebris requiem æternam.

I will not yield to the temptation to give a list of those who, in the name they bear, commemorate the latest as well as the earliest editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but will content myself by saying that

not a few of the best-known authors and artists of the latter half of this century have been enrolled as Urbans.

IT is time that royalty and aristocracy should withdraw their support from the sport of pigeon-shooting. In itself wanton destruction of life is repugnant to the public sentiment which in late years has been formed in England, and those members of the so-called upper classes who take part in the matches at Hurlingham, and elsewhere, fasten upon the name assigned them a limitation which, without their authority, I should not dare to fix. To the upper classes, so far as regards wealth and social position, they may belong, but in any respect of intellect, humanity, and taste, their position is in the lowest. When it is known that the practices current in pigeon-shooting include plucking out the tail-feathers so as to cripple flight, biting off the toes to prevent quick rising, and puncturing the eyes to darken vision, I feel disposed to say that the sport is fit rather for fiends than for human beings, especially for those who have lived under softening influences, have had opportunities of learning the lessons of mercy, and whose lips have been, to use the eloquent hyperbole of Alexander Smith—

Sealed for heaven with a mother's kiss.

When an attempt to repress these barbarities was made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the officers of the Society were mobbed by the assembled sportsmen! While such proceedings are tolerated in our midst, and sanctioned by our aristocracy, the talk about our civilisation is mere cant.

NOT less dishonouring to us than the barbarities practised under the name of sport is the morbid appetite that induces pleasure-seekers to frequent those places of amusement in which women, at the imminent risk of their lives, are blown from cannon, or otherwise treated as projectiles. Scarcely had the poor creature whose life was all but lost the other day at the Aquarium recovered from her wounds, than the same degrading exhibition which brought about the accident was repeated. In this case the authorities are to blame, since they have power to refuse a licence to buildings in which like atrocities are committed. Such, however, is the degree of cant with which English society is infected, that there is but one offence which our magistrates are disposed to accept as a cause for withdrawal of licence. What an opportunity is there not for some new Voltaire to write a new "Dictionnaire Philosophique"! Under such

heads as Sport, Amusement, Magistrate, and the like, might be written some of the most scathing, and at the same time the most merited, satire the world has seen.

THE question whether amusement, legitimate in itself, becomes illegitimate through the introduction of the element of danger to those concerned, is not easy to answer. In the case I have mentioned, of projecting women from cannon, there can be no doubt. The performance has no claim to be art, it is revolting and demoralising to witness, and it should be put down with a high hand. Entertainments innocent in themselves become under certain easily conceivable conditions very terrible to contemplate. I heard the manager of a London theatre state that one day in his theatre, when the transformation scene of a pantomime was being presented, the women personating fairies could see at their feet the under portion of the stage in flames. These women were fastened to iron supports, and were incapable of taking any steps for their own deliverance. In the case of some, forty minutes, under circumstances of complete order and quietude, were required to set them free. The fire was smothered and no serious harm was done. Who, however, can fancy the torture these poor creatures must have experienced, and who, in case the fire had got the better of the efforts to master it, would have been responsible for so terrible a holocaust?

AMONG strange mental feats, the strangest perhaps yet recorded are the following singular feats of memory for sound, related in the *Scientific American*. In the city of Rochester, N. Y., resides a boy named Hicks, who, though he has only lately removed from Buffalo to Rochester, has already learned to distinguish three hundred locomotive engines by the sound of their bells. During the day the boy is employed so far from the railway that he seldom hears a passing train; but at night he can hear every train, his house being near the railroad. To give an idea of his wonderful memory for sounds (and his scarcely less wonderful memory for numbers also) take the following cases. Not long ago young Hicks went to Syracuse, and while there, he, hearing an engine coming out of the round-house, remarked to a friend that he knew the bell, though he had not heard it for five years: he gave the number of the engine, which proved to be correct. Again, not long since, an old switch-engine, used in the yards at Buffalo, was sent to Rochester for some special purpose. It passed near Hicks's house, and he remarked that the engine was number so and so, and that he had not heard the

bell for six years. A boarder in the house ran to the railroad, and found the number given by Hicks was the correct one. To most persons the bells on American locomotives seem all much alike in sound and *timbre*, though, of course, a good ear will readily distinguish differences, especially between bells which are sounded within a short interval of time. But that anyone should be able in the first place to discriminate between two or three hundred of these bells, and in the second place to retain the recollection of the slight peculiarities characterising each for several years, would seem altogether incredible, had we not other instances—such as Bidder's and Colburn's calculating feats, Morphy's blindfold chess-play, &c.—of the amazing degree in which one brain may surpass all others in some special quality, though perhaps, in other respects, not exceptionally powerful, or even relatively deficient.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following :—"Your statement in the third paragraph of the 'Table Talk' on p. 249 of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for last month requires correction. At the time referred to, Mr. Benjamin Webster had the Haymarket Theatre, and a half-brother of his, who in the bills was called Mr. Webster, was at Drury Lane. This was unsatisfactory to the Haymarket manager, and he wrote to Mr. Macready to request that the Christian name of his half-brother might be added; the word 'Mr.' without addition being usually applied to the oldest member of the family only. Mr. Macready, however, refused his assent. At that time Mr. Archer was box-keeper at the Haymarket Theatre, and lodged in Great Pulteney Street. On his way to the theatre he had noticed a tailor's bulk under the window of a shop, over which was written—'Macready, Tailor, &c.' 'Beauty and the Beast' was then about to be produced, and, to the surprise of the tailor, he was offered an engagement to act the Beast. He consented, and in the bills of that time will be found 'Beauty, Madame Vestris; the Beast, Mr. Macready.' The quarrel between Mr. Webster and Mr. Macready existed till the latter was about to retire, when a mutual friend interfered, and Mr. Macready again acted at the Haymarket Theatre."

I AM sorry to see that one of the most pleasant and merciful of old English superstitions has apparently not found its way to America. I refer to the species of sanctity that invests the Robin Redbreast, checking in his course of slaughter the most determined avicide, and scaring away from the nest that imp of mischief and

destruction, the schoolboy. According to the statement of a singularly merciless and destructive American sportsman, who writes in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, robins are in the United States common game. "In the South," declares this Nimrod, "where I was 'raised,' (he wasn't raised very high, apparently) "the robins are found during winter in very large numbers, whither they go, I suppose, to evade the cold of the North. I have been in the habit of shooting them, as when properly cooked they are very palatable. My acquaintance with robins is therefore quite extensive." This "therefore" is delicious. In one of her books—"The Mill on the Floss," I think—George Eliot speaks of a boy as being fond of animals; that is, fond of throwing stones at them. The American worthy is the development of a boy of this kind. According to this argument, nobody should know so much of man as a confirmed murderer. Were De Quincey alive, this might supply material for a new paragraph on "murder considered as one of the fine arts." The American quotes the complaint of a kindred spirit that robins are never seen in large or compact flocks, and that "seldom is a gunner able to shoot more than one or two of them at once, so scattered are the members of their small assemblages." Inconsiderate robins! Luckless sportsmen! It is scarcely worth while to pillory these American hunters of "small deer," who are, I hope, and should think, of Gallic extraction. Their language shows, however, that America is scarcely the Paradise that England is for

The bird that man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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QUEEN COPHETUA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER X.

Sound to the charge! Let steel encounter steel,
Let green earth redden 'neath the armed heel:
Let legioned corpses call the hawks from far,
Let Greek meet Greek, and prove the tug of war—
Let all Bellona's thunders loose through air—
Let brokers fatten, and let quidnuncs stare.

PAULO *majora canamus.* What signifies the change of a line of squires in Copleston, when France was losing an Emperor? In what does the gossip of a county town resemble that of History—save, perhaps, in its preference for the false over the true, and for the little over the large? Surely the business of Copleston and Hillswick must at the very least be held of as little consequence to Europe as were the affairs of Europe to Hillswick and Copleston. Did the so-called greatest event that ever took place in any time ever give a minute's real discomfort to a single human being whom it did not personally concern—whom it did not tend to deprive of his own share of the world's good things? Hillswick read the papers, of course, and made the proper exclamations over them at the proper times; but nevertheless, the siege of Paris itself was less than nothing to the fact that the poor-rate had been increased a farthing in the pound.

But—in spite of all these things—there were people who, with nothing to lose even were all Europe to be swallowed by an earthquake, took the keenest personal interest in what was going on.

The illness of the wind that blows nobody good is a very foolish phrase to those who profit in direct proportion to the illness of the wind. Had there been no such thing as war with his battles and peace with her massacres, the owners of the *Spragville Argus* must have invented them or starved. Happily for the *Spragville Argus*, there had been no lack of such things for many years, and the paper had gone far towards turning its owners into millionaires, with but little expense for colour.

The principal owner of the *Argus* was a consistent Quaker from Philadelphia, who verily and honestly believed himself to believe that war is a curse and a sin, in which all must needs share who draw any earthly benefit therefrom. In harmony with his creed, he looked upon those who profited by the invasion of Alsace and Lorraine as the most blinded sinners of the day—but he excepted himself, though, by an admirably devised system of war correspondence, he had gained by it far more than any German statesman; nay, more even than any French army contractor. He shook his head over every fresh telegram of slaughter, but he never grudged what it cost him, when it was a real big thing; and when it was but the affair of a mere scare or skirmish, not worth five cents a word, he shook his head doubly hard. After all, since men must kill one another, it is surely better for them to do so in a fashion that should benefit the organs of Peace and Civilisation. On the whole, it does not follow that, because Peace-times are better than War-times, it is therefore necessarily better to live in them—and, were it not that, while War slays his thousands, Peace slays her ten thousands, there could be no doubt about the matter at all. "Let there be no war," was the spirit of his unspoken prayers. "But—if there *must* be war in my time—let it be a big thing."

This gentleman's chief office was naturally in Spragville—a western city that six years before had been a group of three or four shanties and a meeting-house called the village of Kattanoga, but had for two years owned a grand opera-house; which implies the previous possession of all the other features, good and evil, which distinguish a great and growing town. Chicago and Milwaukee were said to be growing jealous of Spragville, *née* Kattanoga—a result with which, so the *Argus* openly declared every morning of its appearance, the *Argus* had much to do. It even plumed itself on the presence of the opera-house; for though its owner objected to theatrical entertainments on principle, still the size of the house did not make the size of the sin, and—but his arguments on this score

will present themselves and commend themselves to most men. Practically, it is more to the purpose that, no sooner had the first trumpet-blast of a great war fluttered all the hawk-cotes in the east and in the west, than the *Spragville Argus* was among the very first to open an office in London for the collection and transmission of war news, and for managing and centralising all operations at the seat of war.

In a little back room on the third floor over a shop in Fleet Street sat Mr. Micaiah P. Crowder, the European representative of the *Spragville Argus*, and its minister at war. It can hardly be said that he looked the character—but that goes without saying. He was a slim, slight, languid young man of about eight-and-twenty, with exceedingly narrow shoulders, looking all the narrower for his long black frock-coat; a pale, thin face, and an amazingly wooden look of the profoundest, gravest, and gloomiest melancholy about the mouth and eyes. To make that look, the anxieties and responsibilities of office, a hopeless attachment, and a long-standing dyspepsia must have agreed. He was writing rapidly, with one eye on the clock and the other on his papers; and opposite him sat his lieutenant, also writing with one eye on his paper and the other on the clock—another young man, but of a broader and more robust build, though resembling his chief—as if it were a peculiarity common to the whole *Argus* staff—in that look of hopeless love combined with indigestion and care.

“Say,” said Mr. Crowder presently, taking up a page from a heap of copy which he was apparently condensing or otherwise dealing with editorially, “what does ‘cull-de-sack’ mean?”

“Never studied Latin,” said the sub-editor, who spoke in jerks, as if he were dictating a telegram. “Didn’t, where they raised *me*. That’s Macbean, I know. Warned him they don’t care for Latin in *Spragville*. Facts, there. No time, here. Have it out.”

“I guess it’s French, though—or German.”

“Then, wire. Let them find it out in *Spragville*.”

“And be come down on for wiring what’s not worth the money!”

“Have it out. Can’t be much account, anyhow.”

“And be come down on for letting the *Courier* get a mail’s start! How do you know ‘cull-de-sack’ mayn’t be the spice of the whole thing? He may be a very great scholar, Macbean—but as a war correspondent he is a failure. And I will let him know it, too, when he comes for his pay.”

“What does he say?”

“A staff officer was sent at full gallop for General von Gruben:

but that gallant officer had disappeared into a regular cul-de-sac, and communication with him was out of the question."

"Well, Crowder, that does sound a sort of consequence. That Macbean is a regular disappointing man."

"I guess it's French, myself. Let's try the dictionary. . . . Well! if I didn't think that meant wiring!"

"What is it?"

"I'll put that truck into English—listen here. 'It is a very great error to conclude that every German is possessed of courage. I will give you an example. During the rage of the conflict, an orderly was sent off to call up General Gruben. Those who looked upon every German as a born hero—but those alone—will be surprised to learn that the gallant general had made discretion the better part of valour by hiding from the bursting shells in the bottom of a sack, which happened to be conveniently at hand. What would have been said in America if General Phil Sheridan had been found at Five Forks with his heels stuck out of the mouth of a sack, and his head at the bottom?' That's the style for Spraggyville. They'll like that. That Macbean gives me more trouble with his letters than—but he's smart for an Englishman. If he can't write, he does see. And that about the Dutchman in a bag is better than if they'd fired Noter Daym. There—wire that letter, Sims: wire it all. Come in! Wait a bit, Sims—here's a telegram—perhaps there'll be something else to wire."

Mr. Crowder opened and read the telegram; and, as he read, his face grew, if possible, gloomier than before. He did not swear audibly, but he chewed his quill savagely, tossed the message over to Mr. Sims, and threw himself back in his chair.

"I give in," said he. "There's my whole scheme of operations thrown up because one Scotchman's a born fool. Macbean again!"

"Macbean to Crowder," read Mr. Sims aloud. "'Thrown from horse. Broken leg. In hospital. No use for six weeks. Send out somebody meanwhile.' Knew it," said Mr. Sims. "That's Macbean. Who's to go?"

"Who's to go—when there isn't a man left in this city that knows a sword from a gun? If there'd been another, would I have sent Macbean—a fellow that would have been first-rate to send out with Hannibal, and to write war letters in Greek and Latin, but no more fit to get facts for an American journal than Cicero? I say, Macbean was hired to tell people in good, plain Saxon English what'll make our citizens buy the *Argus*, not to show off his French and break his bones. I tell you, Sims, if Shakespeare himself came into

this bureau with all his plays under his arm, and wanted to go out for the *Argus*, I'd——"

"Reckon there might be some fellow loafing around that might write Macbean's letter till he's well."

"Reckon there might be fifty. Put your hand on one. Is it a fact that there's a soul worth going that isn't gone?"

"I could put my hand on one right away, if he'd go."

"Reckon him gone, then. What's his name? Come in!"

"Talk of the devil," said Mr. Sims. "That's the man!"

"Mr. Gideon Skull?" said Mr. Crowder, while Mr. Sims went back to his writing; "I am glad to see you, sir. By a remarkable coincidence, we were just talking of you."

Gideon Skull was nowise changed in look or bearing from when he was visiting his uncle, except that the style of his dress marked the return of the prosperous business man to town. "I don't know that it's much of a coincidence," said he; "and if it were, I don't see why you should call such an everyday thing as a coincidence remarkable. I saw your board outside, and, naturally enough, feeling thirsty, looked in. The cunning drinks of Spraggville are among my memories. So the *Argus* has set up an office in London, eh? Have you brought over the old prescription, too?"

"Mr. Sims and I," said Mr. Crowder, "have been total abstainers for twenty years."

"Well—so much the worse for me. But that accounts for it, though. I thought I didn't recognise any of the old *Argus* lot, and yet you know me. What were you doing in Spraggville when I was there? I can't call to mind one of the *Argus* staff that had ever been a total abstainer for twenty minutes, out of his bed—and twenty years! Why, you must have begun to abstain, you and Mr. Sims, before you were well weaned. But let me tell you one thing, young men—as I suppose you and Mr. Sims are afflicted with a tendency to get drunk and thrash your wives, you are quite right to take proper precautions against your weaknesses. But, all the same, if the first nine numbers of the *Argus* had been written in milk and water, or on it, there'd never have been a tenth to be written in anything."

It was not etiquette on the staff of the *Spraggville Argus* for a visitor to class an editor and sub-editor together as "young men," and to lecture them on the alphabet of journalism, and Mr. Crowder put on as much of the air of Jupiter as he could find on the spur of the moment. "Since I seem to have the advantage of you, sir," said he, "I beg to introduce myself to you as Micaiah P. Crowder, principal European editor of the *Spraggville Argus*. The reason you

don't remember me is that during your connection with our journal I was engaged as a Printer's Devil. And I do think, sir, that a man who raised himself from Printer's Devil to principal Eurōpian editor has a right to say that temperance pays, if he's found it pay. Naturally, I speak as an Amurcan. I am aware that in this country a man remains as he was born."

"Does he? Then all I can say is that the British baby must be a queer sort of article, as a rule. I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, though—yours and Mr. Sims'. Any news?"

"May I ask you if you are at present engaged on any London paper, Mr. Skull?"

"I? No. Do I look as if that's what, according to your theory, I was born to? I'm not going to tell you why I called at this office, because if I were to tell you it was only in the hope of having a drink with Jackson, or Higgins, or one of the old boys, I couldn't expect you to believe me; and at the same time I can't tell you anything else, because, though I have written for the *Argus*, I have a stupid, lingering sort of dislike, the result of early associations, to telling lies. But you can't expect me to find myself in a newspaper office without asking for news. I assure you, I didn't come to steal. Will you take a weed?"

"Mr. Sims and I," said Mr. Crowder, "are members of the Committee of Suppression of Tobacco in Spragville. We object to tobacco on principle, Mr. Skull."

Gideon lighted a cigar, and took the first three whiffs in thoughtful silence. Food for his old speculation as to the price of men and women was plainly before him in the persons of these solemn and self-satisfied young men—at least, if he had happened to have any practical interest in investigating the general problem with relation to the cases of it now before him. And even without any practical interest, it is always to the taste of a professed cynic to consider what a practical man would do, especially when debarred from those cheap and easy ways in which a man of the world of forty can come over a would-be man of the world half a generation younger than he. He had certainly not called at the *Argus* to find there a couple of pigs who believed themselves to be directing with their wires the affairs of Europe at war.

"Look here, Mr. Skull," said Mr. Crowder. "You have been in Amurca, and you know how, when an Amurcan gets a notion, he puts it down before you right away, for you to take it or leave it—for if you won't, there's plenty will. You're smart, and you've seen the biggest war in history, and you know what they like to read in

Spragville. You won't waste our time over dictionaries, and, if you get a fall from a horse, you'll fall on your feet, anyhow. The gentleman who represents the *Argus* at Ver-sayle, outside Pahrus, has disappointed us greatly by breaking his leg just when—as we are informed on special authority—we shall hear in ten days at latest that the whole German army will incur the fate of Lewis Napoleon at Seedann. We happen to know, Mr. Skull, that nobody knows what we know excepting ourselves. Are you prepared to start for the *Argus*, in four-and-twenty hours' notice, to Versayle? Yes or no?"

"Well—no."

Had Mr. Crowder been a prime minister receiving a refusal of high promotion, he could not have been more amazed. "You decline to represent the *Argus* at the centre of this great war?"

"If question of terms"—said Mr. Sims, glancing to his chief from his paper.

"Allow me to say, Mr. Skull, that the offer of representing a great Amurcan journal like the *Spragville Argus* at the seat of war is one of which, independently of terms, any man may be proud. I have never heard of a refusal before."

"So proud that, if he was making a hundred pounds a week comfortably at home, and was going to be married in a fortnight or had been married yesterday, he'd give up everything in a minute, and go? I'm not married, nor going to be—but I might have been. Of course, I know that the *Argus* is the most important thing going—every paper's that—and it's an honour, and so on; but when you 'come to forty year,' perhaps you'll care less for honour and glory when comfort comes in the way. I'm only an Englishman, you know, who's bound to die as he was born."

"You are making one hundred pounds sterling a week, Mr. Skull? May I ask your business——"

"Whatever I'm making, I might make ten hundred next, if—but I mustn't tell you fellows what you'd wire off straight to the *Argus*: that would spoil the whole affair. Only, there's a pot more money to be made out of war by staying at home than by going out, if one only knows how: and your own war was a good school. Between you and me, Mr. Crowder, I couldn't be half the use to the *Argus* that the *Argus* might be to me, if it wasn't, unluckily, the most incorruptible of journals. Anyhow, though I'm not rich enough yet to buy the *Argus*, I'm not poor enough to care for the honour of its salary. Come and dine with me to-morrow. We'll have an early feed at Richmond or somewhere, and get back in time for the

theatres. I'll introduce you, as the editor of the *Argus*, to the prettiest and nicest woman on our boards, and then we can go to my rooms and talk shop as much as we please."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Skull. But Mr. Sims and I are consistent vegetarians; and we share the conscientious objections of our principal to the theatre."

"Ah—I see. I suppose, though, Mr. Sims and you amuse yourselves sometimes. May I take the liberty of asking how?"

"We do not amuse ourselves at all, sir. We——"

"Don't you find life a little dull?"

"The Eurōpian editor of the *Spragville Argus*, sir, has no time to be dull. He has to watch the affairs of Europe night and day."

"Then of course you can't dine with me to-morrow. But couldn't you leave the affairs of Europe to themselves for an hour or two?"

"You do not seem to understand the spirit of Amurcan journalism, Mr. Skull. You do not appear to appreciate the purpose of this great war."

"What! isn't it undertaken by Bismarck and Louis Napoleon to make the *Argus* look smart in Spragville? What else should it be for? Well—I'm sorry you can't get away for an hour or two. I feel a natural friendliness to an editor of the old *Argus*, and I should have liked you to meet my friend the Earl of Ovoca; he might be of considerable use to you, having more experience of France and Frenchmen, and their ways of thinking and feeling, than most men. But, of course, as you never eat meat nor drink wine, asking you to dinner would be absurd."

Gideon, as he smoked on with his usual air of quiet and philosophical indifference to all things, had no need to look at Mr. Crowder's eyes to see what was passing behind them. The mere fact that the editor did not give an immediate answer showed what his thoughts were, and that the one weak spot had been found in the armour of a young man who from the height of his office chair looked down upon all things but himself and his journal. Yes, it would sound well, even in proudly republican Spragville, that Micajah Crowder of the *Argus* had received a special invitation to meet a British peer; and if the peer turned out—as even an hereditary aristocrat might turn out—to be a thoughtful and earnest man, who could tell but that the chance introduction might ripen into intimacy? And then there was the account, for a letter from "our correspondent in London," of the manners and features of the Earl, to show what sort of people in Europe received a plain American journalist among

them as one of themselves. It was natural enough that Gideon Skull should make a bid for the society of so distinguished a man as the representative of the *Spragville Argus*; but that it should be reckoned an honour for a real lord to meet him made him feel that his belief in himself was indeed shared by others almost as much as he thought it ought to be.

"An Earl? Let me see: Duke, Marquis, Earl—comes third. You are aware, Mr. Skull, that we Amurcans, like Mr. Sims and I, don't make much account of an Earl. I never could understand, myself, that feeling which, it is well known, makes every Englishman look on a lord as if he weren't made of common clay; and I foresee the day when you will laugh at yourselves, and look upon your lords and your bishops and your law of primogeniture and your hotels and your open stoves as the antediluvian prejudices which they are. But you have travelled enough to learn that we Amurcans are the only nation on earth that have *no* prejudices, Mr. Skull. And as an unprejudiced Amurcan I shall have no objection to meet any earnest and thoughtful Englishman whose public position may enable me to serve the journal I represent the better through any connection with him."

"You'll come, then? All right. I'll have no end of potatoes and a dozen of toast-and-water of whatever brand the best may be. I don't know that Lord Ovoca is particularly celebrated for thoughtfulness, but you'll find him a good fellow, and he can give you any amount of news."

"I wish he could give me a man who would go to Versayle."

"Perhaps he could do that, even. As you don't care for theatres, say to-morrow, half-past seven, sharp, at the Universal Club. It's a small place, but I can answer for the burgun—I beg your pardon: I *can't* answer for the toast-and-water, but I dare say they can brew you something. *Au revoir*, then, till then and there."

"Wonder what Gideon Skull's after now," said Mr. Sims, rather sulkily. "Something for nothing didn't use to be his way in Spragville—nor anywhere else, if all's true I've heard. Wonder what Gideon Skull wants with *you*."

"It simply shows," said Mr. Crowder, "that even in conservative England the representative of a great Amurcan journal is looked upon as the equal of an Earl. It is a sign of the times. England is learning that in the largest nation of the earth an Earl would *not* be looked on as of much account, side of the director of a great journal. You must take my place to-morrow evening, Sims; send all telegrams by special messenger up to me at the Universal. By the way, Sims, *how do people in this country speak to an Earl?*"

"Don't know," said Mr. Sims, curtly. "Same clay as we, I suppose. Don't matter much, anyhow."

"Well! Take this letter of Macbean's, and wire as it stands. And—by the way, Sims—it don't do to let these aristocrats get it into their heads that an Amurcan don't call them right because he don't know how—look in at the book-store on your way back and get one of their etiquette-books, or whatever will tell the right names to call a lord. No, Sims: I'm no more a snob than—than you are: but there is nothing a journalist ought not to know."

"French excepted," said Mr. Sims. "And for all your lords, I reckon we're as far from getting a man for Macbean's place as ever we were."

"Spragville must have become a pleasant place since my time," thought Gideon to himself, as he walked eastwards, "if those two young prigs are specimens. I wish Jenkins had been there—a drink would have done his business: and now I've got to put up with a Micaiah P. Crowder for a whole dinner through. I should like to know how that sort of young man feels—no: I don't think I should, though. And yet I shouldn't wonder if, fool as I see he is, and knave as I suppose he is, and for all his weediness, there isn't a woman living who wouldn't throw me over for him any day, if she could see into his pockets and into mine. A man that lives on toast-and-water and doesn't smoke would suit me very well as a guest, if the host didn't want something better. What a world of rascals it is, to be sure! Well—after that canting Yankee blackleg, Waldron, I'm not likely to be done again; and it does seem a sure thing this time. I wonder if Uncle Christopher has got another three or four pounds at the bank lying idle—I'm hanged if I know a man left in London whom I can raise five pounds of for a week to come. I suppose I was an ass not to make that Spragville prig pay that much for his earl. It's hard to have a fortune in your grasp and risk losing it for want of a pound or two. No: I wasn't an ass. Even an ass would know that a man making a hundred pounds a week in the City doesn't drop into a strange office to borrow five pounds. . . . I must spout my watch, I suppose. . . . I *am* an ass, I believe: and there isn't a Yankee greenhorn but what takes me in. I almost wish I could give up caring for anything but money, like other men: but I'm afraid I shall never turn into a codfish—no, not in eighty years. I wish I had no scruples, and could do without life like Micaiah Crowder, or cheat a friend like Victor Waldron. And yet—

well, I'd sooner be Ishmael than Isaac, and Esau than Jacob, any day. I wish I'd got a mess of pottage to sell."

It was certainly not for nothing that Gideon Skull looked as honest as the day. I doubt, indeed, if there was an honest man than he even in the City of London, which is notoriously the shining light of commercial and all other honesty, set upon its seven hills to instruct the whole world by precept and example. Whittington and Goodchild did not hold their creeds more honestly or follow them more faithfully than Gideon Skull. He had lived his first thirty years without its occurring to him that any man could have any other purpose in life than pleasure, and not even the most glaring instances to the contrary had been able to puzzle him. For he had brains enough to comprehend that, in some cold-blooded natures, the conquest of a scientific problem, or the extraction of a Greek root, or any other gratification of vanity, or mere love of ease and comfort, or even a monomania for being considered respectable, may possess greater charms than those which attracted him and other sane and natural men. As to women, his peculiar experiences of life had led him to believe that a fundamental difference between the sexes leads them to follow pleasure as a path to profit, while men follow profit as an unfortunately necessary path to pleasure : but, by the time he was thirty, wider experience had led to a change in his opinion about his fellow-men. He found, or thought he found, in others, and certainly found in himself, that the pursuit of pleasure, as an end, palls at times—but that of profit, never ; and that, apart from pleasure, it is better to be rich than to be poor. This discovery threw a brilliant light upon the ways of the world, and accounted at once for everything he felt or saw : the whole world turned into a great fish-pond, wherein the greatest, that is to say, the strongest and craftiest, fish devoured the rest at pleasure, while the rest imitated their betters so far as their size allowed.

He did not, like many adventurers, believe that men are divided into two classes, honest men and rogues, and that roguery is the best policy until it has served its turn. On the contrary, it seemed to Gideon Skull that all men were of one class, and that to talk of roguery and honesty was to make a distinction without a difference. And this being so, he was unquestionably right in holding that to forego all his advantages of body and brain for the benefit of those who were no better than himself, and would only use him and laugh at him for his pains, would be more than quixotic folly. His cynicism was by no means the commonplace and stale piece of affectation which it might be imagined. In its way, it was an almost

simple-hearted expression of a sincere freedom from cant : it seemed absurd that, when the hearts of men were agreed, they should go through the solemn farce of talking as if, in this matter, it was possible for one man to take another in. He really thought that neither men nor women kept scruples where interest was concerned : and, because he was in the habit of saying openly what he thought everybody knew and never dreamed of denying, he put himself at the disadvantage of being taken for one of those greenhorns who, secretly conscious of simplicity and trustiness, think it fine and man-of-the-world-like to affect the creed which Gideon Skull held most honestly. It was a disadvantage, for, whenever he happened to be in funds, it marked him as a prey for the hawks, who mostly believe in other men's honesty : but, on the other hand, it often enabled him to turn the tables upon his attackers, and obtained him trusts and confidences which he frequently found useful. He had certainly, and most innocently, imposed upon Victor Waldron, who found the Timonism of Gideon merely a piquant sauce to comradeship, and set it down as the common protest of a good fellow against his own goodheartedness : the usual hypocrisy of those who are ashamed to seem as good as they are, and hate to wear their hearts on their sleeves. And in Victor, Gideon, for the first time in his life, thought he had found a friend who would not cheat him except under most unlikely pressure : and the fancy grew until, towards him, he forgot the very alphabet of prudence—never to treat a friend as if it were impossible that he should become your enemy. It is hard to feel alone, even in a great pike-pond, at forty years : and by degrees such capacity for friendship as Gideon possessed went out towards Victor. It was a mixed sort of friendship enough : but, so far as it went, it was sound. He did not put Victor on a much higher platform than himself and all others, but he could not help giving him credit for a sort of self-deception, which made honour and disinterestedness and so forth more than mere words to him. He did not imagine that Victor would really forego any advantage for which he really cared, or be more particular than other men about how he gained it ; but he did think that his friend would require a stronger interest than most men to rouse him to ordinary action. He was even conscious, in Victor's company, of the sort of respectful reticence which worse men than Gideon have been unable to break through before those whom they regard as boys : and certainly he contrived, without any part-acting, to give Waldron a better opinion of him than anybody whom he had ever known.

He would have done any quantity of the dirtiest work, and said

nothing, in order that his friend might be able to shut his eyes and fancy his own hands clean. What he expected, fairly enough, to gain by his services in obtaining Copleston for Victor was no trifle to him, and he firmly believed that it was solely for his own share in the adventure that he had been working ; but he would have felt it a real misfortune if Victor, and not himself, had been compelled, by way of last resource, to tamper with registers or do anything unbecoming quixotic professions. That Victor would have done everything that might be needful, however unquixotic, he had no manner of doubt ; but still he had a certain sort of satisfaction in playing at honour by deputy. It gave him a certain unselfish pleasure to look forward to Victor's being placed, as squire of Copleston, above the struggle of the fish-pond, and so keeping one spot of earth bright and clean—a seeming realisation of such poets' dreams as common honesty and its kindred virtues. He knew it would be a sham, but he had set his fancy upon setting his particular sham upon the stage, almost as much as upon being paid for his own stage-carpentry. He was nursing and petting his one ewe-lamb of an illusion till at last he well-nigh persuaded himself that Victor was what he wished him to seem to be. He carried him triumphantly through the affair of Copleston, to find out that his quixotic bubble, instead of being a shade or two cleaner than other men, was three shades blacker than the blackest he had ever known. Not only had he been refused his reward—though that was much—but he felt himself tricked and duped by the only man whom he had ever trusted, and that Victor Waldron was the only man on earth capable of refusing to pay for dirty work which had been done solely in order that his own hands might be kept white. Meanness in spending was about the only vice from which Gideon had been thus far free ; and what he could not comprehend in himself, he never could comprehend in any other man.

Only one sentiment towards Victor was left possible for him, or rather, only one combination of sentiments : contempt, disgust, hatred, and wounded pride. It could not occur to him, any more than to any other sufferer, that he was anything but a cruelly injured man, tricked and betrayed. It was certainly not likely that he would ever be taken in, even by the smartest of Yankees, again ; and the world at large, in its relations to Gideon Skull, was likely enough to suffer from his improved experience of what the best-seeming men really are. That hint of his uncle Christopher's about the existence of a will after all had been by no means thrown away ; and only the passing necessity—thanks to Waldron—of struggling in the pond for

his daily food had hindered his following up the clue. But follow it up he most surely would, one of these days.

At last, he reached his immediate destination—a small, dark office, in a City lane, with “Messrs. Aristides and Sinon” painted upon the panel. He entered a very small, dusty counting-house, which in no way evidenced the nature of the business carried on there, and asked a solitary, middle-aged clerk if anybody was within. Nobody was within just then, said the clerk, who seemed to know Gideon very well. Mr. Sinon had gone to Birmingham, and Mr. Aristides to the Custom-house. Just then Gideon noticed a stranger to the office, writing, with his back towards him, at a desk in a dark corner. Something in the stranger’s figure struck Gideon Skull; something in Gideon’s voice seemed to strike the stranger, who turned round. Assuredly he was right in holding coincidences to be every-day things. The stranger was Alan Reid.

CHAPTER XI.

What is a flower? A weed that man hath tended.

What is a weed? A flower that God hath sown.

Well for the weed that in the flower hath ended,

Ill for the flower who to the weed hath grown.

And who may tell, among their mingled bowers,

The hand that gave the growth, or set the seeds?

Ah, there be weeds and weeds, as flowers and flowers,

And hearts and hearts, as there be flowers and weeds.

ALAN’S first look was naturally of surprise—especially when Gideon Skull held out his hand in the most friendly fashion.

“Well,” said Gideon, “the world is small, and the City’s even smaller! Can I do anything for you, here?” Alan did not take his hand; and he drew it back again. “I know,” he said, gravely and rather proudly, “that the sight of me can’t be any pleasure to you. But that makes me feel all the more bound to serve you, if I can.”

“You are quite wrong,” said Alan shortly. “To meet you is neither a pleasure nor a displeasure to me. I thanked you, once for all, for making me able to do an act of simple right and justice—but you can’t expect me to repeat my thanks every time I happen to meet you. Good-day.”

“Will you wait a moment, Mr. Reid? As you are so just at

not to bear malice—for what was certainly no fault of mine—you won't mind five minutes' talk, I suppose? That can't make matters worse, if it can't make them better. I can go your way, and we can talk as we go."

"I will hear anything you can have to say—except one thing."

"What is that?"

"I will not listen to any offer on the part of Mr. Waldron of Copleston."

"H'm! I don't think you're likely to have any offer made you in that quarter. Why should you expect such a thing? When a pike eats a trout, he doesn't offer to disgorge."

"I thought you were in Mr. Waldron's confidence."

"Yes. I think I know Victor Waldron better than most men."

"And you don't know that he has made offers which I have declined? To do him justice But that score's closed. As you don't come from him, say what you please."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Gideon, with almost a shadow of surprise in his voice, "that Waldron has offered to make terms with you?"

"Yes."

"And that you have refused them?"

"Who is there who would make terms on the ground that his mother I would as soon Well—what have you to say?"

Gideon was driven to reflect for a moment: for, though his creed accounted for all things, he was not a quick-minded man, and he often required a moment or two for the application of his theory to particular cases. Meanwhile, he set himself to take Alan's present measure as they walked side by side through one of the busiest and quietest thoroughfares. A change of some sort had certainly come over the young man, either for the worse or for the better. He looked older, stronger, manlier, graver, as his mother wished—but he looked harder, too: there was impatience and anxiety in his face which he took no care to hide: and the light of his eyes was wholly gone. No, thought Gideon, of course he wouldn't make terms that would commit him to a surrender of his case: nobody would, as long as there was the chance of a leg to stand on. But Waldron's game? Why should he offer terms? If he was afraid of anything, and wanted to buy the Reids off, he'd have made sure of me too—he wouldn't have kicked me out like a dog if he'd seen the least chance of wanting me again. He can hardly be such an almighty humbug as to want to build up a

character for generosity and chivalry, and all that, by first finding out that terms won't be accepted, and then making them. But then—that's just what he *would* do. He's just the man to cut his mother's throat for sixpence, and spend a halfpenny of it on an onion to cry over at her funeral. . . . "This is what I have to say, Mr. Reid. If I had known what was to come of all this, I would have cut off my right hand sooner than have put it into this pie."

"I have told you, I thank you for what you have done. Pray say no more."

"Mr. Alan Reid," said Gideon earnestly, laying his hand lightly on Alan's shoulder, and looking at him straight with the honestest eyes in the world, "whatever you may say, I know I have to set myself straight with your father's son. Your father—if I had taken his advice—would have made a different sort of fellow of me than I can honestly say I am. I know what is passing in your mind—that I am a poor devil of a rolling stone, who has been doing a Yankee's dirty work for some sort of pay or other. In your place, I should think the same. Well—I am not a poor devil of a rolling stone. If you know Mr. Aristides, he will tell you what my position is now, and what it will be in the City when a few affairs are settled that I am engaged in. It is a mistake to suppose that rolling stones gather no moss in these days—at any rate, the standing snowball gathers no snow. And, so far from having gained by your loss, I have wasted time, which means money to a business man, and a world of trouble, in helping my friend to regain what you admit to be his rights—I did not know you, you see, and could have no interest in you: while Waldron and I have been comrades for years, and I *did*—h'm!—know him. But I am beginning to doubt whether what we did between us was either right or wise—whether it was just, even. It was on quite another ground that we founded our claim: on the supposition that a certain marriage had not taken place, while all the while it stood clearly proved in Hillswick register. The intestacy of your father was a surprise. It seems to me incredible still that a man of landed property, like him, should have died without a will. He could never have intended such a thing."

Alan was certainly not one of those whose instinct is to mistrust. Unlike Gideon, he had trusted all men, and had never found his trust betrayed; though it is true that nobody round Copleston was likely to deceive the young squire in such trifling matters as concerned him and them. He certainly bore no malice to Gideon, of whom he had only heard as nothing worse than a *roué* and a great sower of wild oats in his younger days: a character which

hurts a man in the estimation of but few of Alan's age. Gideon's account of himself was simple and straightforward enough, and, at the worst, undeserving of special blame. A certain wholly unfounded suspicion of some injustice in his own feelings made Alan say, more warmly than he had yet spoken,—

"You did right. You did more than right—for your errand could not have been a pleasant one. Will you oblige me by saying no more?"

"It would be a sort of satisfaction to me if you are absolutely convinced that there is no will."

"Should I be here if there were the shadow of a will? Be quite satisfied, since you are good enough to care about the matter, that justice has been done."

"Yes—pretty considerably done. It often happens, when law and justice meet together. Two of a trade seldom agree, except in trying to do one another. As for my caring about the matter—am not I a Hillswick man? And what ever concerned Copleston that we Hillswick people didn't think concerned ourselves? You Reids were to us what an Earl is to a place I've met with in my travels called Spragville. I never thought for one instant, when I came over with Waldron, that it was more than a wild-goose chase we were on—that we were just going mare's-nesting for a holiday; how could any man of common sense dream there would be no will? The whole thing was a deplorable affair. I never wished to see a Yankee adventurer at Copleston—I don't envy him his experiences among the county people—in the place of your father's son. But let's talk of other things. How are Mrs. Reid and Miss Reid? I hope well? I dare not hope, though, that they ever speak particularly kindly of me."

"They are quite well. I wish you would understand, once for all, that nobody on earth dreams of blaming you."

"Ah—you almost persuade me that there are three good people in the world. I'm afraid, in your place, I should feel very unlike the theoretical Christian towards Gideon Skull—and very like the real one. 'Don't put him under the pump' was a christian sentiment, and it was followed christianly. I'm glad to hear they are well. Something has been saved from the wreck, I suppose?"

"Nothing," said Alan proudly: "nothing but a few things that belonged to my mother and to me."

"Good God! I had no notion things were as bad as that! But it can't matter much to you in the long run—your father's son must have plenty of friends to open the world for him—you're not like

me, kicked out of doors with hardly a shirt to my back, to take my chance of rolling up or down."

Gideon was unconsciously gaining upon Alan in that simple, perfectly natural fashion in which he had gained upon Victor Waldron, and upon most men—especially upon those under thirty years of age. We have all found out Tartuffe so completely as to be quite certain that rough humour and its belongings must needs cover the depths of a nature as shy as it is fine.

"Things are just as bad as that!" said Alan. "Of course I suppose it won't, as you say, matter much to me—in the long run. As to friends—yes: I know of one or two who would give me a keeper's place, and gladly—and if I was alone in the world I'd take one, and ask nothing better; but friendship ought to be two-sided, it seems to me. I shouldn't thank any friend of mine to come bothering me to get him something to do, for which his only qualification was that he was perfectly unfit for everything that he could get for me, and that I wanted to be paid."

"You have gone to nobody for help, then?"

"No. I have no right to annoy other people with my troubles; and asking favours with nothing to give back for them isn't much in my line. I must find a way of my own, like you."

"My way? Then you'll soon find out that it will lead you to the discovery that, whatever you want, you must either ask for it very loudly or else make believe not to want it at all. Pride is the only vice that never pays. Well, I've not been your friend; you can have no scruple about asking me to do anything for you that I can. I may be the very last of the last of the barons—another king-maker, you know—who knows? We men of business come on curious things, now and then; and if by any chance there *were* a will— Anyhow," he went on after a moment's pause, "if there is anything I can do for you, you may count on me; you need have no pride with me. Your father was always very kind to me in auld lang syne, and anything I could do for you wouldn't in the least put you to the unpleasant necessity of being grateful—I should only be paying back a debt, you see. Of course, gratitude is a nuisance and a bore. So, of course, I want to get rid of the feeling as soon as I can."

"You can do one thing for me," said Alan. "You are a successful man, and had as little chance of being so as I. How did *you* manage to succeed? How did *you* begin?"

"You ask me for the secret of success? Well, that depends on *what* you call success, you see. I know one man whose secret is to

cultivate isms on toast-and-water; no doubt he'll make it pay. I know another—meaning myself—who wouldn't call it success if I became a millionaire on toast-and-water. I don't know that there's any particular secret, except that you mustn't trust a Yankee—that's the one fatal thing. But for you?—what do you want to succeed in? That's the first thing."

"In getting a living without having to beg, borrow, or steal."

"And you look for it in the City—man alive! You don't mean to say you're looking for that from those good Greek friends of mine!"

Alan coloured a little. He was a little too conscious of not knowing the world, and Gideon's familiarity was not quite so engaging as his candour.

"Why not?" he asked. "I heard, by accident, that they want somebody who knows something about firearms ——"

"My dear boy, they won't want *you*. Don't think of such a thing. Have you never thought that England is not the only country in the world?"

"As if I were not thinking of it every hour! But I am not alone, you see."

"And meanwhile—— Upon my soul, it is hard. But wait. What's the use of a war-wind if it blows nothing to men like you? Do I understand that you want an opening of some sort, and would make the most of it, whatever it might be?"

"Anything that I could do I would do."

"You have absolutely no engagement that a few months' absence would risk your losing?"

"None."

"I needn't ask if you would object to having a sight of war. By Jove, Mr. Reid, it's lucky I've met with you. I can put you in the way of your getting work that you'd enjoy, and that, if you took it, would put the balance of the favour on your side. You'd be put under no more obligation to me than to any stranger who put you in the way of getting what he doesn't want himself—which, in fact, he's refused. Did you ever hear of the *Spraggville Argus*? But of course you have."

"I have not, indeed."

"Heaven and earth! Don't you know that Bismarck's last thought at night and first every morning is what the *Spraggville Argus* will say? Don't you know that the *Argus* is the soul of Spraggville, and that Spraggville is the centre of the world—that Spraggville is what Hillswick only believes itself to be? The *Argus* is a great fact,

though, all the same. They want a correspondent, in a hurry, at Versailles. Go."

"I?" exclaimed Alan, the light coming back into his eyes—for what man is there, with one spark of nature in him, whose eyes do not brighten at the name of war? And, most of all, what idler, like Alan, while his fellows are fighting within two hundred miles of him, can stay at home and feel he is where he ought to be? "There is nothing on earth would suit me better, but——" His face fell again.

"But what?"

"But what can I do for a newspaper? I couldn't write. I don't know the language."

"I know what they want. They don't want French, and they don't want German, and they don't want essays, and they don't want style. They want a man that can use his eyes, and use his ears, and tell them all the little things he sees, as if he was a schoolboy writing home. You'll write to Crowder—that's their man here, whom you'll have to see—the jolliest young fellow I ever met in my life; and he'll put your letters into shape for Spragville. You've never seen war—all the better; you'll go to it with fresher eyes. Why, you're the very man. Don't you believe me? I've a good mind to start a paper on the spot, just to make my fortune out of you. Why, they'll jump at you. And when you've once set up as roving correspondent, and learned the tricks of the trade—why, there's your career, and one after your own heart, unless I'm wrong."

"Whether I go or not," said Alan, suddenly stopping and holding out his hand cordially, "you have done a just thing, and you are now doing a friendly one—and I *am* grateful."

Gideon took his hand, but he shrugged his shoulders; he had his own notions of what "grateful" means, and Alan's words put him unpleasantly in mind of the sort of thing that Waldron would have said under the like circumstances. "Nonsense," he said; "I'm not the dog in the manger, that's all. It's Crowder who ought to be grateful. If I'd wanted to go myself, I wouldn't have given it up for you, you may be quite sure. If I could find that will—but that's another thing. Look here. I believe they talk about your starting in four-and-twenty hours, but that's rubbish, of course; they can wait a day. I'll drop a line to Crowder to say I've found him a paragon, and you shall dine with me at the Universal to-morrow, and meet him, and settle matters together. He's coming, so you can't fail to see him there. Meanwhile, consider yourself Special Correspondent of the *Spragville Argus* at the Seat of War."

Alan had not been childish enough to wince at the prospect of being patronised by Gideon Skull. He was proud enough to be thoroughly, and even defiantly, accepting all the circumstances of his changed condition, and, as he thought about the matter while walking homewards, felt that the accident of this chance meeting seemed likely to turn out providential, and he did not think so the less because the prospect attracted him more by its nature than by its pay. He certainly wanted money something more than badly; but if he had still been Squire of Copleston, and such an offer had been made to him, he would most likely have taken it, and gone merely for the excitement of the thing. Trying to force the end of his unpractised wedge into the rock of London was wearing out his hopes and his patience, while he had no reserve fund of vanity or ambition on which to draw; and now Gideon had opened before him the view of a new and stirring life which gave him scope for all his energies, and gave him but little time to think of Bertha and of all that life might have been with her for its centre.

He reached home at last—that is to say, the house between the river and the Strand where his mother and Helen lodged with him—and went into their parlour with much more of the air of the Alan Reid of the old times than he had carried out with him. One piece of hypocrisy he had been trying very hard indeed to learn—that of assuming an indoor cheerfulness as a chief part of his duty towards the two women who had been thrown upon him so entirely. It was the more needful, for he could not but feel that, when put to the actual test of living as they now had to live, neither his mother nor Helen had quite fulfilled their promise of patience and courage. He did not blame them, for it was far too natural; he could only blame himself for having hitherto so completely failed in giving them any fair prospect of better times. But even his temper, which was as sweet as his father's had been, found it difficult to bear his mother's unconcealed belief that he was doing less than he might easily be doing. She was always talking and acting as if he needed some spur or other to do wonders, when no wonders were wanted, and when he was hunting high and low for the secret of how a man with neither experience nor training can get strangers to employ him in anything which thousands of others could do well. Most assuredly, were it not for being obliged to leave his mother and sister utterly alone and unprotected, he would not have thought twice about following his great-uncle's example and going out to some colony as shepherd or mounted policeman. He would, had he been alone, have felt by no means ashamed of a dragoon's uniform,

and thought himself quite capable of making an admirable sergeant-major. But he could not make his mother see how little she knew the world, or even, for that matter, knew her own son. He could not help feeling it hard that, while he was wearing himself out and sacrificing the only lines of life for which he felt himself fitted, in the hope of some day being able to earn a living for the mother and sister whom alone he had to care for, he should be made to feel that his not being well on in the road to the woolsack was looked upon as a proof of want of energy. Helen also troubled him in another way. But at any rate he had good news for both of them now.

"I've come to the turning in the lane at last!" said he. "At least, I think so, unless everything goes wrong."

"At last!" said Mrs. Reid. "But I knew it could not be long."

"You have heard from Hillswick?" asked Helen.

"You mustn't mind being left alone for a little while. It won't be as if I were going to the other side of the world. Unless I am reckoning tremendously without my host, within a week I shall be at Versailles."

His mother looked at him anxiously; but already her disappointment had come. What road, such as she wanted him to find, could lead through Versailles? Her inmost heart had repented of her design long ago, and was burning every day to sweep away all this needless wear and trouble. But the more she longed to sweep it off, the more resolute she was to go on. Nothing but final and full success could compensate for even the beginning of the trouble; everything would have been sheer waste otherwise, and she would have to admit that Alan might well be weak as his mother's instead of as his father's son if she yielded to the temptation of breaking down in her design for his good before it had well begun. She longed for some proof of his strength even less for his own sake than for the excuse it would give her for relieving him of the burden; but she could find no excuse for it hitherto. He must learn strength and wisdom enough to thank her with his whole heart for withholding his inheritance from him, so that he might become its master instead of its slave. It seemed to her that he was proving to the utmost all that she had most feared to find in him, and was the most resolute to mend—the tendency to drift through foul weather even as he had drifted through fair, and a submissive acceptance of circumstances without finding therein a spur to make him triumph over them: a fineness of feeling which is a graceful ornament for all who have no need of it, but is as useful in any struggle as a girl's skin to a prizefighter.

"At Versailles?" asked Helen. "At the siege?"

"Yes. I'm not going to give you twenty guesses. You wouldn't guess in twenty times twenty that the gods above have suddenly discovered that I was born to literature. I expect to-morrow I shall be called on to paint a picture, or compose an opera, or to build a cathedral. Now, then—take care not to open your eyes too wide. Within twenty-four hours, I expect to be Correspondent for the—what's the name?—for the something or other *Argus* at the Seat of War. Ragville—Snagville—never mind the place: I know it's an *Argus*, and is in America, and ends in 'ville.' I'd rather be going as a fighting man than as a writing man, but if it wasn't for leaving you all by yourselves—well, I can't help being glad to go, and I suppose I shall find out somehow or other what to do."

"Alan," said Mrs. Reid quietly, "you cannot possibly think of going?"

"Why not, mother? I shall be fairly paid, I suppose—and more than I shall earn, I feel pretty sure. Why should I not go? You know how things are going with us—it is not a question of choosing any more, it seems to me."

"What sort of a career do you suppose you will find in writing letters for a newspaper? What made you think of such a thing? And we must think a little of what we are."

"Was I not saying so? What are we but people with our way to make and our bread to win?"

"We are not that only, Alan. We are people who *have* been, and who may be again. Alan, I wish—I wish I could see in you a little more of the spirit that made Warren Hastings never forget that he must some day be Hastings of Daylsford. You owe it to yourself and those who may come after you to set Copleston before you, no longer merely as an accident to be enjoyed, but as a prize to be fought for and won—or if not Copleston, at least its equal. To become a newspaper reporter is not the way."

"Nobody will ever come after me. . . . I don't understand you, mother. I have to try my best to get some sort of a home for Helen and you. What more can any of us look for? Those great successes come of themselves, I fancy—except perhaps to different sorts of men than I am. I don't suppose that newspaper work is much in my line; but I don't see exactly what is in my line, in this country. I can't turn tutor—"

"I would not have you if you could, Alan."

"I have put the notion of emigrating on one side—at least, for as long as I can—and now comes this chance, and you ask me to throw it away. I can't do that, mother."

It was a foremost part of Mrs. Reid's plan for Alan that he should be driven by force and need into having a will of his own ; and she ought therefore to have welcomed the first sign he gave of having one. But it was at other people's expense, and certainly not at her own, that she wished Alan to develop a will, and certainly not in any direction that did not please her.

"What made you think of such a thing?" she asked again.

"I'm afraid you will like the source of it as little as I did at first. I heard of the place from Gideon Skull—of all men in the world."

"Gideon Skull!"

Helen started. There seemed a fate about the name of Gideon Skull. She had heard it for the first time while listening to her father's death-bell. It was his visit to her brother which had been the signal of their ruin. Victor Waldron was her enemy : but he seemed infinitely less mysterious and therefore less ominous than Gideon Skull. And now, by what seemed as much a matter of chance as all the rest, he was crossing their path and directing their lives again.

"Yes," said Alan, "Gideon Skull. And he seems by no means a bad sort of fellow, after all. Those wild oats of his, whatever they were, must be a pretty old story now, and I should be sorry if every folly I did before I was one-and-twenty was to hang round my neck like a rope till I was as old as Gideon Skull. I met him by chance—if it was chance—and had some talk with him, and I'm convinced that he had no more to do with the matter than any honest man must have had to do. Of course he couldn't sit down and let a wrong go on—but any way, he has gone out of his way to be friendly ; I can understand that he would like to do something for me— No ; don't be afraid ; I haven't been asking anybody to do a single thing, mother. Only, I can't pretend to be above wanting, and Gideon Skull's offer was made freely—it was his own idea. Any way, whether we like it or not, this *must* be. I'm going to dine with him to-morrow, to meet the editor or whatever he's called, and then —"

His mother's cold silence, when he thought he had at last done something to please her, froze him. His pride was as great as hers in some things, but it was quite of another kind ; and her ambition for him was utterly outside his comprehension, much more beyond his sympathy.

"Can *you* tell me, Nelly, what she does expect of me?" he asked Helen, when he was presently alone with her. "I know it is hard on her—this life of ours—but if she could only guess what London

means! I know I'm right in taking this offer. If it wasn't for her, I should know I'm wrong in not taking anything."

"No—I don't understand her. Sometimes I fancy she doesn't realise that we are poor. Still—yes, I do understand her better than you. She can't bear to see you fighting for crumbs in the crowd when you ought to be——"

"When I ought to be just what I am, Nell," said Alan: "just a London sparrow like the rest, and nothing more. Nell—I wish you wouldn't keep harping on that string."

"But I must. *I* have never learned the justice of your losing Copleston. You tell me it was just and right—so I believe you think so. But——"

"I know it, Nell. And the mother knows it too. You once told me you wouldn't speak of it again."

"Well—I suppose, then, so it must be. I won't speak of it again. What were we saying? That she can't bear to see you fighting for crumbs in the crowd, and it pains her, and wounds her—and me. Oh, Alan, don't think we don't see! Don't I know you? Don't I know you'd work your life out at what you hated, if you thought it right—and if you thought it would make you forget—things—a little? Yes: *I* know what makes you so eager to go where there's fighting, and where nothing will remind you—I won't speak of it again. But I know what ought to have been, and what ought to be, right or wrong—and I hate whatever has come between you and her. And you take it all as if—as if—sometimes I feel almost ready to hate *you*. No—don't preach to me. I know that I'm not good; I'm not just; I want Bertha Meyrick for my sister. And I *do* understand mamma. *She* doesn't know what has taken the heart out of you, and made you as eager to be a newspaper reporter as if going to France would bring you nearer to her."

Alan hardened again—his sister, also, seemed to have no mercy upon him; and in this mood she scarcely seemed to him the Helen of old, upon whose patience and courage he would once have counted more absolutely than upon his own. Surely the change he had been long observing in her, and to which he had been trying to blind himself, could not come from a mean and desperate regret for the outward things of the old life? Surely Helen's spirit could not have broken down at the first trial? It would have been natural enough, though, in any other girl; then, why should it be unnatural in her? A girl is but a girl, after all, he thought; and then, though his belief in his sister Helen shrank, he brought himself to accept her for what she was, and to blame her no more. He was man enough,

and strong enough too, in his own and his father's way, to find nothing to blame in weakness of any kind, so long as the weakness was a woman's, and therefore womanly.

But, if he could have read her heart, he would not have wondered—he would have feared.

No sort of selfishness had the remotest part in her regrets for the loss of Copleston. If it had not been for Alan, she would have been immeasurably proud to show how well she could bear ruin; she would have borne it so easily, indeed, as to have but little reason for pride. Knowing nothing of love herself, she took the most romantic and highflown views of its rights and duties, especially of its rights, and would have mixed a good deal of scorn with her affection for her brother if he had let the possession of Copleston come between him and Bertha. But that the loss of Copleston should have come between him and her, she could only imagine in the dimmest fashion; and she knew nothing of the stain upon his name and upon his mother's which, in Alan's mind, came between him and Bertha more than the loss of a hundred Coplestons. For that matter, even if she had known it, his ideas would have seemed morbid in the extreme. What would she have cared about the birth of a lover? It would be no fault of his if his shield had been covered out of sight with bend sinisters. Guessing little and knowing nothing, she could only see that Alan was breaking himself to pieces in a double battle for self-conquest and daily bread; that she and his mother, instead of being his helpers, were his burdens, and that he would end by drifting into the state of a plodding drudge, who has deliberately cut himself off from hope, and whose whole life is contained between the hours of rising and lying down. Her love for him did not blind her to his indifference to any sort of career for its own sake—girl though she was, she loved him all the better for the things that his mother wished, in her wisdom, to root up from him. Of course she over-coloured everything desperately, and, by putting herself in his place, multiplied all his own feelings, strong as they were, by at least ten, and sharpened them into swords. She translated his chronic numbness of life into a fever, and his resolute endurance into poignant suffering. A lover who has lost her whom he loves must surely live in a wasting fever, according to every recognised rule; and if it was a sense of right or honour that had lost him to her, the fever must surely be doubled by the effort to keep it down. If she had been rebelling against one least single thing for her own sake, she would have been safe: she would soon have cut off her right hand and plucked out her right eye, and conquered

herself far more triumphantly than he could ever hope to do. But is not unselfishness so great and rare a virtue as to cover all the sins that we can dream of committing—for the sake of others? In what comes to a girl like Helen hand in hand with unselfishness, or rather as the natural fruit of that bewildering blossom, how can she even suspect poison and wrong? For Alan she could hate, rebel, dream and brood over the possible chances of giving him back his life at any cost to herself, and wait—not patiently, though with but little hope—for whatever opportunity might deliver his enemy into her hands. In selfishness there must needs be safety of some sort, and she had none.

But, as yet, she could only brood and dream impatient dreams, watching over Alan, and seeing in him all that her nature made her see. No wonder that she was drifting beyond the reach of his knowledge, and even beyond her own. Even could he have read her through and through, he would have comprehended nothing. Brother and sister, under the influence of Mrs. Reid's wisdom and providence-making, were drifting as far apart as if, instead of having had but one life between them, they had grown up at opposite ends of the world. Her part of the burden was to wake every morning to a daily growing sense of the need of doing all things for Alan, and with this grew the sense of her hopelessness of ever being able to do one least thing. What could she do, a mere weak girl, with her hands tied on all sides, without weapon, or strength, or knowledge, to remove the mountain? Some demon or other must have been strangely remiss, when there was a heart so eager for work, to give her nothing to do. Or else some good spirit must have been mad enough to amuse himself with guarding Mrs. Reid's work from harm to Helen.

She could have told, and never asked herself, why; but some instinct had seized at once upon the name of Gideon Skull. Perhaps it was only that, since her declaration of war against Waldron in Hillswick churchyard, her dreams and her desires had proved so barren as to catch at straws. It seemed so small a thing that Gideon Skull should have crossed the path of their lives again only for such a trifle as to give Alan a place on a newspaper. Men whose coming means death and ruin and mystery do not appear unless destiny has real need of them. She had never seen the man's face, or heard his voice, and so had been driven to make a portrait of him more in accordance with his name than with reality; and her mother's story of his youth and of his marvellous rise was in itself of a nature to strike the fancy of a girl who was ignorant of the mere alphabet of the world. He must, in strength of purpose and passion, be a man

of a very different mould from that of her father, or of Alan, or of Doctor Bolt, or of any man whom she had ever known. He could not, after all, be the mere respectable tradesman, whatever less or more he might be. Her hands, groping about after a fulcrum, might have fallen upon his name, because there was no other ; but, whether by accident, or instinct, or presentiment, it was certainly on his name that they fell.

"What sort of a man is this Gideon Skull?" she asked, rather abruptly.

"Oh, he seems a good sort of fellow enough," said Alan, "whatever he may have been in his time. Plenty of good fellows haven't set out with being saints, you know. But you know what my mother thinks about things, and you know what Hillswick is—a place where nobody can look over a hedge without being sentenced straight off for horse-stealing. Depend upon it, the devil isn't half as black as he's painted, Nell, and in Hillswick not one quarter. At any rate, he's shown himself a good fellow to me." Which may be taken as the key of Alan's change of opinion concerning Gideon. He could not owe the value of a straw to any man without repaying it, and he was driven to repay the gift in his heart, since he had no other way.

"But, I mean, what does he look like?" asked Helen.

"That's what a girl means, is it, by what sort of a man? I can't tell you much about his eyes and complexion, but he's got plenty of chest and shoulders ; and as to height, we're about the same. I should say he'd ride thirteen stone."

"Alan, I should like to see him."

"You want to see him?"

"Yes—really I do."

"No, Nelly. You're not likely to see him—and—well, I have no sort of objection or prejudice about him myself, but—well, a man doesn't bring everybody home. Fancy the mother letting any human being from Hillswick see us as we are! What do you want to see him for, Nelly? *You* wouldn't care to know him; he is a good fellow, but, after all, there's good and good, you know."

"You know it is nothing of that sort, Alan. I don't care to know him—but I want to see him, that's all, if it's only out of curiosity. It's a long time since I've let myself have a whim—and—Alan, I fancy that I can tell better than you can, somehow, if he is really a friend. You don't look at men's faces ; I do."

"Nonsense, Nell—as if a man doesn't know a man better than a woman can! We don't humbug one another. What but friendliness can

there be in this affair? Come—it's not like you to be suspicious, Nelly. I'm not likely to be intimate with him or with anybody else, if that's what you mean."

"I don't mean that—I mean——"

"Nelly," said Alan very gravely, "if you think you will learn anything by seeing Gideon Skull—remember your promise to me."

"Then—Gideon Skull *does* know?"

"Nelly!"

"What did I say? I only asked you——"

"You asked me a question. Dear Nelly, haven't you found out that when I say I can answer *no* question, I mean what I say? Do you suppose I like secrets for their own sake—and secrets from you?—that I would have the least from you, except to keep you from harm?"

"And that is why you don't want me even to see Gideon Skull? Do you think——" "That I will get out of him what you will not tell me," she was going to say; but the simplest of all reasons held her tongue.

"I think neither the mother nor you would care to know him—that's all; perhaps, if I ever come to know him better, I shall know that better, too. Don't be afraid, Nelly; I'm not likely to come to any harm—only, as far as I'm concerned, I must take him as I find him, and I think I know a straightforward man when I see one. . . . There; I'll go out for an hour, and get hold of some of the papers: it won't do to let the *Argus* people find out how little I know."

He left her with, for the first time, something definite for her thoughts to gather round. Clearly Gideon Skull was in the secret of what had happened, whatever it might be. Perhaps, whether he were friend or foe, there might be no objection on his part to her knowledge—and how could she dream of acting so long as she knew nothing? It was tantalising that this man should be in the world, nay, in the same town, and yet as far out of her reach as if he were a thousand miles away.

Was there no help for it? Most assuredly there could be none while living as she and her mother lived now: there would be less than none if Alan went away. No—without knowledge, there could be no dream of action: and there would be no chance of knowledge unless she could gain it from this man. Even that was a forlorn hope: but there was no better.

Not that her thoughts were unmixed with other matters. This was at the root of them all: but she was also bitterly troubled by her more everyday share in the burden under which Alan had been trying to put his shoulders. They had not yet reached the point of

absolute need, thanks to some arrangements that Mrs. Reid had been able to make—neither she nor Alan knew exactly how—about some small property of her own : but the point was nearing, and she was trying to find out, by taking much thought, how to put her own shoulder to the wheel. Of that, also, she had to think alone, for her mother would not listen to any such suggestion ; and as to Alan—the idea of his sister's working while he had a finger left him would have been simply inconceivable to him. The oldest possible fashioned views as to a woman's rights had prevailed at Copleston, and certainly did not include the right of working for herself, or for a man, while there was a whole man left in the world. And, like Alan, she could think of nothing that she was fit for. She could not profess to teach—she had only the commonest accomplishments, such as may be picked up by a girl who has been brought up in a country house, lived an out-of-door life, and never been to school : she could not even go out for an American newspaper to the seat of war. Hopelessly she seemed cut off from every mission but that of putting all the strength and wit she had into working for Alan and Bertha against the world. And—so fate would have it—she might just as well sit down and tell herself that she had no mission on earth but to dream of becoming a Queen.

“ A gentleman, miss, to see Mr. Reid,” said the one servant of the house.

“ To see my brother? He is just gone out.”

“ Shall I say so, miss? Here's his card.”

“ Yes.” She looked, with no curiosity, at the card. “ No—wait—you had better ask him in here—if he has any message for my brother, he can leave it with me——”

She turned nearly as hot and as cold at once as Fatima when she turned the key of the secret chamber in her hands. Even so Helen handled the card. There may be such things as chance, but no chance could have given magic to her will, and, as if in direct and instant answer to it, brought her face to face with Gideon Skull.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON INFINITY.

WERE it not for the infinities by which he is surrounded, man might believe that all knowledge is within his power—at least, that every kind of knowledge is, to a greater or less degree, masterable. Men have analysed, one by one, the mysteries which surround the very great and the very little. On the one hand they have penetrated farther and farther into the star-depths, and have brought from beyond the remotest range of the telescope information not only as to the existence, but as to the very constitution of the orbs which people space. We know the actual elements which build up worlds and suns on the outskirts of our present domain in space; and that domain is widening year by year, and century by century, as telescopes of greater power are constructed and greater skill acquired in their use. On the other hand, men have not only analysed the minutest structure of organic matter, have not only dealt with the movements of molecules and even of atoms, but they have inquired into the motions taking place in a medium more ethereal than matter as commonly understood—a medium utterly beyond our powers of direct research, and whose characteristics are only indirectly inferred from the study of effects produced by its means. Such is the extreme present range of man's researches in the direction of the vast on the one hand and the minute on the other; and at first sight this range seems to include all that is or can be. For if the portions of the universe to which man cannot now penetrate, or may never be able to penetrate, resemble in the general characteristics of their structure and constitution the portions which he can examine, then, though he may examine but a part, he has in reality sampled the whole. And again, if the intimate structure of matter forming the visible universe, and the structure of that far subtler matter which forms the ether of space, represent the ultimate texture—so to speak—of the universe, then in the analysis of the minute also man has attained a similar success. We might thus recognise the possibility of that which a French philosopher has called the "Scientific Apotheosis of Man:" in this sense, that, so far as quality of knowledge is concerned (as distinct from range of

knowledge), men may become as gods, knowing all things, and even in the fulness of time able to discern good from evil, distinguishing that real good which exists in what, with our present knowledge, seems like absolute evil.

But so soon as we consider the infinite, the absolute necessity, according to our conceptions, of infinity of space and time, if not of matter and of energy, we recognise not only that there is much to which our researches can never be extended, but that the knowledge which is unattainable infinitely transcends that which is attainable. Take, for instance, the infinity of space. If we could suppose that the extremest possible range of telescopic vision fell short to some degree only of the real limits of the universe, we might not unreasonably believe that the unattainable parts were not unlike the portions over which our survey extends. But when we consider what infinity of space really means, we are compelled to admit that the portion of the universe which we have examined, or can conceivably examine, is absolutely as nothing—a mere mathematical point—compared with the actual universe. This being so, it would be utterly unreasonable to suppose that what we know of the universe affords any measurable indication of the structure of the rest. The part we know being as nothing compared with the whole, to assume that the remainder resembles it, is as unreasonable as it would be for a man who had seen but a single thread of a piece of cloth to attempt to infer from it the pattern of the whole. If such a man assumed that the whole piece was of one colour and made throughout of the same kind of thread, he would be much in the position of the man of science who should assume that the infinity of space surrounding the finite portion which we have examined, consists throughout of systems of suns—single, multiple, and clustered—attended by systems of planets.

So again of the infinity of time. We know of certain processes which are taking place in that particular portion of time in which our lives are set, or over which our reasoning powers range; inferring from the present what has happened in the remote past or will happen in the distant future. We trace back our earth to its beginning “in tracts of fluent heat,” or pass farther back to what Huxley has called the “nebulous cubhood” of the solar system, or even attempt to conceive how the system of multitudinous suns filling the depths of space may have been formed by processes of development. And looking forward to the future, we trace out the progress of processes arising from those earlier ones, recognising apparently the ultimate surcease of every form of life, the life of all creatures living upon

worlds, of worlds themselves, of solar systems, of systems of such systems, and of even higher orders of systems. If time were but finite, if we could conceive either a beginning or an end of absolute time, we might fairly enough suppose that processes such as these, and the subordinate processes associated with them, were the fulfilment of time. But time being infinite, of necessity we have no more reason for supposing that what we are thus cognisant of in our domain of time resembles what takes place in other portions of time, than a man who listened for a single second to a concerted piece of music would have for imagining that the notes he heard during that second were continued throughout the whole performance.

Combining the consideration of the infinity of space with that of the infinity of time, we have no better right to consider that we understand the operation of the mighty mechanism of the universe, than one who for less than a second should be shown the least conceivable portion of a mighty machine would have thereafter to assert that he understood its entire workings. The saying of Laplace (whom, however, Swedenborg anticipated) that "what we know is little, while the unknown is immense," may truly be changed into this, that the known is nothing, the unknown infinite; for whatever is finite, however great, bears to the infinite a ratio infinitely small, or is to the infinite as nothing. A million, equally with a single unit, is as nothing compared with a number infinitely large; a million years, equally with a single second, is as nothing compared with eternity. The whole of what modern astronomy calls the universe is, equally with the minutest atom, as nothing compared with infinite space. "System of nature!" exclaims Carlyle justly; "to the wisest man, wide as is his vision, nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion, and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square miles."

Let us consider, however, whether, after all, we must admit that space is infinite or time eternal. Remembering that space and time are forms of thought, and that the ideas of infinite space and infinite time are inconceivable, may it not be that, though we cannot escape the inconceivable by rejecting these infinities, we may nevertheless be able to substitute some other conditions less utterly oppressive than they are?

So far as time is concerned, no attempt has been made, so far as I know, in this direction. It does not seem easy to imagine how time can be regarded as other than infinite. We should have entirely to change our conception of time, for instance, before we could regard it as self-repeating. We can readily conceive the idea of a

sequence of events being continually repeated, and thus assign a cyclical character to occupied time. But if we thus imagined that all the events now taking place had occurred many times before and will occur many times again, always in the same exact sequence, the cycles thus imagined would only be new and larger measures of absolute time. Though infinitely extended in duration, according to our conceptions, they could no more be regarded as bearing a measurable ratio to time itself than the seconds or minutes into which we divide the part of time in which we live bear a measurable ratio to the duration, past, present, and future, of the visible universe.

I am not, indeed, prepared to admit that a more successful effort has hitherto been made, or can be made, to indicate the possibility that space may not be infinite. Some eminent masters of mathematical analysis, whose acumen and profundity are justly celebrated, have expressed their acceptance of certain views presently to be described, which suggest the possibility that space may be finite; but I find nothing either in their reasonings on this special subject, or in their writings generally, to suggest that they have the same mastery of geometrical as they have of analytical relations in mathematics. Nay, I venture to say that no competent geometrician who examines their reasoning can fail to recognise a confusion of thought, an indistinctness of mental vision, so soon as they pass from the verbal and mathematical *expression* of space relations, to the consideration of those relations themselves. Before considering the position they endeavour to maintain, let us briefly inquire into the general considerations which present themselves when we contemplate the relations of space as they appear to our conceptions.

It must be admitted at the outset (and no doubt in this we may recognise a reason for the diversity of view which appears to exist), that no theory of the finiteness of space can possibly be more utterly inconceivable than the idea of infinite space itself. And by inconceivable I do not mean merely that which is beyond our power of picturing mentally; for many things which not only exist, but can be measured and gauged, cannot possibly be pictured in our minds. No man, for instance, can form a clear mental picture of the dimensions of our earth, still less of Jupiter or of the Sun; while the distances of the stars—distances which dwarf even the dimensions of the Sun into insignificance—are, in the ordinary use of the words, absolutely inconceivable. Yet, though we cannot picture these dimensions, we find no difficulty in admitting their actual existence. They are merely multiples of dimensions with which we are already familiar. But absolute infinity of space is unlike aught that the mind of man has

hitherto been able to conceive. Aristotle well indicated this in his celebrated argument for the finiteness of the universe, that argument of which Sir J. Herschel truly said that, though *unanswerable*, it never yet convinced mortal man. The straight line joining any two points in space, *be they where they may*, is finite, because it has two definite terminations; therefore the universe itself is finite. Equally unanswerable, however, though also equally unsatisfactory, is the retort in favour of the infinity of space. The straight line joining any two points in space, *be they where they may*, can be produced to any distance in the same straight line,¹ in either direction, and therefore no point on the produced line on either side can be regarded as its extremity; such lines being therefore infinite, the universe is infinite.

But it may be well to consider what we mean by a straight line—the absolute straight line of geometry. It is held by many mathematicians that our conceptions of points, lines, surfaces, figures, and so forth, in space are entirely derived from our experience of material points, lines, surfaces, figures, and so on. Assuming this to be so, what is the conception of straightness in a line joining two points? It appears to me that when we trace back the conception to its origin, we find the idea of a straight line joining two points to be that of a line, such that, if one so placed the eye that the two points appeared to coincide, the line itself thus seen endwise would appear as a point. This, if not the only independent test that can be applied to any material line, in order to determine its straightness, is certainly

¹ It is singular that the elementary ideas of geometry are introduced at the very beginning of any inquiry into the subject of infinity of space. The three postulates of the geometry of the line and circle present to us:—First, Aristotle's argument for a finite universe; secondly, the counter argument for infinity of space; and, thirdly, the thought of Augustine (commonly attributed to Pascal) that the universe has its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere. Let it be granted, says the first postulate, that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to any other point; the second says, let it be granted that any finite line may be produced to any distance in the same straight line; the third, let it be granted that a circle may be described with any centre and at any distance from that centre. The first is Aristotle's statement; the second is the counter-statement; the third is equivalent to the assertion that every point in the whole of space may be taken as a centre, and that there are no limits whatever to the distance at which a circle may be described around any point as centre. In like manner with the definitions and axioms. The idea of infinity is implicitly involved, and all but explicitly indicated, in the definition of parallel straight lines; and before we can accept the doctrine of the possible existence of a fourth dimension in space, through which doctrine alone (so far as can be seen) the infinity of the universe can be questioned, we must reject the axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space; or rather the wider axiom which Euclid should have adopted (since he makes, in reality, repeated use of it), that two straight lines which coincide in two points coincide in all points.

the best. Stretching a fine thread is either not a perfect test or not an independent test. If the two points are on a flat surface we can stretch a string from one to the other, because the flat surface affords suitable resistance to the string's tendency to bend; but the flatness of the surface is a quality of precisely the same kind as the straightness of the line, and unless we are assured that the surface is flat we cannot be sure that the stretched string is not curved. Without a supporting surface we may be absolutely certain that the string is curved, however slightly; for the string, having weight, hangs (no matter how strongly it may be pulled) in the curve called the catenary, no force, however great, being able to pull any string, however short, into *absolute* straightness. An objection might be urged, in like manner, against the visual test; because air is a transparent medium, and no finite portion of air being ever of constant heat and density throughout, the rays of light must always be bent, however slightly, in traversing any portion of air, however minute—so that, in fact, we cannot look quite straight through even a stratum of air only a single inch in thickness. The visual test, however, is independent, and, imagining vision to take place through a vacuum, we can at least conceive this test being absolutely perfect. This idea, then, of a finite straight line may be regarded as that of a line which, looked at endwise, would appear as a point. And we may extend this conception to lines of indefinitely enormous length. Thus, suppose there are two stars optically close together, though really separated by many million times the distance which separates our sun from us, and that, owing to the motion of one or both, they draw optically nearer together until at length they appear as one, and this by so perfect an accordance of direction that, if telescopic power could be enormously increased, the centres of their two discs would be optically coincident. Then a straight line joining these two centres would be one which, if it were a material line visible through the substance of the nearer star, would be optically reduced to a point—*supposing for the sake of argument that the two stars, after being carried by their proper motions into the required positions, were reduced to rest.*

The italicised words may seem unnecessary, but in point of fact they are only a part of what is necessary; by themselves they are absolutely insufficient. If a telescopist living for a few odd millions of years could from a fixed standpoint watch two stars gradually approaching by their proper motion until they apparently coincided, one lying at an enormous distance beyond the other, and at that very instant those swiftly moving stars were brought to rest, they

would not really be in a straight line with the observer's eye. For he would see the nearer in the direction it had many years ago, when its light began the journey towards him; while he would see the farther in the direction which it had at a much more remote epoch. And it would be these two positions, which the two stars occupied, not at the same time, but at times widely remote, which would be in a right line with the observer's eye. If two stars really *were* brought by their proper motions into a straight line with the eye of an observer at a remote station, they would not seem to be coincident, and if they were then suddenly reduced to rest the observer would see them still apparently in motion, drawing nearer and nearer together until they apparently coincided.

We see, then, that this optical test of the straightness of the line joining two points requires that the points should be at rest.

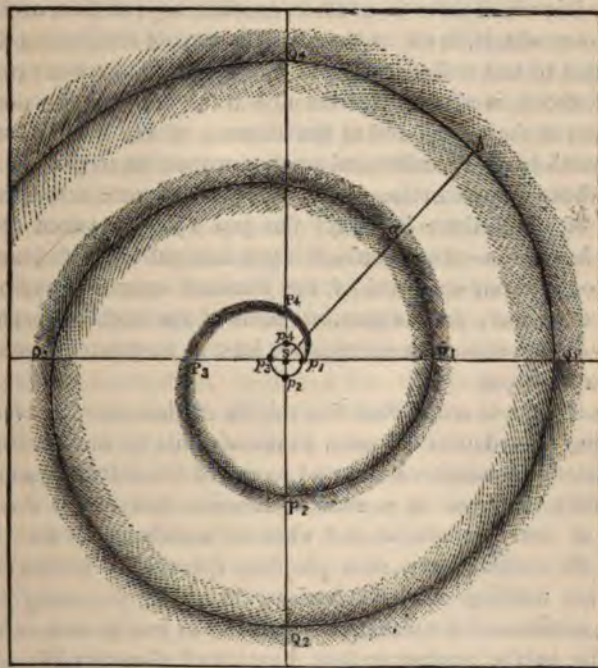
I may here digress for a few moments to notice one very singular consequence of the effect of motion just mentioned. Conceive the production of a straight line joining two points to be effected under the visual test, the eye itself being the tracing point. The eye is first placed so that the nearer point (close to the eye) is coincident apparently with the more remote, and then the eye recedes with infinite velocity, or at least with a velocity exceeding many million times the velocity of light. Then it would seem at first as though the eye must of necessity travel in a straight line; but in reality this would only be the case if the two points were either absolutely or relatively at rest. If *not*, then, paradoxical though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the eye would have to travel in a series of whorls forming a mighty spiral, the path of the eye at a very great distance from the two points being almost at right angles to a really straight line joining the eye and the centre of gravity of the moving points (around which they would make their revolutions).

The relation here considered is rather a singular one in itself (apart, I mean, from all question of infinity). It may be illustrated by a phenomenon which occurred in December 1874, and will occur again in December 1882—a transit of Venus. Suppose we see the disc of Venus at any instant projected as a round black spot on the very centre of the Sun's face. Then one would say at a first view that at that moment the eye and the centres of the Sun and Venus were in a straight line. But this would not be exactly the case. For we see the Sun at any moment, not in his real direction, but in that towards which he lay some nine minutes before, light having taken that time in travelling to us from him; and we see Venus at any moment, not in her real direction, but in that towards which she lay when the Sun's light passed *her*.

As her distance from us varies widely, so the displacement due to the journey light has to take from her to reach us varies widely in relative amount, though, being always small, ordinary observation perceives no remarkable irregularity in her motions.¹ When she is between the Earth and Sun, light takes about $2\frac{1}{4}$ minutes in reaching us from Venus; and therefore we see her where she was $2\frac{1}{4}$ minutes before. All that we can say, then, from the observed fact that Venus is seen at any moment, apparently at the very centre of the Sun's disc, is that a straight line from the eye to the place Venus occupied $2\frac{1}{4}$ minutes before is in the same direction as a straight line from the eye to the sun eight minutes before the moment of the observation. But the Earth is at the moment itself on the axis of Venus's shadow cone. This axis, then, cannot be a straight line. Similar reasoning applies to all the planets, including the Earth. They do not throw straight shadows into space. This is the point to which I have wished to lead the reader's attention. The axis of a planet's shadow is the path which would be pursued by the eye in the case before considered, if the planet were taken for the nearer and the Sun for the more remote of the two objects; and instead of this axis of the shadow lying, as one would expect, upon straight lines extending radially from the Sun, it is curved with a constantly increasing deflection, until in depths very remote from the sun it actually sweeps out figures shaped almost like circles! The shadow travels radially just as the light from the Sun does, simply because it lies between regions of light both receding radially from the Sun. Hence

¹ If light did not travel with a velocity enormously exceeding that of the planets in their orbits, they would seem to move very irregularly (at least, until the cause of the irregularity had been discovered); we should sometimes see Mars, for example, where he was a month or so before, sometimes where he was a year or so before—i.e., sometimes twenty or thirty millions of miles, sometimes two or three hundred millions of miles, from his true place. As it is, light crosses the greatest distance separating us from Mars in about twenty minutes, and the least in about four minutes, so that the irregularity in his apparent motions never amounts to more than the distance he traverses in about 16 minutes, or a little more than 14,000 miles. If light travelled at the same rate as sound, it would have been absolutely impossible for men to interpret the apparent planetary motions, and the most erroneous ideas would inevitably have prevailed respecting the real motions. Even if the velocity of light had amounted to 20 or 30 miles per second, instead of its real value—about 186,000 miles per second—the true theory of the planetary movements would have seemed absolutely inconsistent with what the eyes would have seen. Even as it is, astronomy is directly opposed to the doctrine that seeing is believing. We see every celestial body, not where it is, but where it was. It is hardly necessary to remark that astronomy, in predicting the motions of the celestial bodies, as well as the occurrence of eclipses, transits, occultations, and so on, takes this circumstance fully into account.

the place reached by the shadow which *had* been just behind a planet in one part of its course will lie in the same direction from the Sun, only at a much greater distance, when the planet has performed any part of its circuit or any number of circuits. This being true for every position of the planet, it follows readily that when we connect together the various positions reached by the outward-travelling shadow, at any moment, they form a mighty shadow-spiral extending in a series of whorls infinitely into space, or at least to a distance corresponding to that which light has traversed since first the planet became an opaque body, or the Sun began to pour light upon the planet (whichever of these two events was the later)—in other words, *since first the planet cast a shadow*. Thus, let $p_1 p_2 p_3 p_4$ be



Shape of a Planet's Shadow.

the path of a planet about the Sun S , and let the planet be at p_1 , then the shadow extends outwards from p_1 . Let us see what shape it will have. The shadow which had been behind the planet when last at p_1 has gone to P_1 , $p_1 P_1$ being the distance traversed by light during one revolution of the planet. That which was behind the planet when last at p_2 has gone to P_2 , $p_2 P_2$ being the distance traversed by light in three-quarters of a revolution. Similarly, we get

P_3 for the place reached by the shadow which had been behind the planet when last at p_3 , $p_3 P_3$ being the distance traversed by light during half a revolution; and P_4 for the place reached by the shadow which had been behind the planet when last at p_4 , $p_4 P_4$ being the distance traversed by light in a quarter of a revolution of the planet. The shadow's axis then lies along the curve $p_1 P_4 P_3 P_2 P_1$. But this is not the whole shadow. The shadow which had been behind the planet when last time but one at p_1 , has been all the time travelling outwards, and is now at Q_1 , $P_1 Q_1$ being equal to $p_1 P_1$; and similarly we get other points of another whorl $Q_4 Q_3 Q_2 Q_1$, the radial breadth, $a b$, between the two whorls being everywhere equal to the distance traversed by light during one revolution of the planet. Outside this whorl there is another, another beyond that, and so on for as many whorls, in all, as the planet has made revolutions since it first began to cast a shadow. The radial breadth between two successive whorls is always the distance traversed by light during a revolution of the planet, and as the distance of the whorls increases this breadth bears a smaller and smaller proportion to the size of the whorl, whose shape therefore becomes more and more nearly circular, though of course there is always the gap $P_1 Q_1$ between the two ends. In the case of our earth, this gap is equal to light's journey in a year, or to about one-third of the distance separating us from the nearest fixed star; yet the greatest radius of the whorl corresponding to the year 876 of our era exceeds the least in no greater degree than 1,000 exceeds 999.

It is strange to reflect that this mighty shadow-whorl is even now conveying into depths of space, so remote that to our conceptions their distance is infinite, a material record of the actual beginning of our earth's existence as a shadow-throwing body. All the other planets of our own system, and whatever worlds there are circling around the multitudinous suns peopling space, have in like manner their vast whirling shadows, various in shape according to the varying motions of the planets, and greater or less in their extension according to the greater or less duration of planetary life. These mighty interlacing shadows are all the time in motion with a velocity altogether beyond our conceptions, yet so minute, compared with the dimensions of the shadow, that hundreds of years produce no appreciable change in the *shape* of the remoter whorls. It will be understood, of course, that the shadows are not such shadows as human vision could perceive. Neither light-waves nor the absence of light-waves in the æther of space could be recognised as we recognise light and darkness. Only when some opaque object is

placed in any region of space can ordinary vision determine whether light is passing there or not. Moreover, the shadows I have been speaking of are not black shadows even in this sense. They are only regions of space where the light which would else have arrived from the Sun has been to some finite, but very small, degree reduced through the interposition of a planet. Yet it is easy to conceive that beings living in the universe of æther, as we live in our universe of matter, might clearly perceive these shadows—these regions where the æther is less or more disturbed by the undulations forming what we call light; and if we adopt the thought of Leibnitz, that the universe is the sensorium of God, then these mighty interlacing shadows swiftly rushing through His omnipresent brain convey to His mind such evidence as their shape and nature can afford respecting the past history of the worlds peopling space. Here, also, let this strange point be noted. If a Being thus sentient, through and by all space, conceived the idea of straight lines after the manner described above, regarding, to wit, the prolongation of the line joining two points as that line in space from every point of which *at the moment* the two points would seem as one, then in His mind straight lines would correspond with the shadow axes just dealt with, and would only be really straight if the two points were at rest. To His conceptions, then—always on the assumption I have just made—the straight line joining the sun and earth would, if produced far enough, become almost circular, and form an endless spiral. Still referring to His conceptions of such a line, not to the real shadows before dealt with, it would not matter whether the line joining the earth and sun were produced beyond the earth or beyond the sun; in either case it would extend outwards into space in an infinite series of whorls. Thus two mighty series of interlacing whorls¹ would be mistakenly conceived of as a straight line.

It is something like this error which the advocates of the new ideas concerning space suggest as possibly affecting the ordinary geometrical conceptions respecting straight lines, and so falsifying all our ideas respecting the universe. Conceive, they say, the primary geometrical ideas of creatures living in a world of one dimension. They would know nothing of breadth or thickness, but of linear extension only. And we can readily imagine that such creatures

¹ The student of geometry will not need to be told that a spiral formed in the manner illustrated in the figure is what is called the spiral of Archimedes, and that for completeness it requires the second infinite series, travelling the other way round, but in other respects precisely like the first series, whorl for whorl. Each whorl of one series cuts each whorl of the other once and once only.

might conceive their world infinite in extension ; because all lines in it must be supposed capable of being indefinitely produced, still remaining in it. Yet in reality the universe in which such creatures existed might be finite even as respects its single dimension ; for the line in which these imaginary creatures lived might be curved and, returning into itself, be limited in actual length. Thus, while a line could be infinitely produced in this singly dimensioned world, the world itself in which such infinite extension of lines could be effected would be finite. Conceive, again, the case of a world of two dimensions only—length and breadth without thickness. The creatures in this world would be mere surfaces, and their ideas would necessarily be limited to surfaces. All those portions of our geometry which relate to plane figures and plane curves would lie within their grasp, while not only would they be unable to deal with questions relating to solids or curved surfaces, or curved lines not lying in one plane, but the very idea of a third dimension would be utterly inconceivable by them. Now, while these creatures might have, as we have, the conception of straight lines, and might postulate, as we do, that such lines when finite may be indefinitely produced, so that they would have ideas like ours respecting infinite extension in length and breadth, it might very well be that the surface in which they lived, being curved and re-entering into itself, would no more be infinite than the surface of a globe or an egg. Moreover, and this is a point very specially insisted upon by those whose reasoning I am reproducing, it might well be that different portions of the curved surface in which they resided might be differently curved (as the end of an egg is differently curved from the middle parts), and geometrical relations derived from the experience of creatures living in one portion of this curved surface might not by any means correspond with those which they would have deduced had their lot been cast in another portion of the same surface. For instance, in the case of two triangles belonging to one portion of the surface, two sides enclosing an angle of one might be severally equal to two sides enclosing an angle of the other, and the perfect equality of the two triangles might be tested by superposition in our region of this surface world ; but a triangle having two sides and the enclosed angle respectively equal to those of another in a different part of that world, might not admit of being superposed on this last. This can easily be shown by drawing two triangles, one on the end of an egg and the other on the middle of the egg, each triangle having two sides of given length and at a given inclination : it will be found that if the corresponding pieces of shell are cut out they cannot be exactly

superposed. Not only is this so, but if two triangles, each having two sides of given length and at a given inclination, be drawn in different positions on the middle of the egg, they cannot be superposed, simply because at that part of the egg the curvatures in different directions are different. A line drawn lengthwise with respect to the egg belongs to a larger curve than a line drawn square to it. On the contrary, at the two ends of the egg, and there alone, the curvatures in all directions are alike, and therefore at either of these spots triangles of the kind described could be superposed, but not elsewhere. Thus the geometry of one part of such a surface differs essentially from the geometry of other parts; and creatures living on a portion of a surface of that kind would be altogether mistaken in supposing that throughout their world the same geometrical laws held which experience derived from their own region of that world seemed to suggest.

The application of all this is obvious. We live in a world of three dimensions, and cannot conceive the existence of a fourth dimension. Length, breadth, and thickness seem, of necessity, to be the only possible measures of space. But as creatures living in a world of one dimension would be mistaken in assuming, as they unquestionably would, that there could be no other dimension—as, again, creatures living in a world of two dimensions would be mistaken in assuming that a third dimension was impossible—so may we be mistaken in assuming that there can be no other dimension than length, breadth, and thickness. Hence those who adopt the reasoning I have described believe in the possible existence of a fourth dimension in space. Nor can any reason be perceived why a fifth or sixth dimension, or an infinite number of dimensions, may not be regarded as possible, if the reasoning be only admitted on which has been based the possibility of a fourth dimension.

Again, as creatures living in a world of one dimension or of two dimensions might mistakenly imagine their world infinite in extension in its single dimension or in its two dimensions—whereas in one case it might be any closed curve, and in the other any continuous curved surface—so may we also be mistaken in supposing our world infinite in extension throughout its three dimensions. It may in some way (which we can no more conceive than creatures possessed with the idea that they lived in a world of two dimensions could conceive the idea of the curvature of their world, which, of course, involves really a third dimension) possess a kind of curvature which makes it a world of four dimensions (or more), and may be no more infinite than the circuit of a ring on the surface of a globe is infinite.

† Yet again, the geometry of creatures living on a curved line or on a curved surface, but who supposed they lived on a straight line or a plane surface, would *pro tanto* be inexact. For instance, creatures living on the surface of a sphere enormously large compared with their own dimensions, would readily deduce the relation that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, for their plane geometry would be as ours; yet this relation would not be strictly true for their world, the three angles of a triangle described on a spherical surface being constantly in excess of two right angles. In like manner the relations of our geometry, linear, plane, and solid, may be inexact. The lines we consider straight lines may in reality be curved. Our parallel lines may in reality, if only produced far enough, meet on both sides, just as two parallel lines marked on a sphere meet necessarily if produced, and in fact enclose a space. Or, instead of that, a contrary relation may hold, and whereas, according to our present geometry, a straight line through a given point must occupy a certain definite position if it is not to meet another straight line (in the same plane), however far it may be produced, it *may* be that in reality the former line might be swung round through some finite, though small, angle, and in every one of the positions it thus assumed possess the property of parallelism, never meeting the other line, however far both might be produced.¹

¹ This is no mere *reductio ad absurdum*. Lobatchowsky, who has been compared by a skilful student of the new ideas with Copernicus, has framed a system of geometry on this very assumption. Before quoting Professor Clifford's account of Lobatchowsky's work in this direction, I venture to quote Clifford's remarks on the general question, in order that the reader may not imagine that what I have said above respecting the new geometry is drawn from my own imagination only. I remind the reader that Professor Clifford was a skilful analytical mathematician, and that he was professedly expounding the ideas of Helmholtz, Riemann, Lobatchowsky, and others of admitted skill in mathematics. "The geometer of to-day," says Clifford, "knows nothing about the nature of actually existing space at an infinite distance; he knows nothing about the properties of this present space in a past or a future eternity. He knows, indeed, that the laws assumed by Euclid are true with an accuracy that no direct experiment can approach, not only in this place where we are, but in places at a distance from us that no astronomer has conceived; but he knows this as of Here and Now; beyond his range is a There and Then of which he knows nothing at present, but may ultimately come to know more. So there is a real parallel between the work of Copernicus and his successors on the one hand, and the work of Lobatchowsky and his successors on the other. In both of these the knowledge of immensity and eternity is replaced by knowledge of Here and Now. *And in virtue of these two revelations*" (the italics are mine), "the idea of the Universe, the Macrocosm, the All, as subject of human knowledge, and therefore of human interest, has fallen to pieces." Now, the work of Lobatchowsky is thus described by Clifford: "He admitted that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, or that two lines which once

Thus, by conceiving the possibility of a fourth dimension in space, we find ourselves freed from the difficulties which our present geometrical conceptions force upon us. The universe need no longer be regarded as infinite. The straight lines which had been so troublesome are no longer troublesome, because they are no longer straight, but share the curvature of space. We may produce them as much as we please, but they all come round to the same point again. This at least will happen "on the supposition that the curvature of all space is nearly uniform and positive" (that is, of the same nature as the curvature of a nearly globe-shaped surface considered with reference to the portion of space enclosed within it; for, considered with reference to "all outside," the curvature of a globe is negative). Professor Clifford thus sums up the benefits arising from these new ideas on the supposition just mentioned :—

"In this case, the universe, as known, is again a valid conception, for the extent of space is a finite number of cubic miles. And this comes about in a curious way. If you were to start in any direction whatever, and move in that direction in a perfectly straight line, according to the definition of Leibnitz, after travelling a most prodigious distance, to which¹ the distance of the nearest star¹ "would be only a few steps, you would arrive at—this place. Only, if you had started upwards, you would appear from below. Now, one of two things would be true. Either, when you had got half-way on your journey, you came to a place which is opposite to this, and which you must have gone through, whatever direction you started in" (just as, in whatever direction an insect might travel from any point on a sphere, he would pass through the point opposite from his starting-place, and that when he was half-way round); "or else all paths you could have taken diverge entirely from each other till they meet again at this place" (just as the various paths by which an insect might proceed from any point on an anchor ring, moving always directly forwards, would all bring him back to his starting-

diverge go on diverging for ever. But he left out the postulate about parallels," (viz. that there is one position, and one only, in which a straight line drawn through a point is parallel to a given straight line). "Lobatchowsky supposed instead that there was a finite angle through which the second line must be turned after the point of intersection had disappeared at one end before it reappeared at the other." This angle depends on the distance of the point from the line in such sort that the three angles of a triangle shall always be less than two right angles by a quantity proportional to the area of the triangle. "The whole of this geometry," proceeds Clifford, "is worked out in the style of Euclid, and the most interesting conclusions are arrived at."

¹ I have here departed from the text, but, that I may not be suspected of vitiating the passage, I quote Clifford's exact words: "a most prodigious distance," he says, "to which the parallactic unit—200,000 times the diameter of the earth's orbit—would be only a few steps." I must confess I cannot see the advantage of inventing a word, and giving a roundabout explanation of it, when the thing really signified is extremely simple. Science does not require to be thus fenced round from ordinary apprehension by sesquipedalian verbal stakes.

place, but would have no other point in common). "In the former case, every two straight lines in a plane meet in two points; in the latter, they meet only in one. Upon this supposition of a positive curvature, the whole of geometry is far more complete and interesting; the principle of duality, instead of half-breaking down over metric relations, applies to all propositions without exception. In fact, I do not mind confessing that I personally have often found relief from the dreary infinities of homaloidal space" (that is, space where straight lines are straight, and planes plane; from the Greek *δμαλός*, *level*) "in the consoling hope that, after all, this other may be the true state of things."

Now, with all respect for the distinguished mathematicians who have adopted the method of reasoning which I have briefly sketched, and which Professor Clifford thus eloquently sums up, I submit that the whole train of reasoning is geometrically objectionable, and that the very words in which those who adopt it are compelled to clothe their arguments and to express their conclusions should suffice to show this. To begin with, although it is unquestionably true that our ideas respecting the geometrical point, line, plane, circle, and so forth, are originally derived from experience, they in truth transcend experience. Thus, as the ancient geometers are said to have drawn figures on sand to illustrate their reasoning, and these figures were necessarily altogether imperfect representations of the figures as geometrically defined, we can imagine a gradually increasing accuracy in draughtsmanship, until at length only such lines as Rutherford has been able to draw on glass—10,000, if I remember rightly, to the inch—might be used, or even lines very much finer. Yet the lines so drawn only differ in degree, so far as their departure from geometrical perfection is concerned, from the lines drawn on sand. We can imagine a continual increase of fineness until at length the errors from exactness would be less than those ethereally occupied spaces between the ultimate atoms of bodies which lie beyond the range of our microscopes. We might conceive a yet further increase of fineness, until irregularities in the actual constitution of the ether itself took the place of the gross irregularities of the lines once drawn on the sand. Or such irregularities might in turn be conceived to be reduced to their million millionth parts. Yet we are still as remote as ever from the geometrical line, simply because that is a conception suggested by ordinary lines, not a reality which can under any circumstances actually exist. And so of the straightness of lines, the planity of surfaces, and other like geometrical conceptions: they are transcendentalisms suggested only by experience, not in reality comparable with them any more than infinity of space is comparable with mere immensity. To say, therefore, that geometrical lines, surfaces, and so forth, may

be imperfect because space itself may be discontinuous, is to assert of them that possibly they may not be geometrical lines, but only exceedingly delicate lines of the ordinary kind. To say again that geometrically straight lines may have their straightness vitiated by the curvature of space, is to say that they are not geometrically straight lines, but curved. I was about to say that it is as inconceivable that a straight line can, when produced far enough, return into itself, as to say that two things of any kind being added to two other things of the same kind make three or five things of that kind, and not four; but I remember that, among other objections to the validity of our primary conceptions, one has been urged against the mistaken notion that *ex necessitate* two and two make four. There may be regions of space or portions of eternity where, when two things are added to two, the sum is greater or less than four, and where in general our fundamental ideas about number may be altogether incorrect; and in those or other regions or times straight lines may be curved, and level surfaces uneven. Space also may there and then be discontinuous, the interstices being neither void nor occupied space; and time may proceed discontinuously, being interrupted by intervals which are neither void nor occupied time. It can only be in those regions of space and in those portions of eternity that beings exist who can conceive the possibility of the creatures spoken of by Helmholtz, Clifford, and others, as having only length without breadth or thickness, or only length and breadth without thickness. *Here and now* I apprehend that, though we may speak of such creatures, we cannot possibly conceive of them as actually existent.

We might on this account, indeed, dismiss the one-dimensioned and two-dimensioned creatures and their mistaken notions, which cannot possibly affect ourselves who are unable to conceive either them or their notions. But we may admit for the sake of argument the possible existence and the possible mistakes of such creatures, and yet find no reason whatever to admit the possibility of a fourth dimension in space. Take the creatures living in a surface. So long as the experience of such creatures was not opposed to the requirements of plane geometry, their conceptions and their experience would alike conform to the relations of *our* plane geometry. But if, after gradually widening their experience, they discovered that these relations were not strictly fulfilled—that, for instance, the three angles of a triangle were appreciably greater than two right angles when the triangle was very large—the existence of a third dimension would present itself to their con-

ceptions, simply because it had in effect, as their geometricians would explain, become sensible to their experience. Its possibility would never have been beyond their power of conception, and it is not at all clear that such creatures, even without the lessons of actual experience, might not conceive the possible existence of matter on one side or the other of the surface in which they lived. In fact, it is not easy to see what should prevent them. Moreover, when they had made the discovery of a third dimension in their own world, by finding in fact that the surface in which they lived was not plane, they would be unable to "find relief from the dreary infinities of homaloidal space in the consoling hope" that their world, being curved, might therefore contain a finite number of square miles. They would simply have found that what had seemed the universe to them was in point of fact not the universe; that the infinities of length and breadth which they had imagined as existing in their world lay really outside of it, in company with another infinity of which they had before (on Helmholtz's assumption as to their mental condition) formed no conception. If we are really to admit with Helmholtz and Clifford the possible existence of creatures of one dimension or of two dimensions, and also to accept as certain the theory of these mathematicians that creatures of this kind could form no conception of dimensions other than those of their own persons, then we must accept all the consequences of these (unfortunately inconceivable) conceptions. Not only must we assert with Helmholtz and Clifford that these creatures would have been mistaken at first in supposing their world necessarily infinite in the dimensions it possessed, but we must admit that they would have been mistaken later in supposing that the finiteness of their worlds was any proof of the finiteness of length and breadth. They would quite erroneously have come to the conclusion that they had mastered their old difficulties about infinite extension in these dimensions. The consoling hope which would buoy them up after their discovery would be an entirely deceptive one. Their world would be simply a spherical, spheroidal, or otherwise-shaped surface in space, surrounded on all sides by infinities, not only of length and breadth, but of depth also. Their second mistake would, in fine, be as preposterous as would have been the theory, could sane geographers ever have entertained it, that when our own earth had been shown to be a globe, the plane of the horizon had been proved not to be infinite, but to contain a finite number of square miles. If we must accept so much of the argument advanced by Helmholtz and supported by Clifford, the true analogue of the reasoning of the bi-dimensionists, on the part of us who

are tri-dimensionists, would be *this*—that we may one day discover the part of the universe we inhabit to be finite, the length and breadth and depth of our universe lying within the real infinities of length and breadth and depth, while to these infinities a fourth infinity, of a kind which we are at present unable to conceive, would by that discovery have been added to those which we already find sufficiently overwhelming. Thus the “consoling hope” of Professor Clifford, rightly apprehended, is in reality but a fresh cause of despair.

In fact, it is easy to perceive on *à priori* grounds that this must be the case. For if we imagine a linear creature of advanced ideas arguing with his less thoughtful fellow lines as to the existence of breadth as well as length, we see that his argument would run somewhat on this wise: “You imagine mistakenly, my linear friends, that *all* points lie in our line; but there may be, and I believe for my own part there are, points not in our line at all.” He would not say, “on one side of it or on the other,” simply because the conception of sides to their linear universe could not have been formed by his hearers. So with the planar folk. An advanced surface would reason that all lines and points were not necessarily in their world, but might be above or below their level. This idea, of points outside the linear world in one case, or of points and lines outside the surface world in the other, would be an absolutely essential preliminary to any argument in favour of the possible curvature of a world of either kind, and therefore of the possible finiteness of either world. We can only make the analogy complete by reasoning that possibly there may be points outside what we call space, thence prove the possible curvature of space, and so infer the finiteness of space. But the possible finiteness of space established by the assumption that there may be points outside of it, is not consoling to those who find the infinities of homaloidal space dreary; and the fourth dimension called upon to relieve us from the dreary infinities of length, breadth, and depth, would only introduce a more awful infinity, just as surface infinity is infinitely vaster than linear infinity, and infinity of volume infinitely vaster than infinity of surface. Fortunately, length, breadth, and depth are the only conceivable infinities of space. The fearful quadri-dimensional infinity is as one of the spirits from the vasty deep over which Glendower boasted that he possessed controlling power. We may *speak* of infinities thus unknown, but, so far as conceiving them is concerned, “they will not come when we do call for them.”

I have said that the very words in which the advocates of the new ideas respecting space are compelled, not only to clothe their arguments, but to express their ideas, suffice to show that those ideas are

geometrically objectionable; and so far as their arguments are concerned, I think I have proved this. As for their conclusion, it seems only necessary to point out, that to say the extent of space is a finite number of cubic miles, is in reality equivalent to saying that it has a limiting surface: now, the mind is unable to conceive a surface which has not space on both sides of it. Thus there must, according to our conceptions, be space outside the surface supposed to include all space—which is absurd. I may add, though the argument is complete already, that whether a straight line as defined by Leibnitz can or cannot, when produced sufficiently far, return to the point from which it started, it is certain that the straight line as defined by Euclid cannot do so, nor can the straight line as conceived by Newton, or probably by any mathematician of geometrical tendencies. For Euclid defines a straight line as lying evenly between its extreme points; and a straight line which extends from one point and after an enormous journey returns, no matter by what course, to a point close by its starting-point (not to carry it on to the starting-point itself) cannot possibly be regarded as lying evenly between the starting-point and the point close by, which points are its extremities. And Newton, as we know, regarded a straight line as produced by the continuous motion of a point tending continually in one unchanged direction; whereas a point which, after—no matter how long after—leaving a fixed point, is found travelling towards that point, can certainly not be regarded as travelling in the same direction all the time, but, on the contrary, its course must in the interim have changed through four right angles.

But after all, the infinities which surround us—not only the infinities of time and space, but the infinities also of matter, of energy, and of vitality, the infinity of the minute as well as the infinity of the vast—though inexpressibly awful, are not in truth “dreary.” It is, in fact, in such infinities alone that we find an answer to the misgivings that arise continually within us as our knowledge widens. Were the universe finite in extent or in duration, the discoveries by which science is continually widening her domain in space and time would perplex us even more than they do at present. We should have to believe in the constant enormous expenditure of forms of force which there is no replacing, and whose transmutation to other forms implies a real waste of energy, if only the total supply of force is finite. As the action of processes of evolution is more clearly recognised, and seen to extend over longer and longer periods of time, we should seem to be continually tending towards the belief that from the very beginning there has been *only* evolution. If time were

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regarded as finite, then the vast range of time over which the vision of science extends would seem dreary indeed, because, so far as the eye of science extends, no direct evidence of a First Cause could be perceived. So also of the minute. If men could really penetrate to the ultimate constitution of matter—if they could perceive the operations of Nature within the corpuscles—we should find no means of conceiving how possibly the seemingly wasted energies of the perceptible universe may have their use in processes affecting matter beyond our powers of perception. And it is only by imagining some such employment of the apparently lost energies of our universe that we can be led to the belief that our universe in turn receives constant supplies of energy from processes lost to our perceptions because of their vastness, as the processes taking place within the ether are lost to us because of their minuteness. Lastly, were it not for the infinities which are beyond our powers of conception, as well as of perception, we should be logically forced, as it seems to me, into direct antagonism to the doctrine of a Being working in and through all things and during all time. For, step by step, knowledge has passed onwards from the development of leaf and limb to the development of plant and animals, thence to the development of races and species, of flora and fauna, onwards still to the development of the earth and her fellow worlds, the development of solar systems; and science bides her time to recognise the laws of development according to which systems of solar systems, and even systems of higher orders, have come into existence. In like manner, science has learned to look beyond the death of individuals and races, to contemplate the death of worlds, and systems of worlds, and systems of systems, to the death eventually of all, and more than all, the known portions of the universe. Had we to do with the finite only, in time and space, and in all that time and space contain, we might well shudder at the dreary wastes thus presented to us—space, time, matter, power, and vitality, all ultimately the spoil of Death. Even if we could recognise a Supreme Being existing amid these desolations, we could not reverence mere immensity of extent and duration without control over the progress of events and without purpose which could be conceived. But seeing that it is not immensity, but infinity, we have to deal with, and perceiving that our knowledge, no matter how widely it may extend its domain, still has in reality but an evanescent range—for the immense is nothing in presence of the infinite—we are no longer forced to this “abomination of desolation.” Being able to grasp the finite only, whereas the universe is infinite, reason compels us to admit that we can know absolutely nothing of the scheme

of the universe. It must ever remain as unfathomable as the infinite depths of space, as immeasurable as the infinite domain of time. We may reject this theory or that theory of supervision or control, or plan or purpose, or whatsoever name we choose to give to the unknowable relations between all things and their God. When men assure us that God wills this, or designs that, or will bring about somewhat else, and still more when men pretend to tell us the nature or ways of God, we may, from the teachings of Nature, be able utterly to reject the doctrines thus propounded. But we cannot go further, and reject the general doctrine with which these special doctrines have been associated. We can say truly that the idea of a personal God, whatsoever attributes may be assigned to such a Being, is not only unintelligible, but utterly unimaginable; and that those who tell us that they can conceive of such a Being, know not what they say; but we cannot reject the doctrine because it is inconceivable, for we have seen that we cannot reject the doctrines of infinity of time and infinity of space. Nay, so far are we from being justified in rejecting the belief in a Supreme Being because we cannot conceive such a Being, that, on the contrary, no Being of which we could conceive could possibly be the God of the utterly inconceivable universe. That God must of necessity be Himself inconceivable. The most earnest believers, as well as the exactest students of science, can have but *faith*; they cannot *know*—

For knowledge is of things we see,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

MRS. GLOVER.

AN Irish actor, calling himself Thomas Betterton, and fancifully claiming kindred with the famous English tragedian of that name, had for many years strolled the country a member of itinerant companies, figuring now upon this provincial stage, now upon that. His real name was probably Butterton; he was born in Dublin; his father and grandfather had filled the office of sexton to St. Andrew's Church in that city. He was a skilled player, versatile, possessed of unbounded confidence in himself; he was prepared to shine alike in light comedy and heavy tragedy; he was an accomplished dancer; and he was the father of an Infant Phenomenon. Tate Wilkinson has related how, in 1786, his company in York was joined by Mr. Betterton from Edinburgh, to play the characters of Archer, Jaffier, &c. The actor, as Wilkinson writes, "had squandered a little fortune at Newry and other towns in Ireland;" had been "bred a dancing-master," and moved "with a grace," his person being "remarkably genteel and elegantly made;" he boasted a good voice, but did not sufficiently vary or modulate his tones; he had, moreover, "a rapid study, and many strong recommendations for the stage." At the same time, it was charged against Mr. Betterton that he was over-fond of himself, and rated his own abilities too highly; that his habits were extravagant, and that he always schemed and laboured "to manage his managers." With Wilkinson Mr. Betterton remained some years, however; bringing upon the stage his little daughter, Miss Julia Betterton, to be known to a later generation—and to become famous, indeed—as MRS. GLOVER, the best comic actress of her time.

Julia Betterton was born at Newry on the 8th January, 1779. At the earliest period possible she was pressed into the service of the drama; she stepped, as it were, from her cradle on to the stage. Almost before she could stand she was required to represent Cupids and Fairies. Cordelio, the page, in the tragedy of "The Orphan," is said to have been the first "speaking part" she essayed. The celebrated Anne Bracegirdle, at the early age of six, and to the admiration of all beholders, had been the original Cordelio, a character described

as "of great importance to the play, as giving greater scope for the display of talent than any other juvenile part." Little Miss Betterton further undertook the usual duties of what may be called the infantile repertory. During her father's engagement with Tate Wilkinson she appeared as the Duke of York to the Richard III. of George Frederick Cooke; and when, on the occasion of his benefit, that eminent tragedian condescended to personate Glumdalca, the Queen of the Giants, in Fielding's burlesque of "Tom Thumb," the clever little girl Julia Betterton was chosen to play the hero of the story. So charmed was Cooke with the spirited performance of the tiny actress, that he lifted her in his arms, we are told, and, "placing her upon the palm of his hand, held her forth to receive the rapturous applause of the audience."

The drama finds occupation for players of all ages. At thirteen Miss Betterton was appearing with success as the hoydens and school-girls of comedy and farce; she was still in her teens when she first ventured to personate the leading heroines of tragedy. Without doubt she had been carefully instructed by her father, who showed alacrity too in receiving and applying to his own uses the earnings of his child. She had never sixpence "to call her own," as people said; it was Mr. Betterton's custom punctually to appropriate the handsome salary she received from the managers. In 1795 Miss Betterton, "from Liverpool," first appeared in Bath, then viewed as a sort of dramatic nursery, the favour obtained there being accounted a sure criterion of merit, and a foretaste of the popularity the performer might rely upon enjoying in London. Her first character was Elwina in Hannah More's tragedy of "Percy"—in part an adaptation from the French, and now regarded as an inordinately dull production; but from its first performance in 1777, "Percy" had been esteemed as a poetic work that afforded excellent opportunities to the players. That Miss Betterton set store upon her performance of Elwina may be judged from the fact that she decided to appear in that character when the time came for her entrance upon the London stage. It was even thought worth while to revive "Percy" in 1815 for the sake of Miss O'Neill's Elwina, Hazlitt writing upon the occasion: "We shall not readily forgive Miss Hannah More's heroine Elwina for having made us perceive, what we had not felt before, that there is a considerable degree of manner and monotony in Miss O'Neill's acting." For Miss Betterton's benefit at Bath, in 1795, "Wild Oats" was produced, when she played Amaranth to the Rover of her father and the Sim of Elliston, the leading actor of the theatre. During three seasons at Bath the actress appeared as Desdemona,

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Lady Macbeth, the Queen in "Richard the Third," Bellario in "Philaster," Ellen in "A Cure for the Heart-ache," Julia in "The Way to get Married," Marianne in "The Dramatist," &c.

The fame of Miss Betterton's success in Bath reached London, and Mr. Harris, the Covent Garden manager, was forthwith moved to offer her an engagement. Probably Mr. Betterton conducted the negotiation on his child's behalf, for there was considerable haggling over the transaction. Hawes offered first £10 and then £12 per week, protesting that no performer engaged at his theatre was in receipt of a higher salary. Mr. Betterton, perceiving the manager's eagerness, was in no haste to arrive at an agreement. At length the lady was secured to the London stage for a period of five years upon a salary beginning at £15 a week, and rising to £20: terms then thought to be liberal even to extravagance. It was perhaps a condition that Mr. Betterton should also be employed. He was no longer young, it is true, but he was still a serviceable actor, and it was thought he might render valuable assistance to his daughter. She appeared at Covent Garden as Elwina on the 12th of October, 1797. A few nights afterwards her father presented himself to the London public as Castalio in "The Orphan." A little later, and Mr. and Miss Betterton were seen upon the stage together as Belcour and Charlotte Rusport in "The West Indian." For some seasons Mr. Betterton continued a member of the Covent Garden company, sustaining characters of considerable importance. Opportunity was even found to exhibit his skill as a dancer: he was selected by Mrs. Abington to perform with her the mock minuet in "High Life Below Stairs," presented on the occasion of her benefit in 1798.

The success of the new Elwina was complete, but there were difficulties in the way of her rapid advance. The Covent Garden company was so numerous that Miss Betterton was only occasionally called upon to appear. She found a formidable rival in Miss Champion, known also as Mrs. Spencer and afterwards as Mrs. Pope; while the two distinguished actresses, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Abington, had been persuaded to return to the stage for a while and resume the chief characters in tragedy and comedy respectively. There are princesses whose religious convictions are kept in solution, as it were, to be precipitated when the particular creed professed by the prince they are to marry has been clearly ascertained; in like manner Miss Betterton's histrionic inclinations were for some time held suspended. Probably her thoughts and wishes in the first instance were bent towards tragedy; but she had been duly instructed how to bear herself satisfactorily in comedy. Nature, too, had assuredly qualified

her the more for success as a comic actress. Her beauty was remarkable, but it was not of a severe type. Her face did not readily lend itself to solemnity of expression; her features were dainty and pretty rather than regular; many found in her looks a resemblance to the brilliant archness, vivacity, and piquancy of Mrs. Abington. There were no tears in Miss Betterton's voice; and anxiety to impress often urged her towards exaggerations of tone and gesture. Her complexion was exquisitely fair; her luxuriant hair was very dark of hue; her large blue eyes were shadowed by the longest lashes; she was above the average height, and most graceful of movement. The circumstances in which she was placed more and more impelled her towards comedy; choice, indeed, was hardly permitted her; and time may be said to have definitively settled the matter. As the years passed, the lady's form acquired amplitude and substantiality, until it assumed quite unpoetic proportions; her prosperous and portly air was found wholly unsuited to characters of seriousness. Gradually the sceptred pall of gorgeous tragedy may be said to have slipped from her plump shoulders.

For some seasons she was content, however, to play such parts, lively or severe, as the management chose to assign her. Her third character in London was Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice." Presently Cumberland solicited her to play the heroine in his comedy of "False Impressions." She appeared, too, in "Curiosity," a new drama written, as the playbills alleged, by "the late King of Sweden." She represented Miranda in the "Busy-Body;" Miss Dorillon in "Wives as they were and Maids as they are;" and Lydia Languish in "The Rivals." Holcroft's "Deserted Daughter" was played on her first benefit night, when she appeared as Joanna to the Mordant of her father. In March 1800, when she personated Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem," the advertisements described her oddly enough as "the late Miss Betterton." Two months afterwards, on her appearance as Miss Walsingham in "The School for Wives," she was for the first time announced in the bills as "Mrs. Glover, late Miss Betterton."

Her marriage brought the poor lady much unhappiness. It is said that her own inclinings and sentiments in the matter had been grossly and cruelly disregarded; that her husband had been forced upon her by her father, whose selfish aims had determined his choice. Needy, shift, unscrupulous, Mr. Betterton overreached himself, however. He believed his son-in-law to be a man of fortune; but Mr. Glover was rich only in expectations which were not destined to be realised. The husband now preyed upon the wife much as the

father had preyed upon the daughter; the earnings of the actress seemed never to be safely her own, but always in danger of being swept into the pockets of others. Her happiest hours were probably passed upon the stage in the presence of the public; for there, at any rate, she could forget her domestic discords, cares, and afflictions. In the private relations of life she suffered acutely, the while her own conduct and character remained unimpeached; she obtained, indeed, general respect for her patience, forbearance, and rectitude under very trying conditions. She was the victim of repeated scandals and squabbles. The husband who, after treating her shamefully, had finally abandoned her, leaving her wholly dependent for subsistence upon her own exertions, was now suing the treasurer of the theatre to obtain possession of her salary, and now, as a certain means of assailing her purse, endeavouring to tear her children from her, way-laying them in the street, or breaking into their mother's house to gain possession of them. The poor actress underwent a long course of persecution of this kind.

Of Mr. Betterton, sorely disappointed in the results of his daughter's marriage, especially in their relation to his own fortunes, little more need be said. Lord Byron reckons among the distresses he endured as a member of the Drury Lane committee of management in 1815, a visit he received from "Mrs. Glover's father, an Irish dancing-master of some sixty years," to plead that he might be allowed to appear as Archer in "The Beaux' Stratagem;" the actor presented himself "dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning, to show his legs, which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had been still better." Failing to secure an engagement at Drury Lane, the veteran was content to figure at Sadler's Wells, under the direction of Mr. Howard Payne. Upon that humble stage Mr. Betterton is supposed to have played for the last time probably about 1821.

Meantime Mrs. Glover continued to serve the drama industriously. Her professional career extended over a period of some sixty-five years; from her first appearance at Covent Garden in 1797 to her farewell performance at Drury Lane in 1850 she occupied a distinguished position upon the London stage. Histrionic life so prolonged has been permitted to few. From the Cordelios, the Prince Arthurs, and Tom Thumbs of her childhood she proceeded to the interesting girlish heroines of theatrical romance, to represent presently the vivacious matrons, the buxom widows, and spirited women of quality who stand a little apart from the main interest of the drama, and to subside at last into the old ladies, the nurses, the dowagers and quennas, the useful back-ground figures of so many tragedies and

comedies. She was not of those actresses who, having been Juliets once, would be Juliets always; nor did she, as many of our players do, fall into the mistake of deferring too long her portrayal of elderly characters. It has been remarked that "no class of performance upon the stage requires more vigour than the simulation of the passions and humours of age." Mrs. Glover was even charged with abandoning prematurely her more youthful impersonations. A critic writing in 1826, while expressing admiration for the strength of mind that had induced the resolution of the actress, proposed that she should postpone, even for eight or nine years, her representation of "the old women of the stage." It must, of course, be understood that in the theatre age is a conventional matter, and that tragedy and comedy have varying prescriptions on the subject. An actress, from the point of view of the public, may still preserve a reputation for youth, even though she undertake such decidedly mature characters as Volumnia and Hermione, Lady Macbeth and Lady Randolph, Constance and Gertrude; but if she once presents herself as Mrs. Candour and Mrs. Malaprop, Deborah Dowlas and Dame Ashfield, Mrs. Heidelberg and the Widow Warren, there is a general agreement that both on and off the stage she is really stricken in years. Without doubt, however, Mrs. Glover exercised sound judgment when she decided that, while still middle-aged herself, she would portray the old women of the drama; the argument of her expanded physical proportions asserting itself probably in this case not less than in the question of her abandonment of tragedy for comedy. A young American artist—he was afterwards famous as Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.—corresponding with his family in Philadelphia, described the production of Coleridge's tragedy "Remorse" at Drury Lane in 1813, and thus wrote of the actress who represented the heroine of the night: "Mrs. Glover played Alhadra uncommonly well. . . . This lady has not a tragic voice, and very far from a tragic air. She was dressed well, however, and is a commanding figure, though monstrously fat."

Born the year of Garrick's death, Mrs. Glover lived through the palmiest days of the Kembles, and witnessed the rising and the setting now of George Frederick Cooke and now of Edmund Kean. When in 1816 Macready made his first appearance in London, he found, something to his dismay, that in support of his *Orestes* "a special engagement had been made with Mrs. Glover, the best comic actress then upon the stage, to appear as the weeping widowed *Andromache*." She had first essayed the part of the Nurse in "*Romeo and Juliet*" in 1822, when her daughter Phillis made "her first attempt

on any stage" in the character of Juliet to the Romeo of Edmund Kean; she was playing Nurse again in 1829, when Charles Kean was the Romeo and the Juliet Miss F. H. Kelly. She had appeared as Mrs. Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to the Falstaff of Cooke and the Ford of John Kemble; she had personated Violante in the "Wonder," to Charles Kemble's Don Felix, and Tilburina in "The Critic" to Elliston's Puff and Downton's Sir Fretful. She was Lady Allworth to Edmund Kean's Sir Giles Overreach, when his terrible intensity affected her so powerfully that she fainted away—"not at all from flattery, but from emotion." Indeed, Mrs. Glover's last performances in tragedy were in support of Kean. She was his Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, Goneril, Emilia; the Queen to his Richard, the Elvira to his Rolla. She appeared as Paulina in "The Winter's Tale" to Macready's Leontes in 1823; she was the original Mrs. Subtle in "Paul Pry" in 1825. On one of her benefit nights she played Hamlet; on another she even ventured to appear as Falstaff. In 1821 she had been playing at the West London Theatre, known to these times as the Prince of Wales's, when the "Ædipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles was impudently announced to be represented, "being its first appearance these 2,440 years." The play was really a condensed edition of the tragedy, "Ædipus King of Thebes," by Dryden and Lee. A critic wrote: "Mrs. Glover's delineation of Jocasta was truly powerful, and met with deserved applause; but we have seen her to greater advantage than in her Grecian costume." In 1831 Madame Vestris secured the services of Mrs. Glover for the Olympic Theatre. In 1837 Macready, entering upon the management of Covent Garden, records in his diary that he had "called upon Mrs. Glover and agreed with her for £9. 10s." The actress continued at Covent Garden during the subsequent management of Madame Vestris, and afterwards joined the company of Mr. Webster at the Haymarket, remaining there some seasons, and presenting the best impersonations of her later period. It was at the Haymarket she originated the characters of the Widow Green in Sheridan Knowles's "Love Chase," Lady Franklin in "Money," and Miss Tucker in "Time Works Wonders," Douglas Jerrold's best comedy. She appeared too in "Quid pro Quo," Mrs. Gore's prize comedy; in "The Maiden Aunt" by Richard Brinsley Knowles; "The School for Scheming," by Mr. Boucicault; and in comedies by Robert Bell, Lovell, and others.

Hazlitt, reviewing Kean's Richard, found occasion to mention the Queen of Mrs. Glover as too turbulent and vociferous; he noted at another time the "very agreeable frowns" of her Lady Allworth,

and especially admired her Lady Amaranth, in "Wild Oats," as "an inimitable piece of quiet acting." He adds: "The demureness of the character, which takes away all temptation to be boisterous, leaves the justness of her conception in full force; and the simplicity of her Quaker dress is most agreeably relieved by the *embonpoint* of her person." Of her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife," he writes less favourably: "She represented the passions of the woman, but not the manner of the fine lady;" she was apt to "deluge the theatre with her voice;" her style of acting "amounted to the formidable;" and "her expression of passion was too hysterical, and habitually reminded one of hartshorn and water." In the course of Leigh Hunt's dramatic criticisms notes of Mrs. Glover's performances frequently occur. In 1802 the actress had personated Miss Hardcastle, but in 1830 she was playing Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." Leigh Hunt pronounced her "too easy and pleasant-looking for the fidgety Mrs. Hardcastle; Mrs. Davenport might have been as stout, but she looked in less joyous condition, and then she dug her words in as if she were sticking pins." A little later, and Mrs. Glover is performing Mrs. Malaprop: she had played Lydia Languish in 1798, and Julia in 1811! Leigh Hunt writes: "Mrs. Glover we think a very good Mrs. Malaprop, even though we have seen Miss Pope in the character. It is not of so high an order of comedy as that lady's; it wants her perfection of old-gentlewomanly staidness, and so wants the highest relish of contrast in its *malapropism*; but for a picture of a broader sort, fine and flower-gowned and powdered, it is very good indeed. If Miss Pope looked as though she kept the jellies and preserves, Mrs. Glover looked as though she ate them." Upon a performance of Mrs. Glover in 1831, at the Queen's Theatre—for the little house in Tottenham Street now bore that title—Leigh Hunt remarks: "Mrs. Glover plays her part admirably well. We really think she acts better and better the older she grows; and she is young enough too, in spite of a jovial person, to retain a countenance the good-humoured freshness of which surprised us when we saw it the other evening among the spectators at one of the large theatres. Mrs. Glover is still a good-looking woman on the stage, and she is better off. Her good humour must be the secret of her good looks."

The lady had a quick wit of her own, however, and could say her tart things. Mr. Vandenhoff, in his "Dramatic Reminiscences," describes her as "hearty mannered," but "quick tempered, and not unfrequently indulging in strokes of sarcastic bitterness," with an air "large, autocratic, oracular," and "smacking of her profession."

The same authority relates a conversation between Mrs. Glover and her contemporaries, Mrs. Orger and Mrs. Humby, touching the marriage of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews. "They say," remarked Mrs. Humby with a quaint air of assumed simplicity, "that before accepting him Vestris made a full confession of all the indiscretions of her life. What touching confidence!" "What needless trouble!" said Mrs. Orger. "What a wonderful memory!" exclaimed Mrs. Glover, concluding the discussion triumphantly. She is said to have been an admirable reader and reciter of Shakespeare; she had at one time projected the establishment of a school for youthful players, purposing to preside herself over certain of the classes. She did not live, however, to carry this plan into execution.

My own recollections of Mrs. Glover date from her performances at the Haymarket Theatre, under Mr. Webster's management, about the year 1845, and during subsequent seasons. I had opportunities of witnessing certain of her more famous impersonations, and though I may not pretend to estimate these critically, for I was but a juvenile playgoer, I may yet claim to remember them very distinctly. One's earlier impressions of theatrical exhibitions are perhaps the more ineffaceable; it is the first play much rather than the fiftieth, or the five hundredth, that retains its place in the mind. Youthful memory has no doubt a tendency to exaggerate and over-value; but I do not think my retrospect suffers appreciably on this account, for my view of Mrs. Glover was much the view of the accepted critics of the time. As I remember the actress then, she was "more than common tall," large of person, but to no unwieldy extent, with some remains of beauty in regard to brightness of eye and mobility of expression, animated of movement, and without the slightest evidence of the infirmities of age. She had abundant energy at command, and her voice was strong, clear, and resonant. Her histrionic method, remarkable for its force and breadth, was yet curiously subtle; while theatrically most effective, it never forfeited its exceeding naturalness. She seemed always admirably unconscious of the presence of her audience, and a special air of spontaneity distinguished her manner upon the stage. She never for a moment relaxed her hold of the characters she assumed; when silent her looks and movements, her persistent attention to the scene, greatly aided the representation; and when speech was required of her, the ringing distinctness of her tones, her prompt and voluble utterance, her vivacity of action, told irresistibly upon the house. It was difficult to believe that she was simply repeating words she had beforehand learnt by heart; her speeches were delivered in so life-like a manner, that they seemed

invariably the natural and original locutions of a ready-witted and sharp-tongued woman. She was especially happy in the enunciation of those "asides" of the stage which admit the audience into the confidence of the actors. She imparted an epigrammatic point to her every sentence. Altogether, acting more vividly quaint and humorous, or more convincing in its veri-similitude, I have never seen. The time had past for her attempting scenes of pathos or of serious emotion; she appeared only in comedy. But there was no lack of variety about her impersonations. Now she presented herself as old Lady Lambert—the Madame Pernelle of Molière—the most simple-minded, sanctified of gentlewomen, white-haired, black-mittened, rich in lace lappets and edgings, silken skirts and scarfs of sober hues, pearl, or dove, or lilac, settling herself comfortably in her chair beneath the shadow of Mawworm's screen to listen like the devoutest of Little Bethelites to the absurdest of canting sermons. Now she was seen as the seemingly genuine Mrs. Candour, patched and powdered, hooped and sacqued and furbelowed, rustling at every step, a breathless gossip alert for tattle, all starts and surprises and affected sympathy, with a malicious subacid tincturing her discourse and lending pungency to her innuendoes. And then as the old weather-beaten "she-dragon" Mrs. Malaprop, with her aspersed parts of speech, black-browed, fiercely-rouged, formidable of presence, peremptory of gesture, glaring of dress, the personification of coarse vanity, vulgar ignorance, and tyrannical disposition, yet highly diverting withal. Nor did she portray less successfully the old ladies of a later time—the leading character in the little comedy of "My Wife's Mother," for instance—wearing the ample black satin dress, the blonde cap with pink ribbons, the lace pelerine, secured by a cameo brooch the size of a blister—the fashions of five-and-thirty years since. And how inimitable she was as Douglas Jerrold's Miss Tucker, the peevish, selfish, soured schoolmistress, ruined by the elopement of her boarders, with her ceaseless whine about the limited rights of "the people who live in other people's houses," full of pity for herself and anxiety about her own personal comforts, her prospects of marriage with the artful Professor Truffles, her new silk dress, and the lobster to be brought to her by the London carrier!

In 1849 Mrs. Glover accepted an engagement to appear upon the small stage of the Strand Theatre, of which establishment her old playfellow Farren had become lessee and director, and to sustain for the last time all the more important characters in her repertory. It is clear that her health was now seriously failing her; but, excellent actress that she was, she contrived successfully to conceal her weakened state

from the audience. She seemed as alert and energetic, as bright and humorous as ever, and by turns her Mrs. Heidelberg, Dame Ashfield, and Widow Green, her Mrs. Temperance in the "Country Squire," her Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Malaprop, and the rest received from crowded houses the familiar tribute of hearty laughter and loudest applause. Without doubt, however, her exertions cost her dearly. She appeared for the last time at the Strand Theatre on June 8, 1850. A contemporary critic wrote of her closing performances: "The manner in which she has lately, under the infirmities of age, supported her professional position, has frequently been quoted as a marvel, so perfect and complete has been the continued possession of her extraordinary powers." Her farewell benefit took place at Drury Lane Theatre on the following 12th July, under the express patronage of the Queen. It was understood that protracted care for her family had drained the resources of the actress; that, in spite of her long and seemingly prosperous career, she retired upon very limited means. Every effort was made, therefore, that her benefit should really prove "a bumper at parting;" the leading players of the time, William Farren, Charles Mathews, and Madame Vestris prominent among them, volunteered their services. The play was "The Rivals." Poor Mrs. Glover had been for a fortnight confined to her bed, painfully ill; but she stirred herself to appear upon an occasion so memorable, and her strong will triumphing for a while over her physical weakness, she repaired to the theatre and duly trod the stage once more, and for the very last time, in her famous character of Mrs. Malaprop. She was received with the utmost enthusiasm; but her debility increased distressingly as the play proceeded, and though she completed her performance, it became but too evident that she was unequal to the task of addressing to the public the few sad, fond words of farewell she had designed to utter. The speech was dispensed with, therefore; and, the comedy concluded, the curtain rose again, to discover Mrs. Glover seated on a chair, environed by her professional friends and associates. She bowed to the house in grateful acknowledgment of its sympathy and applause; the rest was silence. The end was, indeed, very near. She was carried home to die. One short week after her farewell to the stage the remains of the famous Mrs. Glover were interred in the churchyard of St. George's, Bloomsbury. The place her death left vacant upon the stage has not since been supplied, albeit thirty years have sped.

DUTTON COOK.

THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

IT is probable that if the average newspaper-reader were asked to name the leading characteristic of the Parliament just expired he would say it was turbulence. There is a general notion abroad, which for divers reasons has received the support of high authority, that the Parliament elected in 1874 has done almost irreparable harm to the dignity of Parliamentary institutions. In one of its last sittings a member on the front Opposition benches incidentally made the observation, "We are gentlemen in this House," whereupon a member opposite called out, "We were so once."

This exclamation may itself be cited in proof of the alleged lowering of the standard of good breeding in the House. It was from any point of view a rude remark, but it doubtless suffused a glow of satisfaction about the particular benches whence it came. Hon. members who sat below the gangway on the Ministerial side in the last Parliament had their own views of what constitutes a gentleman. According to these, it is essential that he should have landed property, and that it should have been in his family for many years—the more acres and the longer possession the better. He himself may be an ignorant lout, his intellectual views bounded by his park palings, and all his faculties, such as they are, bent upon the enterprise of keeping things as they are; that is to say, with him comfortably housed, warmly clad, and abundantly fed, the world at large getting on as it may. To this class of humanity, to whom a seat in Parliament is bequeathed with the family plate and linen, the upheaval of the constituencies which results in the acknowledgment of other claims than those set forth in "Burke's Landed Gentry" is a deplorable thing. The good old times are passing away, and all things are becoming new and ungentlemanly.

The allegation against the good manners of the late Parliament is made in much more important quarters than below the gangway on the Conservative side; but it is nevertheless an absolute delusion. The late House of Commons, if no better, was certainly no worse than any that went before it. It is true that the prevalence of Home Rule succeeded in introducing to the House some half-dozen

men void of social attraction and destitute of money. But neither of these peculiarities, nor their combination, has been rare in the House of Commons at any earlier period of its history. It has often been made a house of refuge for the younger and least worthy sons of noble families, who, failing all else, have got the scapegrace elected for some pocket borough in the hope that thereafter something might turn up for his provision at the expense of the nation.

Whilst the late House of Commons was no worse than any that have gone before, it will stand comparison in point of good breeding and good manners with any contemporary legislative assemblies. The scenes we have sometimes had would be but the mildest diversion for spectators of the proceedings in the French National Assembly. At the very time when we were dolorously shaking our heads over Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Donnell, and wondering where it would all end, there arrived by the Australian mail a newspaper giving an account of a little episode in the Victorian Assembly in the course of which one Hon. Member seized a large book from the table and beat another about the head with it. "This is the first time," triumphantly wrote the Victorian newspaper, "that a blow has been struck in the Assembly." Almost at the same hour the House of Representatives at Washington was entertained by a little misunderstanding between two members, one holding a position something akin to our Chairman of Committees. The name of the latter gentleman was Cox, and his opponent, after pouring upon him a tirade of vulgar abuse that seems, from the roars of laughter by which it was greeted, to pass for humour in Washington, concluded by reading the following verse, which he suggested as an epitaph for the Hon. Gentleman :—

Beneath this slab lies the great Sam Cox,
Who was wise as an owl and brave as an ox ;
Think it not strange his turning to dast,
For he swelled and he swelled till he finally bust.
Just where he has gone, or just how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares :
But wherever he is, be he angel or elf,
Be sure, dear reader, he's puffing himself.

In point of personality the verse is ridiculously mild after the prose; but let anyone who knows the temper of the House of Commons contemplate the reception of a member who attacked even Mr. Raikes in this fashion. It is true our Parliamentary records will supply a parallel not altogether remote. Everyone knows the retort of O'Connell upon Colonels Sibthorpe, Percival, and Vernon. The first wore a profusion of beard covering the whole of

his face, the last two being closely shaven. The colonels had joined in an assault upon O'Connell, and Colonel Vernon had applied to the great Irishman some bitter lines from Dryden's "Hind and Panther." This brought to O'Connell's mind Dryden's tribute to Milton, and parodying it, he recited the following verse:—

Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
 Lincoln, Sligo, and Armagh did adorn.
 The first in matchless impudence surpassed;
 The next in ignorance; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go,
 To beard the last she shaved the other two.

Here is not only unparliamentary language of the grossest kind, but personality of the most pointed order. The House of Commons in those good old days—the "once" when "we were gentlemen"—roared with uncontrollable laughter, and not a voice was lifted to rebuke O'Connell. The House would laugh now at the wit of the lines; but beyond question the storm would be stilled by the uprising of the Speaker, who, in solemnest of tones, would call upon the Hon. Gentleman to withdraw the offensive words and apologise to an outraged House.

It is true that the course of events, in the history of the Parliament that is now no more, has been varied by scenes sometimes violent and undignified. But this has been due, not to the deterioration of the House itself, but to the circumstances in which it has found itself. It has had nothing serious to do, and the customary interposition of Satan has followed. It might be cited in evidence of the exceptional sense of orderliness and respectability of the late Parliament, that no previous one can show a proportionate number of motions on breaches of privilege. No session of the six has passed by without some more or less gravely intended effort to vindicate the privileges of Parliament. The inevitable result has been that the dignity of Parliament, so far from being elevated, has been dragged in the dust. It is a notable, but not inexplicable, fact that the only time the House of Commons has been made to look really ridiculous is when some member has attempted to assert its privilege. This action is rarely taken by responsible members, and even when the exception is established the fatality attendant upon it has not varied.

The only incident of this kind where action was deliberately taken by responsible authorities was in respect of the offence of Mr. Ward and Mr. Grissell. The circumstances attendant on this case are too notorious and too recent to require recapitulation in proof of the assertion that motions on privilege always militate against the real

interests of the House. The explanation of this lies on the surface. In the first place, privilege is an antique and rusty device intended for circumstances long passed away, and is wholly inapplicable to the affairs of to-day. In the second place, it offers to naturally obscure members an opportunity of suddenly and certainly rising into temporary prominence. Towards the end of the life of the late Parliament, a wholesome disgust for questions of privilege had grown up, and the mere mention of the term was enough to excite an angry outburst. But at the outset, and for a long period, a question of privilege was certain to attract attention and draw a House. Moreover, by a custom that I venture to think is at the root of the whole evil, questions of privilege have priority of all other business. A member, the silliest in the assembly (and it was generally he who moved) had only to rise and invoke privilege, and the whole business of the nation must necessarily and peremptorily be put on one side until he had made his speech, and the leaders, with more or less successfully assumed gravity, had to discuss the matter. It is to the credit of Mr. Charles Lewis that he, among the new members of the Parliament of 1874, was the first to discover this easy road to fame. During the session he installed himself in the post of custodian of the privileges of Parliament, and by judiciously bringing on cases succeeded in gaining for himself a notoriety which years of patient endeavour would have failed to secure. The example thus set was followed throughout the existence of the Parliament, till questions of breach of privilege became matters of course, and through much repetition began to pall upon the taste of the House.

I venture to offer to those who really have at heart the dignity and character of Parliament a practical suggestion, which, if adopted, would practically put an end to these vexatious and ludicrous scenes. Let motions of breach of privilege stand within the category of ordinary notices, taking their chance at the ballot-box and their turn with others. This would in two ways wholesomely operate: it would take from vain and irresponsible members the power of advertising themselves at the expense of the interests of public business; whereas, if there appeared any well-founded charge, it would lose nothing by being approached with deliberation. In the case where a breach of privilege is honestly though mistakenly magnified, the delay arising from the necessity of giving notice of motion would often prove efficacious in affording opportunities for explanation that would bring the business to a satisfactory end without disturbing Parliament.

The distinguishing feature for which the late Parliament may be more justly celebrated is found in the comparative restitution of the

influence of the House of Lords. In the precedent Parliament this had sunk to an unusually low depth. The relations between the two chambers were alarmingly strained, and when the Lords, goaded to desperation, attempted to assert their position, they were outflanked and utterly routed by the interposition of the Queen's Warrant. It was natural that when Conservatives regained power the most conservative institution in the country should uplift its head. Apart from this general tendency, there were, especially in the mid-period of the Parliament, some particular influences at work in the same direction. In 1876 the Prime Minister shifted his seat from the Treasury bench in the Commons to the front bench of the Lords. He found already seated in that chamber the Foreign Minister, the Chief Secretary for India, and the Secretary for the Colonies. Two years later Mr. Gathorne Hardy was raised to the peerage, and, though this did not throw any additional office into the House of Lords, that branch of the Legislature gained the accession of a prominent person in the Ministry. In a Government constituted like that over which Lord Beaconsfield presides, the fact of the Prime Minister being seated in the House of Lords adds greatly to the importance and interest of that assembly. When in addition we reckon the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook, we shall not be able to find in the Commons any three Ministers whose aggregate of force of character and personal influence approaches that of a noble triumvirate.

Even in ordinary times the existing distribution of the *personnel* of the Ministry would have given a fillip to the House of Lords. But it has happened that the existence of the late Parliament has been almost wholly engrossed by questions of foreign policy, and the Ministers who hold in their hands the reins of foreign policy sit in the Lords. Hence it has on more than one occasion come to pass that the House of Commons, ordinarily the focus of popular interest, has been forsaken, whilst the more gorgeous chamber where the peers sit has been crowded to its utmost capacity. The blossoming of Mr. Disraeli into the Earl of Beaconsfield did not nearly so much enliven the House of Lords as it eclipsed the gaiety of the House of Commons. It must be said for the Premier that he has not greatly varied his manner because his audience are peers. He is not less witty on occasion, though perhaps a little more pompous by habit. But, more or less, the influence of a place inevitably tells upon an orator. An audience have a great deal more to do with the success of a speech than they get credit for. Lord Beaconsfield at his best loses the sustaining and exhilarating influence of the electricity of the

House of Commons, beyond question the quickest and most appreciative audience in the world. He has often moved noble lords to laughter, and has stirred the sluggish atmosphere of the place with Ministerial cheers responsive to some of those magniloquent defiances of an empire that has not been attacked, or those much-mouthed defiances of an adversary who does not exist. But these triumphs have been gained by an expenditure of mental and physical strength disproportionate to the result. The difference between addressing the House of Commons and the House of Lords is something akin to that between moving a railway carriage when it is on the rails and when it is off. It is possible to move it in either case. But the expenditure of labour required is vastly different.

Lord Beaconsfield often doubtless sighs for the rougher and readier audience of the House of Commons. But he cannot miss the House of Commons so much as it misses him. It was difficult at first to realise the place in his absence, and the contrast was further established by the substitution of Sir Stafford Northcote as leader. It was a sore disappointment and a grievous deprivation of interest in the debates to have the certainty that they would be closed by this amiable, sedate, and matter-of-fact man. When the Premier sat on the Treasury bench, the dulllest debate always had a resource of interest. No one knew that the Premier might not interpose, and no one could imagine what he would say if he did. His resource was unfailing and his audacity untameable. In whatever mood he might be he was interesting. He never laughed himself, but he was a cause of constant laughter in others. Sometimes, when he assumed that solemn mask from behind which he was wont to give tongue to vague and solemn generalities, he was laughed at. Oftener he was laughed with, and by mere audacity he often succeeded in turning into a jest a situation which promised to be full of danger.

There is a phrase already become a colloquialism, which illustrates this rare and great gift of governing. People often write or say "a great deal has happened since then," and think they are quoting Lord Beaconsfield. It is near enough for all practical purposes; but whilst the precise wording of the aphorism has been lost, the circumstances that gave it birth have long since been forgotten. It was on the 15th of April, 1874, that the House was crowded in expectation of seeing the Premier floored on what was certainly an awkward point. The new Government had not been long in office, and Parliament had scarcely settled down to work. During the election contest, the turmoil of which was only just subsiding, the then

candidate for Buckinghamshire forgot the possibilities of responsibility, and in more than one speech alluded to the Coercion Acts, which he denounced as "the most stringent and severe known in any part of the world." Lord Robert Montagu had hunted up these speeches, and had given notice that he would ask the Prime Minister whether it was true that he had thus alluded to the Coercion Acts, and if so, whether he considered that such Acts were necessary for the rule of Ireland by a British Parliament.

This was just one of those questions that Mr. Gladstone would have blundered over. He would have treated the matter with supreme gravity, and would have argued at some length in support of the Acts. What Lord Beaconsfield would do in these circumstances was anticipated with the liveliest interest. Lord Robert Montagu put the question amid the profound silence of a crowded house. The Premier, approaching the table and pulling himself together with the familiar shrug of the shoulders, said, with inimitable voice and manner, "It is some time ago since the observations referred to by the Noble Lord were made; and," he added, dropping his voice, "a good deal has happened in the interval." The House burst into a roar of laughter, amid which the Premier, with a face solemn to the point of lugubriousness, resumed his seat. Lord Robert Montagu was savage beyond control at the easy manner in which the fish that almost seemed to be in his landing-net had escaped. He rose and insisted upon having a more definite reply, but the Premier had drawn the House with the bait of a jest. Lord Robert Montagu shouted in vain against the cries of "Order!" that came from all parts of the House.

As for the Premier, he was not the man to spoil a success by an additional word. Whilst Lord Robert Montagu fumed and shouted, and the House roared, Mr. Disraeli, with one hand lightly reposing in his waistcoat and the other holding a copy of the "Orders," sat with one leg crossed over the other, regarding the lighted ceiling with an absent air. This is but one instance of a score that recur to the memory in looking back at the time, that seems already so far distant, when Mr. Disraeli led the House of Commons. When he had finally gone, the House suddenly dropped to the depths of amiable mediocrity, and commonplace marked the character of his successor in the leadership.

With the departure from the House of Commons of the Prime Minister a great measure of the interest attaching to Mr. Gladstone had vanished. The character of one was played off against the other, and the interest in any utterance of Mr. Gladstone's was intensified by

the possibility of reply from Mr. Disraeli, and *vice versa*. The Premier felt this himself, and once in the session of 1874 when Mr. Gladstone, making a rare appearance in the House, chanced to take part in some discussion, the Premier, with an unmistakable absence of affectation, expressed his thankfulness at seeing the Right Honourable Gentleman in his place once more. In this first session of the new Parliament the position of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons must have been painful to himself as it was embarrassing to everyone else. No one quite understood it; and the House of Commons may be forgiven if, after for at least twenty years owning his supremacy, it was not readily to be brought to consider him as holding second rank, or even as not having a commission at all. Circumstances, moreover, were further complicated just then by a sore bitterness existing between Liberal members and their late leader. This is among the things that are not yet forgotten, though time has somewhat dimmed the sharpness of the feeling. Members could forgive much to their great chief; but they could not forget the inconvenience and even danger to which he had submitted them by reason of the suddenness of the dissolution.

This feeling found expression towards the end of April 1874, when Mr. Smollett brought on in the shape of a motion what was practically a vote of censure on Mr. Gladstone for "the abrupt dissolution of the late Parliament." This again was one of those things that Mr. Disraeli would have managed much better than Mr. Gladstone. The gentleman who undertook to bring the matter under the notice of Parliament was himself guilty of grievous presumption. He was a new member, and so far from personally suffering from the circumstance he deplored, he had found a seat as a consequence of it. Mr. Disraeli would probably have made a little jest in this direction (if indeed he had noticed the matter at all), and there the thing would have ended. But here was Mr. Gladstone making an infrequent appearance on the Opposition bench with a sheet of notes in hand, listening with the quickest attention to the coarse vituperation of Mr. Smollett, and rapidly making notes. There was evidently some fun in store, and the House swiftly became crowded. As for Mr. Smollett, what he undertook to prove was that the late Premier had "organised a dissolution in secret and sprung it upon the House." He variously described his conduct as "indecent," "utter wantonness," "a device," "an artifice," "a plot," "a pious fraud," and as "sharp practice more likely to have come from an unscrupulous attorney's office than from a cabinet of English gentlemen." Finally

he observed that "the stratagem had recoiled on the head of the trickster."

This was very coarse, and the House, which, even on the Liberal benches, was not inclined to defend Mr. Gladstone arraigned on this deadly sin, rebuked Mr. Smollett with angry cries of "Order!" When Mr. Gladstone rose, he was pale with passion, and proceeded in an elaborate and eloquent speech to make an end of the truculent member. That he succeeded is perhaps not a matter that history will care to record to his credit. A fly can inevitably be broken on the wheel; but there is always a question whether it were necessary to put in action such machinery for such a purpose. This eagerness for the fray, and this unfortunate inability to disregard the sting of gnats, has been too often illustrated in later periods of the Parliament to make its recurrence noteworthy. It has served the purpose of many an obscure member, from Mr. Smollett to Mr. Chaplin, to draw upon himself a little notice by attacking the too sensitive giant.

The six sessions which have passed since this Parliament was summoned have not fallen lightly on any of its members. Looking up and down the benches, one can note how terribly some who sit there have aged since the day when they walked up to the table to subscribe the roll. Even Lord John Manners is beginning to show traces of advancing years. But on none has the hand of time fallen so heavily as on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. According to the almanac, but four years have passed since he took the seat vacated by his chief, and assumed the proud position of leader of the House of Commons. It is no exaggeration to say that he is to-day at least ten years older. His hair has whitened; his head is held less erect, and he more frequently than ever relapses into that curiously crushed attitude in which he sits and hugs himself, as if desirous of offering a target as small as possible to adverse shafts of fortune. The history of Sir Stafford Northcote's life during the last four years will probably never be fully known. But hints of it have from time to time found currency. Even from its public demonstrations enough is known to explain why the leader of an overwhelming majority in the House should wear this troubled look, and literally seem physically to fade.

The truth is, Sir Stafford Northcote has stood between two fires, the most pressing being that directed from the rear. A man of kindly disposition, honest intention, and with that sort of instinct, happily not uncommon in English statesmen, which impels a man to say right off the thing that is true, Sir Stafford has lived for four years at cross purposes with fate. Personally incapable of drawing

the subtle distinction between "unauthenticity" and "inaccuracy" which is so clear to the mind of Lord Salisbury, he has not always been able to present that even-polished surface which foils attack. He has on occasion had the double misfortune of being too frank for the Conservatives and not quite straightforward enough for the Liberals. At particular crises his natural disposition and hereditary sense of truth and honour have drawn him in one direction, whilst political exigency and the shouts of infuriate friends behind him have driven him in another. Between these two opinions he has halted, and presented the deplorable spectacle of a leader incapable of leading. The very truth and gentleness of his nature have proved fatal to his success. What happened in the case of Mr. Grissell is one of a dozen illustrations that explain the Chancellor's misfortunes. His good sense inclined him to the belief that the ridiculous matter had better be left in the obscurity to which it had been relegated by the prorogation, and his kindly disposition confirmed him in this view. Then the colonels, professionally eager for blood, finding allies in enlightened and promising statesmen of the stamp of Mr. Beckett Denison, approached the Chancellor and informed him that the country was lost unless Mr. Grissell were found and consigned to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat. The Chancellor, frightened by the roar, consented to move in the matter, but at the critical moment, good nature triumphing over every other quality, even over that of good sense, he proposed to dismiss the business by a ridiculously inadequate procedure. Then the roar was heard again, louder than before, and the Chancellor, now thoroughly alarmed, was ready to go to any extreme.

This alternation between bloodthirstiness and loving-kindness is evidence of an essentially weak character suggestive of unfitness for such a post as that of leader of the House of Commons. It would be difficult to defend the four years' leadership of Sir Stafford Northcote; but it is too easy to overlook the peculiar conditions under which he has laboured. A strong man would doubtless have overcome them. Sir Stafford Northcote is just as strong as Heaven made him, and he did not seek the questionable honour thrust upon him when he was promoted to the leadership. It is no slight tribute to his substantial excellence that, whilst his administrative failures are deplored, he retains in increased measure the esteem, warm almost to the point of affection, of both sides of the House. His patience under trying circumstances has been unbounded; his industry unparalleled, and his courtesy rarely failing. If the Liberal party, and the great body of Englishmen who are jealous for the

maintenance of that high standard of personal honour and unfiltered truth which they have been accustomed to regard as a matter of course in high places, will think of what might have happened if a man like Lord Salisbury, or even Mr. Cross, had filled the position of Sir Stafford Northcote, they will more readily recognise the service he has done the country. The House has witnessed his final struggles against that peculiar phase of morality made familiar in the relations of political life during the past six years, and has sometimes seen him partially and painfully yield. But no just account is taken of what he has had to resist. It will only be when posterity, with more judicious mind, sums up the incidents of political life during the past six years, that the country will know how much they owe to the unobtrusive country gentleman whom a malign fate lifted to the unwelcome pinnacle of Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons in the administration of Lord Beaconsfield.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

Joubert.

SAINTE-BEUVE, writing in 1838, begins one of his delightful "Causeries du Lundi" with the question, "What is this Monsieur Joubert?" and De Sacy, writing in 1842, repeats the question, and, as Sainte-Beuve had done, answers it, in the first place, by saying that Joubert was "the friend of De Fontanes, Chateaubriand, and other celebrities of the world of letters."

But if Joubert was remarkable because he knew many of the cleverest men of his day, he knew them because his friendship was a privilege apart from the mere pleasure of his company. He was modest and retiring; he thought much, read much, and wrote little, but he possessed a faculty of inspiration which he probably owed to his delight in the genius of others. He had what he called "a hospitable heart and brain, in which there were plenty of corners left free to lodge his friends' ideas." He was appreciative, and taught those whom he appreciated to know their own power, to use and to develop it. His discerning sympathy was an educating influence as far removed from that fatal absence of the critical faculty which is the common weakness of the amiable, as from the ill-natured irony he detested in professional critics. He was too highly organised not to have the keen sense of beauty, which implies a corresponding shrinking from the vulgar and the ugly, but he could not bear what he called "criticisms without amenity," which, he said, "poisoned the taste," nor those "critics who resemble people who cannot laugh without showing their ugly teeth." "I never used the figure of irony in my whole life," he says, "except as an instrument of mirth and pure joy."

When he was young his friends urged him to write, but he always evaded the point by answering, "Not yet; I must have a long spell of peace;" and when peace had come, when friends, domestic happiness, fortune amply sufficient to satisfy his simple wants, were all his, he used to reply to their reiterated solicitations, "Heaven gave me the power only for a space of time; the day is past."

He fairly thought his vocation was to inspire, to meditate, not to create. Perhaps he knew best, and, at any rate, his was one of those

minds which, forced, refuse to obey ; and if in compliance to others he had, against the grain, made the attempt, he might have failed. "If I try to force myself," he said, "I produce appearances without realities. I write or speak, but I say nothing. My pen, my tongue move, but thoughts and feelings are inactive."

He had, however, the habit of committing to paper his thoughts. He was never without a little gold pencil-case and stray scraps of paper in his pocket, and this mode of writing, attended as it was by some of the inconveniences of the Sibylline leaves, was better than nothing. After his death his widow, with religious care, collected as well as she could the exquisite "*Pensées*," which, with a few letters, are all that remain of his rare mind.

Joseph Joubert, the eldest of seven children, was born in May 1754, at Montignac, in Périgord. His uneventful life is chiefly remarkable for its tranquillity amidst political storms whose echoes still disturb the peace of Europe. "He was," says Sainte-Beuve, "the most delicate and refined type of a class which belonged to a past phase of society, and which has ceased to exist since everyone sees a part : men who were satisfied to look on, to listen without personal ambition or envy, curious, leisurely, attentive, thoroughly disinterested, but interested in everything, real *amateurs* of the beautiful, realising Plato's ideal of the happiness of private life summed up in the four words, 'To converse, to know.'"

His father was a physician of limited means. Of his childhood he always preserved tender memories, and he was devoted to his mother.

"I am thankful," he writes to M^{de}. de Beaumont, "that I was naturally a gentle child. . . . Would that I could make amends to my mother for the pain inflicted upon her by a son who has at least not to reproach himself with ever having loved her too little. . . . I did trouble her in my young days. . . . I was so ready in giving, so unready in getting, so imprudent, that she was anxious about my future. . . . I remember telling her and my father, when they were reproaching me with being too generous, that 'other men might have the advantage over me in wealth, but in generosity *never*.' When I left her, too, it was for work she did not understand, and which seemed to her to be purposeless, and very like idleness."

By the time he was fourteen he had learnt all that was taught in Montignac, and he was sent to a religious house in Toulouse, that he might have opportunities to carry on his classical studies with a view to the bar as his ultimate profession.

But he gradually passed from the condition of pupil to

professor, and gave up the idea of change. The tranquil security of life in the studious community suited him, and he had, moreover, intellectual friends in the town who provided him with plenty of books and were kind to him. When he was twenty-two, however, his health failed, and he had to return to Montignac. He spent two years at home, a time he made the most of. Books he found almost everywhere, as people who care for them are sure to do, and the familiar authors of his school-days he read with the twofold zest of former acquaintance and independent study, as well as other classical works which fell into his hands for the first time.

He came to Paris in 1778, where constant occupation and refined tastes were his safeguards against danger. He soon found his way into literary society, and knew Marmontel, La Harpe, and d'Alembert. Diderot also particularly noticed and encouraged him, and suggested the lines of study he would find most useful, and for a time Joubert, dazzled by the prestige of his intellect, fell under the influence of his cold scepticism and shallow philosophy; but he says, "Heaven be praised that my spirit was made of some light stuff, which of its nature rises," and he soon returned to the faith of his innocence. Religion was to him light, consolation, peace for himself, gentle tolerance for others. There was a luminous serenity in his mind which had nothing to do with insensibility. "Wisdom," he says, "is repose in the light."

But although he rejected what was over-strained or forced, Diderot opened to him new horizons of thought and speculation, and with the unerring instincts of genius he groped his way through what he calls "Diderot's well-expressed but false ideas of the aims and beauties of art" into true perceptions of the ideal. "Diderot's notions of literary reform and art-regeneration," says Sainte-Beuve, "were always tinged with something prosaic, *bourgeois*, smoky and declamatory, but falling into the delicate and ethereal soul of Joubert they were purified, idealised, illuminated." "The veritably common, the purely realistic," says Joubert, "cannot be the object of art." "In art, imitation should be the imitation of images." "Illusion founded upon truth is the secret of art." And again, speaking of Pigalle, the sculptor, he says: "His rule seemed to be imitation of the real, and he seemed to regard representations of the passions merely as opportunities to reproduce a certain number of inequalities and surface-marks in his statues. In animated bodies he had no idea of catching the glimpses of the soul which, leaving their print on form, become the person's self, but he fixed his mind on certain definite lines by which the body is marked out and separated from

space." And again, speaking of Greek art as opposed to modern, he says, "In works of art, those in which there is repose, but a repose which moves and stirs us, are the most beautiful." "The emotion of the motionless is most moving."

As has been said, De Fontanes was also one of his intimate friends, but his attraction to him seems to have proceeded chiefly from the contrasts of his genius with his own.

"Nothing," he used to say, "equals the weariness of constant affirmation," and his idea of enjoyable conversation was that in which various shades and degrees of intellect came into contact, and small and great had their respective parts. . . . He liked to draw women into discussions of subjects apparently beyond them; and he thought that popular favour, if not the sole test of the merits of style, was so far an essential token of worth that the impression produced upon uneducated and intelligent minds always deserved attention. "Remember the learned," he said, "but do not write for them."

He admired English literature very sincerely, but, as he was unacquainted with the language, he had to use translations. De Fontanes, whom he had partially succeeded in converting to his views, came to England in 1785 with the idea of starting a review, in which Joubert was to have a share. The plan entirely failed, but the visit is worth recalling for the sake of the letters Fontanes wrote to his friend, whose love of English authors he thought excessive. He writes from London :—

One's ideas change very strangely when one lives in London. You have heard that Richardson finds fewer admirers here than with us. But this is not the whole truth. The fact is, scarcely anybody reads his books now-a-days. . . . In Paris I should really be afraid to repeat what I hear in London. No one would believe me. . . . Shakespeare alone retains his honours. . . . But the Scotch have not the same veneration for him as the English have. The descendants of Ossian look upon their conquerors as barbarians, and several clever Edinburgh men have spoken to me of Shakespeare in *blasphemous* terms. But all told me they would not venture to publish these opinions. . . . I must not ask you to believe too much; . . . however, let me tell you that Mahomet, Alzire, and Tancrède have been represented since I came here. . . . Voltaire enjoys the greatest celebrity as a tragic poet and historian. . . . I must wait before I tell you more. . . .

In his next letter he says :—

France has often taught England the value of England's great men. It was not until 1742 that Shakespeare had a monument in Westminster. Voltaire, whom some enthusiasts suppose to have been his calumniator, praised him in his first "Letters on England." . . . A Scotch minister with whom I pass my evenings, and who is really a man of intellect and even genius, . . . often says to me, "England has no literary value except as a French province." He thinks, moreover, in

common with all men of education, that Shakespeare's reputation will soon die out in his own country! "These are all hard truths. But how can I help it?" In conclusion, I think the English are best from a distance. The country of real imagination is the one where you were born. Don't slander France, for God's sake. Read a page or two of your Shakespeare henceforward, and the whole of *Athalie*, *Zaire*, and *Mérope*, and be thankful you were born beneath a blue sky.

Joubert, however, does not seem to have abandoned his study of English literature, for we find him writing to Mr. Molé in 1805:

I am reading the Abbé Delille (translator of Milton). I agree with you that it is very fine. I would lay a wager that, whilst his verses are pure silver, Milton's own are only steel. I know not whether the translation be exact but he has made me love and admire the strange genius to whom, I confess, I have always had a great repugnance. I never could get through "*Paradise Lost*," and, even now, I confess it displeases me to find the devil put upon a parallel with God. Why, he writes a little later, are you shocked at my never having been able to read Milton through, against whom, in spite of the Abbé Delille's having forced me into admiration, I retain my grudge? As to the *force* you speak of, I neither dislike nor dread strength, but, thank Heaven, I know just what it is worth. As a quality it is commendable only when hidden or clothed. In a vulgar sense Lucan had more force than Plato, Brébeuf than Racine. *Fiévée* and *Delalot* (that most detestable of writers) had force. But if you want to give a particular sense to the word (which is, perhaps, hardly admissible with words whose meaning is easily intelligible), if you mean, for instance, the power of beauty, which can only be in idea or form, I am ready to assert that Delille has more of it than Milton. Now we shall have this for a new subject of dispute. But I don't answer for what I say; that would require reflection; but if one were not free to pronounce one's judgments, even those of caprice, irritability, and impulse, to one's friends, without responsibility for them, letters and conversation would be as fatiguing and disagreeable as continual argument.

Nothing can, perhaps, surpass the simple arrogance of these assertions based upon the uncertain value of a translation, and they are only sufferable in a man conscious of an extraordinary perceptive instinct, which gave him an indefinable right to jump at conclusions. It should, moreover, be remembered that he did not pronounce these hardy opinions until he had acquired, by a long course of varied reading, what he considered the leisure and right to have his own opinions.

His only system in the study of literature was to read everything, that, as he said, he might "know what others knew, and be quit of second-hand opinions." Books were a means, not an end. His life was thought, and he was almost "impatient" to have done with the necessity he recognised of feeding his mind, and time for thought was the goal he aimed to reach. "A finished thought! how long, how rare, how pleasant," he repeats. And again, "Will God set the same value on thought as upon deeds? Will the philo-

sopher, the politician, be rewarded for his plans as the pious man for his deeds? . . . I like to think that Fénelon, Bossuet, and Plato will present themselves before the Almighty bearing their works in their hands—for their soul is in them."

He married, in 1792, Mdlle. Moreau de Bussy, an excellent and estimable person, who hid a tender heart beneath an abrupt and reserved manner. Joubert and she had known each other several years before the idea of marriage occurred to either of them. Her life was full of occupation. She lived at Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, and was the head of a considerable establishment. Her mother, who required constant care, was an invalid; her brothers lived at home; and she had besides a motherless niece to bring up. Joubert liked the society of women. He had the art of attracting their sympathy, and his attention was often bestowed where least expected. If he saw some lady unnoticed or neglected in society, he always contrived that the conversation should cease to be exclusive. He had gained Mdlle. de Bussy's confidence, and when the death of those nearest to her deprived her of occupation, and made havoc in her home, Joubert seems to have been the confidant of her grief, for we find him writing to her in 1792, beseeching her not to refuse comfort as if it were "treason to the dead." . . . "Don't think we honour our beloved by excessive grief," he says. "Let me tell you how I should like my friends to mourn for me. I should like them to be able to think of me in the moments of their greatest joy without being troubled, and that they should always count among their pleasures that of having loved me and been loved by me. I would have nothing lugubrious, nothing repulsive. A little sadness, perhaps, but gentle sadness only, which should not wholly exclude joy."

But, from the increasing earnestness of his tone, he seems at first to have been unsuccessful in consoling his friend, and in the latest letter he writes:—

I am, and alas! with sorrow I say so, your oldest friend, now that so many others are gone.

Remember how dear to me you are for many reasons. In you centres now the tender regard I had for all that was yours. I love you, and in you your brother, your friend, the place where I spent so many happy days and the memories which I shall always keep.

You are a legacy which your misfortunes have bequeathed to me; a legacy I must at any cost preserve, and which I want to have within my reach, to watch over constantly. Yes, I want to have you near me. What is the good of my trying to comfort you with words? I am only pouring sweet water into a vase filled with tears which must be dried up first, and perhaps mine is the only hand which can do this. At any rate, it shall be devoted to the task.

Consent now and at once. . . . If I were only twenty-five I might give you ten years to consider, but I am already thirty-eight, and I will not give you a day, not an hour, not a minute. . . . Consent with the fullest confidence. . . . I will justify it afterwards, even if it be now in spite of yourself, and even with repugnance. . . . Only say to me "I agree," and the rest will all come later.

He was right. The married life which succeeded this peculiar courtship was very happy. He understood his wife's character and she his, and each had qualities the other lacked.

They had only one child, a boy, who died in youth. Joubert became one of his wife's family, and lived with them at Villeneuve. In domestic life he was admirable. He wore "his velvet indoors," as he calls it, and knew how to make everyone dependent upon him happy. His servants adored him. He was very affectionate and very constant. "It is unjust to punish others for not corresponding to the portraits we make of them." "When my friends squint I look at their profile," he used to say, with a happy philosophy which was an invincible arm against disappointment.

It was after his marriage that he became acquainted with Mdme. de Beaumont, whose death in 1804 was an irreparable loss to him.

"She understood everything," he says; "she had, in an eminent degree, a quality which does not give talent nor belong to any special form of mind, but which raises the soul to a level with the greatest intellects. She had an admirable intelligence." His letters to her were models of the inimitable grace peculiar to the French language when the style is not only polished as well as the idea, but when perfect phrases bear unmistakable tokens of true feeling. . . .

Joubert was essentially a man who required the friendship of women. He was best understood without dissection, a process beneath which the subtle charm of his character and thoughts inevitably disappears.

His antipathy to everything unfinished or rough betrays him sometimes into an excess of refinement which borders on affectation, and which goes so far that, when one tries to grasp the man, there seems nothing left to seize. It is perfectly true, as he says, that "force is not energy," but energy without force is liable to be spasmodic, and he carried the point so far as almost to confound strength with brutality when he said that anyone who had enough spleen, nerve, muscle, and pride could make a book full of force, and of brilliancy without fire. Spleen and pride are bad qualities in a writer, but surely not muscle and nerve; and perhaps the existence of a language is as much endangered by excess of refinement as by excess of force, as a jewel may be polished away altogether. But perhaps it

is only by exaggeration or insistence upon one-sided views that men learn to arrive at many-sided truth.

One wishes that certain English writers of the present day would take the pains to study some of Joubert's oft-repeated axioms; those, for instance, in which he laid it down as indisputable that any writer who knew what he wanted to say could always find words to say it in. He detested difficulties of style, and thought it was an author's duty to his readers to make himself comprehensible.

"Be profound," he says, "but in clear terms. When your phrase is finished, cut off the corners which fit the angles of your own mind, so that it may slip easily into other people's."

His library in the later years of his life was really a valuable one, and each book had its history. He picked them up singly as he could, and being very particular about editions, and loving scarce volumes, each had a special value, enhanced by the difficulty of acquisition.

His health was always very delicate, and he had a habit of staying in bed until the afternoon, but he used to see his friends before he was up. His biographer describes his first visit to him thus:—

Everything struck us as being very simple in the apartment. He was sitting up in bed dressed in a *silk spencer*, with piles of books about him. His reception was more than kind, and made us feel as if our visit were a favour conferred upon him. As we entered, we saw him lay aside a volume of which he was polishing the cover. We were told afterwards that when he felt well enough he used often to have down from the shelves a favourite book for the purpose of paying some little attention to the binding.

In his library there were very few modern books, but a great many of the *siècle de Louis XIV.*, plenty of ecclesiastical history, metaphysical works, travels, and, . . . if it may be confessed, there were fairy tales! . . . Voltaire he would never have, nor J.-J. Rousseau, but of Homer, Virgil, Aristotle, and Plutarch . . . there were editions of every description. . . . His books were in constant use, and almost all of them are marked with mysterious little signs, such as a cross, a triangle, a flower, a thyrus, a hand, a sun; hieroglyphics which no one but himself understood. But his memory was so extraordinary that he need never have used signs. . . .

I remember when I was given the letters he wrote to my father (M. de Raynal) . . . they were on very common paper and in old-fashioned handwriting which seemed to belong to another century. His orthography, too, was out of date; he wrote *auctorité, thréteurs, manuscripts.*

But it would be unfair to suppose that Joubert's life was spent in idleness and dreams. There was never anyone who had a higher sense of duty; and when in 1787 he was elected justice of the peace or Montignac, he fulfilled his functions admirably, and showed the greatest sagacity in criminal cases. But his health made business

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painful to him, and though he was too conscientious to give in, he was not sorry when obliged to resign, owing to political difficulties, which deprived him of office.

In 1809, his friend Monsieur de Bonald, deputed by Napoleon I. to reorganise the university, chose Joubert as one of his colleagues. It was an arduous task, for his associates were men whose political and religious views were entirely different from his own, but he showed good sense and capacity, and steadily held opinions which were far from being the State maxims of the distinguished President of the Council.

His residence in Paris brought him into contact with the most interesting and intelligent society, and even his health hardly interfered with his work or social intercourse. "There is a physical weakness which comes from strength of spirit, as there is a mental weakness which comes from force of body," he says. The delicacy of health from which he suffered all his life was inseparable from an organisation of body so highly nervous and susceptible. . . . He had hardly more of the lower and material part of human nature in his composition than enough to hold together the faculties and elements of his spirit.

"He seemed like some soul which had met by chance with a body," said Mdme de Châtenay of him, "and tried to make the best of the accident."

He was full of hygienic manias, too, "and of originality," says Chateaubriand; "he will never cease to be missed by those who knew him. He had a strange hold upon one's heart and mind, and when once he had his place there, his image became fixed, and was like some *obsession* which could not be escaped. He was by way of being extremely calm, but there never was anyone so easily disturbed. He used to take the most elaborate precautions to avoid all mental discomposure, because he thought it injurious to his health, and all his friends used to come to him with their troubles and upset his arrangements, for he could never refrain from sharing their sorrows and their joys: he was an egoist who thought of everyone else. He used to think he must lie for hours with his eyes closed without speaking a word. Heaven only can tell what mental commotions went on during these hours of self-imposed rest. He used to change his diet and *régime* perpetually: one day he would swallow nothing but milk, another minced meat; or have himself jolted at a full trot over some abominably rough road, and the next gently drawn along the smoothest lanes. When he was reading he used to tear out the

leaves from his books which displeased him, until he had a library formed to his mind of books too small for their covers."

"A profound metaphysician, his philosophy, by an elaboration peculiar to himself, was poetry and colour. He was a Plato with the heart of a La Fontaine, and he had proposed to himself an ideal of perfection which hindered him from achieving anything." . . .

"Where are they all? Mdme. de Beaumont is dead, Joubert is dead, Chênédollé and Mdme. de Vintimille are dead. In former days Joubert and I used to walk together in the time of the vintage over the hills of the Yonne. . . . We talked of all things, and particularly of our friend Mdme. de Beaumont, gone for ever, and recalled the memories of departed hopes. And when towards evening we sauntered slowly homewards, as we approached the crumbling walls of Villeneuve, with their half-ruined towers smoking with the fires of the vine-gatherers, Joubert showed me, far away amidst the trees, a sandy path mounting up a hill, which he used to take when he visited our friend during the 'Terror,' when she was hiding in the Château de Passy.

"Since Joubert's death I have revisited the Senonais four or five times. I saw the hills from the high road, but he was not there; there were the fields, the vineyards, the little heap of stones where we used to rest. As I came into Villeneuve I glanced at the deserted street and at the closed house where he used to live, the last time I was on my way to Rome as ambassador. Ah! if he had been there I would have taken him to visit Mdme. de Beaumont's tomb. It pleased God to take him to another and celestial Rome, where his soul, once Platonic, afterwards Christian, has fuller rest. I shall not meet him here again. '*Vadam magis ad eum, ille vero non revertetur ad me.*'"

On March 22, 1824 . . . he died, or rather his gentle spirit took wings and flew to the light he loved . . . leaving a void which only time could fill. His niece's husband, M. Paul de Raynal, has carefully and reverently edited the Letters and Pensées with a prefatory biographic notice, from which we have borrowed our materials. But Joubert can only be known and understood in the two comparatively small volumes which contain wisdom enough for many, and which we hope may become familiar enough in England to hold their place beside Elia and the gentle moralists and quaint authors of a bygone day before "old leisure died."

MARGARET M. MAITLAND.

*DRESS IN RELATION TO HEALTH.*¹

THE character of the dress of a person stands so near to the character of the person who is the wearer of it, that it is difficult to touch on one without introducing the other. All sorts of sympathies are evoked by dress. Political sympathies are in the most intimate of relationships with dress ; social sympathies are indexed by it ; artistic sympathies are of necessity a part of it. In a word, the dress is the outward and visible skin of the creature that carries it.

A charming and at the same time a very useful lecture might be written on the metaphysics of dress ; but in this practical day, when the useful only is tolerated and the charming is considered superfluous—I mean, of course, in a lecture—I must let all attempt at such a combination fall to the ground. I must deal only with what is purely physical ; the physical body and the physical stuff that is put on it : Dress in relation to health.

In studying this subject I will consider the following topics :

Dress in relation to its mechanical adaptation to the body.

Dress in relation to season. I mean, the amount of clothing that should be worn at different periods of the year according to seasonal changes, in this English climate.

Dress in respect to the admission of atmospheric air through it or beneath it to the surface of the body.

Dress in relation to the colour of the material of which it is composed.

Dress in relation to the action of colouring substances which are introduced into its fabric and which come into contact with the surface of the body.

Cleanliness in dress.

These are all very serious subjects in respect to dress. If it were on the fashion of dress I had to treat, if I might have permission to lead you, as at a fancy-dress ball, through the historical domain of costume, then I might try to fascinate the most fastidious, and to make the time pass like a dream, in a promenade. Confined to health and dress, I

¹ Lecture delivered at the London Institution on Monday, March 1, 1880.

can commit no ecstasy. I must be allowed to criticise, if not to scold, and rarely indeed to find one passing word that stands for commendation.

Let me, nevertheless, at once state that I have not a syllable of expression to bring forward against good fashion, and good changing fashion in dress. There is nothing whatever incompatible between good fashion and good health; they may always go well together, and they ought to go together. Naturally, I believe, they would always go together, because they are both good, and two goods can never make a bad. In like manner, bad fashion in dress and bad health go together very often, because two bads cannot make a good. For my part, I have never seen a good fashion of dress that was not a healthy fashion, and the world has only been led astray on this matter by the unfortunate circumstance that it has allowed its taste to be directed by the childishness of ignorance. In early times costume, naturally enough, sprang out of innocence. Scientific rules were unknown, and, if we may take the history of primitive nations as true, artistic rules were not supremely developed or carried out. Through long ages fashions varied, mainly on the artistic side, approaching only towards scientific necessity in cases where arctic cold or tropical heat enforced some kind of consideration for the person who had to be clothed. Later, in more modern and scientific times, fashion has been governed by the most superficial, vain, and imprudent of so-called artistes and fashion-leaders, who have invented modes out of their own little heads, and have set Nature at defiance, as if they were Nature, and she were an idiot—thereby changing places with her in the most complacent manner.

Let me say further even than this. I commend good fashion and fine, nay exquisite, taste in dress as a good thing of itself, independently of health. I agree entirely with Mrs. Haweis that it is the bounden duty of every woman to make herself look as handsome as ever she can. If she have natural beauty, she ought to study how to maintain it in and through every period of her life—yes—to the last; for there is nothing more beautiful than beauty in old age. If she have moderate beauty, she should do her utmost to make the best of it. If she have no beauty, she ought to impart all that is possibly near to it, by every kind of justifiable supplement. If she be positively ugly, the more is it her duty to use every legitimate art to hide the fact, and to transform even ugliness into passable presentation. Look at an ugly woman badly attired, and showing all the lines that offend taste. Look at the same woman gracefully attired and fairly, artistically, got up, with some approach towards the beautiful, and

who would hesitate to pronounce in favour of a longer *tête-à-tête* with the last of that woman as compared with the first? Why! we blockheads of men are sometimes entirely taken in by skilful ugly women. We look upon them as handsome. The deception is justifiable, and our satisfaction is more than a recompense for our stupidity.

What is good for women is not worse for men, but I am sorry to say that men are far behind women in their endeavours to assume the beautiful. In my time I have never, off the stage, seen a man dressed many removes from the hideous. When I first began to look at my male seniors, universal black was the rage, black from head to foot; the very head, which was the only part of the animal that emerged out of darkness, rising from a broad black ring called a stock, into which the chin sometimes dropped. A little later, and an extremely tight mode of dress came into fashion, a mode which is not yet entirely discarded, but which still fits closely to those strangely occupied individuals called "copers," about whom there is a mystery as to whether their clothes were not originally and permanently modelled to their bodies. Recently there has been some attempt at improvement in English male attire. The surtout coat, rather loosely fitting, and cut so as to hang well from the shoulders, has imported a modest but good change in fashion, while the looser and better shaped nether habiliments have so improved in design that even the sculptors have, at last, with much compunction of conscience, ventured to reproduce them in marble.

Still, in the attire of men, and I think I must say in the attire of women also, a great deal is wanting in taste, and the most bigoted Darwinian would hardly, I think, dare to declare the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" in respect of modern clothes, whatever he might say of the wearers of them.

I name these points that I may not be accused of feeling no care for the fashion connected with dress. I would have good fashion go with every hygienic improvement in clothes and clothing, and I know it would be easy to prove that hygiene of dress could always be combined with the most artistic and perfect of fashionable designs, by which combination health, comfort, and elegance would all be insured.

Such combination set forth as a national fashion should pass, as I think, through all classes of the community, for assuredly, even at this time, though it be better than it once was, few things designate classes and keep up distinctions of classes so much as the clothes that are worn, the badges, I had almost said, of the wearers. The

costumes of the trim shopman, the slovenly mechanic, the country labourer, the flourishing squire, the tight-laced soldier, the club exquisite, the lugubrious doctor, the devil-may-care artist, and the awful ecclesiastic in his demented hat and sacred pinafore—these costumes and others betray a want of national taste and national unity which I for one, health-seeker as I would be, utterly repudiate. There can be no amalgamation of mind and heart while these distinctive outside declarations exist amongst us. In robes of office, during periods of office, men may well be distinctively clad. On the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the professor's chair, such costumes are classically graceful and usefully distinctive, while in the workshop or other place of business a particular outer dress suited to the occupation is no doubt necessary; but for ordinary intercourse something in common in the way of dress were surely, in these advanced days, the thing to cultivate.

I pass now to the first head of my subject proper: Dress in relation to its mechanical adaptation to the body.

1. The first and most serious mechanical error committed on the body by dress is that of tightness, by which pressure is brought to bear upon some particular part. Presuming that an equable general pressure, not extreme in its character, and including the whole body, were applied for fitting purposes, that is to say, for the purpose of indicating outline, no great evil probably would follow from the application of such pressure, provided that it were so adapted as to give with the growth, to yield a certain measure of elasticity, and to permit perfect freedom of motion. A little more, perhaps, may be admitted even than this. In advanced life, when the shape of the body becomes irregular, and when the weight of those parts drags on the rest of the body, clothing specially adapted to those parts, and surrounding them with close and even pressure, gives useful and effective support, adding greatly at the same time, it may be, to the appearance of the body. These are exceptional conditions requiring exceptional management.

That kind of pressure to which objection must be most determinately taken is where the pressure is used, not for giving support to the body, nor for sustaining natural outline, but for the express purpose of producing an entirely artificial shape and outline. It is astonishing how resolutely the advanced professors of medicine, in all times in which they have written, have denounced the practice of compressing the body in the stages of its growth for the purpose of moulding it into some unnatural form incident to fashion. It is equally astonishing to find how resolutely the votaries of the f

have resisted the teachings of the learned, who may be said never to have made a single point in advance towards a practical victory. Now and then fashion has given way for a short time, but it seems always to have fallen back again and resumed its place.

For my part, I can do no more than earnestly follow my predecessors and compeers in their crusade against this foolish practice, and especially against it as it affects the female part of the community. The corset and the waist-belt I must once more condemn as opposed to all that is healthful and all that is beautiful. By these appliances, through which an unequal pressure is exerted on one part of the body, the functions of the lungs, of the heart, and of the digestive organs are all kept under imperfect condition. The breathing is suppressed, the heart-beat is suppressed, the digestive power is suppressed. In this way the tripod of life—for life rests on the digestion, the respiration, and circulation—is made imperfect, and with that imperfection every other part of the body sympathises. Of late years women have raised the cry, and I think quite properly, that they are too much subjected to the will of men, that they have not the privileges which should belong to them as fellow human beings. But in fact no subjection to which they have ever submitted can be greater than this to which they have subjected themselves, and I would venture to say that, while they continue this self-infliction, they can never, under any improved system of social freedom, experience the benefit of the change. If to-morrow women were placed in all respects on an equality with men, if they were permitted to sit in Parliament, enter the jury-box, or ascend the Bench itself, they would remain under subjection to superior mental and physical force so long as they crippled their physical, vital, and mental constitutions by this one practice of cultivating, under an atrocious view of what is beautiful, a form of body which is destructive of development of body, which reduces physical power, and which thereby deadens mental capability.

Of the two evil practices to which I refer, the tight waist-belt is, I think, worse than the tight corset, except where the corset is so adapted that it acts at one and the same time as belt and compressor general. The effect of either is to press down upon the liver and stomach, to prevent the free circulation of blood through these organs, to diminish their active physiological function, to make them descend and compress the vital organs that lie beneath them, and so to impair the growth and action of all the great secreting structures. The effect, again, is to interfere with the great breathing muscle, the diaphragm or midriff, which divides the chest from the abdomen, and

which, by its descent, causes the lungs to fill in breathing. Lastly, the effect is to press upwards, and so to interfere with the heart and lungs themselves. An eminent Parisian physician, M. Breschet, recorded many years ago the facts relating to a woman who, on the right side of her throat, had a swelling which reached from the collar-bone to the level of the thyroid cartilage, and which, when the chest was tightly laced in corsets, was enlarged to its fullest. In this swelling the murmur of respiration could be heard when a stethoscope was applied over it; but when the chest was set at liberty and the swelling was gently pressed downwards, it disappeared. In this instance, a portion of the right lung had actually been forced behind the collar-bone, out of the cavity of the chest altogether, into the loose tissue of the neck.

This was a very exceptional experience, no doubt—one I have not myself seen nor found record of in this country. At the same time, I have seen very close approaches to it. I have several times known the lungs to be pushed quite out of place and compressed towards the upper part of the thorax, and I have known the heart extremely displaced by the same pressure.

That which mothers and the guardians of youth ought to know is, not only the fact of displacement of organs under pressure, not only the fact of the temporary derangement of the function of the organs, but the further and more important fact of all, as affecting the future life of the person most concerned, that under the pressure the organs implicated cannot grow so as to attain their full and complete development within the period that marks the outline of growth. It is impossible, therefore, that those who are imprisoned in growth can attain full development of body. The folly they pay for in youth extends through middle age, and expedites the decline.

The evils arising from compression of the chest, as above mentioned, are not confined altogether to the female sex. They are brought about in boys and in men. It often becomes a habit in schools and colleges for youths to employ a strap or other form of belt for holding up their trousers; one boy sets the example, and the others think it right to follow; so the practice becomes general, and you find a tight line indicating pressure marked round the bodies of these youths. Fortunately, in their case, as they emerge into life, and before great mischief is done, they give up the strap and take to supporting the clothes from the shoulders, by the brace, and so they escape further injury; but while it lasted the injury undoubtedly was severe.

There is another and more permanent injury of this kind, how-

ever, carried out by boys, even by men ; which consists in wearing a belt for the purpose of giving what is called support. Boys who are about to run in races, or to leap, put on the belt and strap it tightly, in order, as they say, to hold in their wind or breath. Working men who are about to lift weights or carry heavy burdens put on a belt for the same purpose, their declaration being that it gives support. Actually there is not a figment of truth in this belief. It is the expression of a fashion, and nothing more. The belt impedes respiration, compresses the abdominal muscles, compresses the muscles of the back, subjecting them to unnecessary friction, and actually impedes motion. No boy would think of putting a belt tightly round the body of his pony if he wished it to win a race or to leap a hurdle ; no working man would put a belt tightly round the body of a horse to make it pull with greater facility a load which it was drawing. On themselves they commence the practice, because somebody has set the example, then they get accustomed to the impediment, and think they cannot get on without it. Drinking is learned by just the same absurd process.

I had a working man once in my employ who would undertake no vigorous effort until he had tightened his belt. Once I got him to test what he could lift with and without the belt, and he was obliged himself to admit that he could do more without it than with it ; but, he argued, he could not get on without it. That is what ladies say about corsets.

Respecting this belt for boys and men there is a word more I must say which is of serious import. When they put on the belt for the sake of performing some feat of strength, they effect another dangerous mischief. Compressing the abdomen, they force, during the exertion, the contents of the abdominal cavity downwards under pressure, giving no chance to resilience back again after the exertion or shock. In this way they frequently cause hernia or rupture. I have seen, professionally, several instances of this occurrence in boys, and amongst workmen who wear belts this accidental disease is so common that it is the rule rather than the exception to find it present.

Other forms of tight pressure upon the body are open to serious, if not to equal objection. The wearing of shoes which compress and distort the feet is a singularly injurious custom. Suppose I said that nine-tenths of the feet of the members of an English community were rendered misshapen by the boots and shoes worn, the statement would seem extreme, but it would be within the truth. The pointed shoe or boot is the most signal instance of a mischievous instrument designed for the torture of feet. In this shoe the great toe is forced

out of its natural line towards the other toes, giving a reverse curve from what is natural to the terminal part of the inner side of the foot, while all the other toes are compressed together towards the great toe, the whole producing a wedge-like form of foot which is altogether apart from the natural. Such a foot has lost its expanse of tread ; such a foot has lost its elastic resistance ; such a foot has lost the strength of its arch to a very considerable degree ; such a foot, by the irregular and unusual pressure on certain points of its surface, has become hard at those points, and is easily affected with corns and bunions. Lastly, such a foot becomes badly nourished, and the pressure exerted upon it interferes with its circulation and nutrition. It ceases to be an instrument upon which the body can sustain itself with grace and with easiness of movement, even in early life ; while in mature life, and in old age, it becomes a foot which is absolutely unsafe, and which causes much of that irregular, hobbling tread which often renders so peculiar the gait of persons who have passed their meridian.

It sometimes happens for a time that these mistakes in regard to the boot and shoe are increased by the plan of raising the heel and letting it rest on a raised impediment of a pointed shape. Anything more barbarous can scarcely be conceived. By this means, the body, which should naturally be balanced on a most beautiful arch, is placed on an inclined plane, and is only prevented from falling forwards by the action of the muscles which counter-balance the mechanical error. But all this is at the expense of lost muscular effort along the whole line of the muscular track, from the heels actually to the back of the head ; a loss of force which is absolutely useless, and, as I have known in several cases, exhausting and painful. In addition to these evils arising from the pointed heeled boot, there are yet two more. In the first place, the elastic spring of the arch being broken by the heel, the vibration produced by its contact with the earth, at every step, causes a concussion which extends along the whole of the spinal column, and is sometimes very acutely felt. In the second place, the expanse of the foot being limited, the seizure of the earth by the foot is incomplete both in standing and in walking, so that it becomes a new art to learn how to stand erect or to walk with safety.

Another form of constriction in dress is that produced by the garter. By this pressure a line of depression is often produced quite round the limb below the knee, and the course of blood through the veins from the foot and leg, into the body, is seriously impeded. This is one cause of varicose veins, sometimes an original cause, and

always a serious impediment to recovery when, from any other reason, the enlarged or varicose vein is already present. The ligature or band called the garter is bad in any way, but is far worse when it is worn below than above the knee, for above the knee the two tendons, commonly called ham-strings, receive the pressure of a great portion of the bandage, and act as bridges to the veins which pass beneath.

In men I have seen mischief from the tight cravat and collar, the pressure caused by the same leading to an obstruction to the due return of the blood from the brain. This, in persons of plethoric habits especially, is a danger not to be disregarded, and, though it may be of comparatively rare occurrence, it is worth mentioning. I have more than once in my life had occasion to see the injurious results produced by it.

I have now referred to the four varieties of pressure which are the most injurious in dress ; pressure at the waist ; pressure at the foot ; pressure round the leg ; and pressure round the neck. I place them in the order of their importance, but the first undoubtedly outweighs the others altogether.

It is actually impossible to overstate the physical injuries which result from these mistakes in bodily attire. I have told some of them. I reserve one which I will state before I pass to a new section. It will perhaps influence some who are comparatively thoughtless on this subject ; it will, I am sure, influence all sensible and thoughtful people. It is this observation, that the mischiefs inflicted by mode of dress become hereditary in character. I do not mean to say that because a person produces in himself or herself a deformed waist or foot, by dress, that therefore that particular deformity will be physically hereditary in the offspring of such person. I think the evidence is rather against that view, because it would seem that the Chinese children, born of mothers whose feet have been mechanically distorted, are born with feet which would come to a natural condition if they were not bandaged in infancy in the same manner as the mothers' were. But of this I am sure, that the hereditary tendency to commit these deforming acts is hereditarily received and hereditarily transmitted, and that the sense of desire for the performance of the act is also transmissible. This, in fact, is one of the great difficulties which we teachers have to overcome. We have to fight against inbred proclivities, which are so deep rooted that I believe if all the women of England at this time could, by a voluntary act of education, be led to give up tight lacing, another generation, perhaps two generations, would have to live before the practice was entirely abolished.

The lesson we have to learn and practise in respect to the mechanical arrangements of dress so far is that every plan which leads to irregular tightening of the body should be given up. The corset and waist strap should especially be abandoned, and our young girls should be taught to grow up just as their brothers grow, without ever learning the sense of false support which the corset soon suggests as a necessity. With the members of both sexes a reform should be introduced in the matter of boots and shoes. The tight boot should be entirely discarded, and that boot preferred which approaches nearest in form to the natural foot. Mrs. Haweis and others have insisted on the removal of the raised heel altogether from the boot, with which I entirely agree. Anatomically and physiologically it is a complete mistake to have the heel raised from the ground beyond the level of the palm of the foot. The moment the heel is raised, the plan of the arch is deranged, and the elastic wave-like motion of the foot impeded. The arch ought always to have full play, and Mr. Dowie's plan of introducing an elastic connection or band across the arch, so as to allow it freedom, is an admirable device.

The method by which clothes should be supported on the body is another extremely important subject in connection with dress, and especially in relation to the dresses worn by women. Copying probably from an Eastern custom, and from the primitive method of wearing a girdle, it has become a habit endorsed by long centuries of use for women to carry all their long flowing robes from the waist. These tied one over the other, layer upon layer, and with sufficient tightness to enable the garments to be borne by the actual pressure upon the waist, are as great an encumbrance to the wearer as the corset. Indeed, it is sometimes argued that the corset is necessary in order that the pressure may be sustained, the corset itself acting as a kind of shield between the body and the bands, and acting also in some way like a shoulder for supporting the bands. When the dresses which are thus sustained are short and of light texture, the weight and encumbrance are considerable; but when the dresses are long, when they trail on the ground, and when they are made of heavy material, the weight and encumbrance are drags on the life, which I suspect the strongest man could not sustain while engaged in his ordinary avocations.

I am rejoiced to see that ladies themselves, who are writing intelligently on this topic, are earnestly teaching in respect to it what is both common sense and common humanity. I agree with these that the tax of carrying clothes from the waist is utterly unjustifiable,

and that the parts that should bear the burden are the shoulders and none other. In this regard women ought to be placed under just the same favourable conditions for movement of the body as men, and the greatest emancipation that woman will ever have achieved will have arrived when she has discovered and carried out this practical improvement.

In saying this I do not for a moment wish to suggest that the outward appearance of the feminine dress should be like that of the masculine dress. To the woman, the flowing robe which even trespasses a little on the ground is most graceful, and is signally characteristic of feminine beauty. I would therefore that it should remain in all its gracefulness, but in so far as everything else is concerned, for every circumstance in which health is involved, for warmth, for freedom of movement, for mode by which the dress is carried from the shoulders, I would say,—Let the women have all the advantages which now belong to men.

For any one who will for a moment think candidly must admit that the dress of men, however bad it may be in taste, or in whatever bad taste it may have been conceived, is, in respect to health, infinitely superior to that of women. In the dress of the man every part of the body is equally covered. The middle of the body is not enveloped in a number of close layers, while the lower limbs are left without close clothing altogether. The centre of the body is not strained with a weight which almost drags down the lower limbs and back. The chest is not exposed to every wind that blows, and the feet are not bewildered with heavy garments which they have to kick forward or drag from behind with every advancing step. The body is clothed equally. The clothing is borne by the shoulders; it gives free motion to breathing; it gives freedom of motion to the circulation; it makes no undue pressure on the digestive organs; it leaves the limbs free; it is easily put on and off; and it allows of ready change in vicissitudes of weather. These are the advantages of modern attire for the man, and all I claim is that they should, by faithful copy, be extended to the woman, with the one exception of the graceful outer gown or robe, as a supplement to her own superior grace and beauty.

It is told of the late eminent surgeon Mr. Cline, the teacher of Sir Astley Cooper, that when he was consulted by a lady on the question how she should prevent a girl from growing up misshapen, he replied, "Let her have no stays and let her run about like the boys." I gladly re-echo this wise advice of the great surgeon; and I would venture to add to it another suggestion. I would say to the

mothers of England,—Let your girls dress just like your boys, make no difference whatever in respect to them—give them knickerbockers, if you like—with these exceptions ; that the under garments be of a little lighter material, and that they be supplemented by an outer gown or robe which shall take the place of the outer coat of the boys, and shall make them look distinctively what they are—girls clothed *cap à pie*, and *well* clothed from head to foot.

In speaking of these mechanical arrangements of dress I have as yet made no mention of the throat and the head as parts requiring to be clothed. In suggesting that girls should be clothed as fully as boys I have incidentally conveyed that the chest of the girl should be covered, and I would add that in both sexes the throat should be covered also during the period extending from October to April. The throat is one of the most important parts to protect, and it is, as is well known, one of the most common parts of the body to become affected during cold weather. In this past bad weather it has been my constant—I had nearly said, daily—observation to see some affection of the throat, attended with cold, and so often has this occurred in those whose throats have been uncovered as compared with those who have used careful moderate covering, that I cannot doubt that the absence of such covering has had, and has, a very deleterious effect.

Of coverings for the head, I should say that they should be always light and free, whether a bonnet, or a cap, or a hat be the subject under dispute. I think the gipsy hat beats the quaker bonnet for the fairer sex ; and although for men I cannot say anything in favour of the tall chimney-pot that will redeem it from its ugliness, I must claim for it that, when it is light and well ventilated, it is healthy. The felt hats are too closely-fitting, though some are becoming. The stiff felt hat, with narrow turned-up brim, and which looks like a Roundhead's helmet without the metal, is in respect to health miserable, and in respect to appearance simply hideous. The most graceful of all head-dresses for either sex—and it suits either—is the fine old Geneva cap, sometimes called the “Leonardo da Vinci,” which I wear on occasions, by right, as the doctor's cap of the old University of St. Andrews. It is not merely a handsome head-dress, it is healthy also, and adapts itself to heat and cold. I, for one, would willingly give up the particular privilege of wearing it to see it more widely adopted.

II. From the subject of mechanical adaptations of dress I pass to consider dress in relation to season ; the amount and kind of clothing that should be worn at different periods of the year.

On this subject there is great contrariety of opinion, and perhaps still greater contrariety of practice. There are those who maintain

that to be healthy the body should be hardened by exposure to cold, and that to wrap up and coddle is the weakest and worst of all plans. It must be admitted that there are some persons who seem to flourish under this régime, and who live to advanced age without suffering from cold even when lightly clad. I have known myself three men who have approached their ninetieth year, and who always vigorously refused to wrap up at all. Such persons are great examples, but they are too exceptional to be counted as safe ones. The majority of the aged die, as a rule, rapidly during cold weather. I have known children that have lived through their childhood half clothed in coldest seasons ; and these are great examples, but they also are too exceptional to be accepted as safe examples. As a rule, ill-clad children in cold weather suffer intensely, and often die.

On the other hand, no doubt, some persons do greatly over-encumber themselves with clothes ; and it is curious to observe that stout persons, who are wrapped and thoroughly lapped in their own sub-cutaneous non-conducting layer of fat, and who are generally feeble, encumber themselves with more clothes than their lithe and spare-ribbed friends, who really require most protection.

The truth is, that extremes on both sides are bad, and that a dash of good common sense is required to equalise them.

In this climate the regulation of dress in relation to health is an actual necessity during the varied seasons that prevail. We may take it as a general rule that when the body requires more food and more sleep to meet the cold, it requires also more clothes than it does at times when sleep and food are also less wanted. There is a very remarkable physiological truth bearing on this point which everyone ought to know, inasmuch as a knowledge of it becomes a guide to us in our daily life, not only in relation to dress, but to food, exercise, labour, and repose. The truth is so practical, that I dwell upon it with some detail. It is this. There are certain periods of the year, in this climate, during which, independently of our wills or our actions, we are gaining in bodily weight, while there are other periods when we are losing, both periods showing a regularity which is as singularly correct as it is singularly interesting. This truth was first discovered by my late friend, Mr. W. R. Milner, for many years medical superintendent of the large prison at Wakefield. His discovery was elicited by the laborious process of weighing, daily, immense numbers of prisoners through various seasons for a long series of years. I give his results as he himself has stated them.

The prisoners were all males between the ages of sixteen and fifty, and were presumed to be in good health when sent. The

cells in which they were confined had a cubic capacity of about nine hundred feet, and from thirty to thirty-five cubic feet of air were passed through each cell per minute. The mean temperature of the cells for the entire year was 61° ; the highest monthly mean, 66.5° , occurred in August; the lowest, 56.9° , in March.

The diet was uniform, with the exception of the alterations ordered by the medical officer in individual cases, and consisted of the following articles daily: Bread, twenty ounces; meat without bone, four ounces; soup, half a pint—these are equivalent to about seven ounces and three quarters of butcher's meat—potatoes, one pound; skimmed milk, three-quarters of a pint; gruel, one pint, containing two ounces of oatmeal. The dress was, a cloth jacket, waistcoat and trousers; cap and stock; linen shirt; woollen stockings; drawers and under-shirt.

The prisoners were sent out to exercise in the open air nine hours a week; the exercise was for one hour at a time; the men walked in circles, and every ten minutes they ran for a hundred and fifty yards. They were all supplied with work, and were for the most part employed in making mats and matting of cocoa-fibre and other materials; some worked at tailoring and shoemaking, and a few had other work to perform.

All the prisoners were weighed on admission, and at the latter end of every calendar month during their stay.

The number of prisoners over whom these observations extended was four thousand; the period of time occupied, ten years; the average number weighed monthly, three hundred and seventy-two; and the total number of weighings, forty-four thousand and four.

The men had all been weighed by Mr. Milner or under his superintendence, and the series of observations were unbroken.

The results of these weighings were tabulated on various bases, with a view to isolate the effect of a certain number of variable on the gain or loss of weight among these prisoners, and to determine the amount of influence exerted by each of these conditions.

The conditions selected for investigation were:—

1. The season of the year.
2. The period of imprisonment.
3. The employment in prison.
4. The age of the prisoners on admission.
5. The height of prisoners on admission.

The influence exerted by each of these conditions was well marked, and, with one exception, viz.: the influence of season, the deductions were such as would have been anticipated.

The first showed the influence of the season of the year on the weight of a number of men placed during the entire year under circumstances of food, clothing, and work which did not differ, and who, for the greater part of the day, were in a temperature which did not vary greatly between the hottest and the coldest months. Under such circumstances it might be expected that the weight of the men, taken as a whole, would remain sensibly the same; and that the numbers losing or gaining, as well as the quantities lost or gained, would vary little month by month; or that, if any marked variation occurred, it would be of an accidental character, depending on the greater or less amount of sickness during any particular month. The results, however, showed that a marked periodicity existed, and that, taking an average of years, there were two distinct series of months, during the one of which there was a constant loss of weight, and during the other a constant gain, so that, if the year were divided into quarters, there was a loss during the first and fourth quarters, and a gain during the second and third.

The two series of gaining and losing months were unbroken, except in one instance. On reference to the results it was found that in November, which was in the losing series, a gain occurred. The amount gained was very small, and the discrepancy was caused by the arrival of large numbers of prisoners in September and October, who usually gained weight for a short time after they were received, so that probably this break in the series resulted from the influence of the stage of imprisonment, which rather more than balanced the influence of season. On estimating carefully the facts which showed the average gain or loss per prisoner weighed, it was seen that, beginning at December, the amount lost per man increased rapidly, and very steadily till March, but that between March and April there was a very abrupt transition from loss to gain. The gains then continued till August, the amount gained increasing on the whole, by a series of jerks, each alternate month presenting a larger and a smaller gain respectively: so that, to obtain a steadily increasing series, it was necessary to couple the summer months in pairs. Between August and September a change of weight occurred, about equal in amount, but in the opposite direction to that which took place between March and April. The changes between March-April, and August-September were far greater in amount than the changes which took place between any other pairs of consecutive months; and this remark applied with greater force to the percentages of men gaining or losing, and to the net gains and losses per man.

The inferences which may be fairly drawn from these obser-

vations were:—1. The body becomes heavier during the summer months, and the gain varies in an increasing ratio. 2. The body becomes lighter during the winter months, and the loss varies in an increasing ratio. 3. The changes from gain to loss, and the reverse, are abrupt, and take place about the end of March and the beginning of September.

The results, which were thus gathered from the study of a large number of periodical weighings, presented a remarkable relation to the facts obtained by Dr. Edward Smith from a series of most valuable and elaborate experiments which he made on the quantities of carbonic acid thrown off by the lungs at various seasons of the year. For instance, Dr. Smith found that the quantity of carbonic acid thrown off was much greater in winter than in summer. Milner's weighings showed that the prisoners lost weight in winter, when the evolution of carbonic gas was great, and gained weight in summer, when less carbonic acid was given out.

This in itself would be a striking coincidence; but it was clearly detected that a sudden change took place between March and April, and at the same time of the year Dr. Smith found that a similar change took place in the amount of carbonic acid thrown off, and that the *amount* of the change was much greater at that period than at any other time; and so much greater, that the alteration struck him as being a very remarkable circumstance. Dr. Smith's observations did not extend to the August-September period, and it is, therefore, impossible to say if any equally marked change takes place in autumn. There can be little doubt that variations of temperature, and of light, are the principal agents in causing these changes; but it will probably be found that, in addition to the direct influence of these physical agents, a periodic action in the system adds to or diminishes the effect of those physical agencies.

From the consideration of the facts collected we may fairly infer that there is a periodic variation in the weight of man during the year, the six summer months being gaining and the six winter months being losing months. The amounts gained or lost gradually increase from the commencement till the termination of each period respectively; the change from the gaining to the losing period, and the converse, is, however, abrupt, and these changes take place at times not very distant from the vernal and autumnal equinoxes.

Bearing on the question thus raised by Mr. Milner, I myself, from the Registrar-General's returns, made an analysis of 139,318 deaths occurring, from 1838 to 1853, in London, Devonshire, and

Cornwall, with a view of determining what causes of death were connected with the varying seasons of the year; and the result was to discover that during the wasting season, which was by far the most fatal, those diseases were most rife which spring from exposure to cold, and which are extremely fatal under that condition. I have since then many times drawn special attention to the importance of regulating clothing so as to meet the emergency to which the body is exposed during the wasting period; and the rules I had then in my mind I would enforce now. It should be a settled practice with every person in these islands that he commence to put on warmer clothing a little before the wasting period begins, and that he continue it considerably beyond the time when the balance turns, and the period of increasing weight commences.

Bearing still further on this point, I have received a most practical note from the Rev. B. A. Irving, M.A., head master of the College, Windermere, in which the argument set forth above is fully confirmed. Mr. Irving indicates, from meteorological data, that about the 10th of May and about the 10th of November there is a remarkable fall in the mean temperature. The fall, commencing in November, continues to increase until the end of February. The pinch of cold in May is followed by warmth, which continues through the summer. The rule Mr. Irving deduces from these physical facts is that we should be warmest clothed from the end of January to the end of February, and that summer clothing should on no account be assumed until the cold pinch about the 10th of May is well passed—say about the 15th of May. The summer dress may then be continued until the end of September; but winter clothing should be most carefully assumed before the cold pinch of November 10th—say by the 1st of November. With this sound advice I entirely agree.

Need I hesitate to say how dangerously these simple rules are ignored, and that, too, by those to whom it most solemnly applies! The delicate girl invited to the ball or evening party, in the winter season, goes there with a throat and chest exposed or partly covered, and with all her garments as light as fashion will permit them. She goes into a close room, heated to 65° or it may be 70°. She dances herself into a glow, and then, exhausted, excited, and breathless, she passes out of the room, to exchange its warmth for a temperature of 35°, or lower—perhaps below freezing-point. She takes cold, she suffers from congestion of the lungs, and, if her tendencies are in that direction, she passes into consumption. And who shall wonder?

As spring advances, dangers increase to everybody. The weather is treacherous; a bright day or two in March seems to herald

summer, and the warm clothing is cast aside. Suddenly, there is a fall of temperature with a bitter east wind, and the unprepared are caught as if in a trap. They have passed the long wintry ordeal before which so many have succumbed, and they are reviving, but have not revived. In this condition they are stricken with disease, often fatal. If you study the Registrar-General's returns through the month of March, April, and the early part of May for a few years, you will see how solemnly correct is the history I am now bringing under your notice.

You will ask, What kind of clothing is best to meet the varying changes? I answer, That which combines lightness with warmth, and which absorbs the watery secretion from the body without retaining it. For under-clothing I give a decided preference to silk, basing this preference entirely on practical grounds. Knitted or woven silk is at once the material which best maintains warmth, affords lightness, and transmits perspiration. If the expense of it be urged on one side, its extraordinary durability may be named as a set-off. The silk should be worn next to the skin. Over the silk, for nine months in the year at least, there should be a woollen covering which should include the whole body. This should not be made of thick, heavy flannel, for thickness and weight contribute little to warmth, but of soft, light, fleecy material, or of that thin flannel which somewhat resembles silk in structure. The feet coverings should be of the same character, and long socks should be preferred to stockings. The upper clothing, like the under, should be of light and, at the same time, warm character, and the final overcoat or cloak should carefully vary with the season. In coldest weather fur is, I think, without doubt, the best external clothing. The overcoat or cloak should, in all cases, fit loosely to the body.

III. Connected with this part of my discourse, there comes in naturally the ventilation of clothes on the body to which I referred in the opening paragraphs. I cannot too seriously express the necessity of maintaining a free ventilation. Whatever impedes the evaporation of water from the body leads, of necessity, to some derangement of the body, if not to disease; for the retained moisture, saturating the garments, produces chilliness of surface, and checks the action of the skin. Then follows cold, dyspepsia, and, in those who are disposed to it, rheumatism. For these reasons I always hold that the so-called waterproofs are sources of great danger, unless they are used with great discrimination. It is true they keep the body dry in wet weather, but they wet it through from its own rain; and when the body is freely exercised and perspires copiously during rain, shut up

with its own secretion on one side of the waterproof covering, and chilled by the water that falls on the other, it is in a poor plight indeed. It had better be wet to the skin in a porous clothing. Hence, I would advise that the waterproof should only be used when the body is at rest, as when standing or sitting in the rain. During active exercise a good, large, strong umbrella—none of your finikin parasol-like pretences—is worth any number of waterproofs.

IV. The colour of the dress is another practical point of considerable moment. The *Lancet*, a few weeks ago, was very much criticised for suggesting that in the cold dark weather dresses of light colour should be worn. The *Lancet*, nevertheless, was right. The light-coloured dress is at once the warmest and the healthiest. In the arctic regions white is the prevailing colour of the animal that most retains its warmth. The same colour is also best adapted for summer wear, for that which is negative to cold does not absorb heat. The objection made to white clothing is that it so soon becomes dirty, or, correctly speaking, that it more quickly than darker fabrics shows the presence of dirt. This might be an advantage in many cases, but I think it is fair to admit that white out and out, for all times and seasons, is not practical. The best compromise is a grey, and I wonder that in our climate that practical fact, which was once known and acted upon, has ever been allowed to die out. Those wise and discerning forefathers of ours, who utilised the serviceable grey suits, were best informed after all in the matter of colour of dress, for health as well as for service.

Fashion, in these later times, has misled once more, by the introduction of the incorrigible black clothing for the outer suit of men and women. The inconvenience of this selection reaches its height in the infliction it imposes on those poor ladies who, after bereavement, think it necessary to clothe themselves in unwholesome folds of inky crape. Next to the Suttee, this seems to me the most painful of miseries inflicted on the miserable. Happily, it is, I think, beginning to see its last days.

V. I would make, in one or two sentences, an observation on the colouring substances that are sometimes introduced into dress, in their relation to health. When the aniline colour stuffs were brought in for dyeing under-garments of red or yellow colour, the dyes caused, sometimes, where they came into contact with the skin, a local irritation, and now and then even some constitutional derangement. The agents which were at work to produce these conditions were the poisonous dyes called red and yellow coralline. The local action of both these poisons is sharp, and they bring upon the skin a raised

eruption of minute round pimples, which I have known to be mistaken for the eruption of measles by the unskilled in diagnosis. The irritation which attends the rash is painful, and if there be much rubbing of the part little vesicles may form and give out a watery discharge. Once I knew an eruption on the chest, caused by a red woollen comforter, attended with much nervous prostration; but, as a rule, the evil is purely local, the colouring matter being not readily absorbed by the skin. This is fortunate, for the poison would be intense if it were to enter the blood.

It is necessary at once to remove the coloured garment when it is causing the local mischief, and such garments should never be worn until they have been many times rinsed in boiling water.

VI. Cleanliness in dress, the last passage in my programme, is one on which, to an educated audience, I need not dwell. Health will not be clad in dirty raiment, and those who think it can be will soon find themselves subjected to various minor ailments—oppression, dulness, headache, nausea—which in themselves and singly seem of little moment, but which affect materially the standard of perfect health by which life is blithely and usefully manifested. The want now most felt amongst the educated, in our large centres, is the means for getting a due supply of well-washed clean clothes. The laundry is still up a tree, and when you climb to it, it is rarely found worth the labour of the ascent. In London, at this moment, a thousand public laundries are wanted, before that cleanliness which is next to godliness can ever be recognised by the apostles of health who feel that their mission in the world stands second only on the list of goodly and godly labours for mankind.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

THE DOG AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

IT is not surprising that the dog—the faithful and intellectual companion of man—should have been from the earliest times the object of a very varied folk-lore ; besides holding a conspicuous place among the traditions and legends of most countries. Indeed, the origin of that very widespread superstition which recognizes a death-omen in the howling of a dog may be traced to a notion in Aryan mythology which represents the soul as taking its departure in the hour of death to the distant land of spirits under the escort of a fleet greyhound. According to the Aryan religion, Yama was the first lightning-born mortal who discovered the way to the other world, where he has reigned ever since, and, for the sake of men, sends the wind under the form of a dog to conduct their souls at death across the heavenly waters and over the Milky Way to his home—the bright realm of bliss. Hence, whenever this messenger of death was heard, either howling outside the sick man's house or speeding along through the air with rapid pace, the inmates trembled, for they knew that at any moment the soul of their friend or relative might be required of him. Thus, even at the present day, the howling of a dog under the window is supposed to foretell death—a superstition deeply rooted everywhere in this as well as in most other countries. The Parsees of Bombay place a dog at the bedside of the person who is dying, that his eyes may rest upon the animal at the last moment, and so find comfort in the assurance that a prompt escort is in readiness to convey the soul to its everlasting abode. Such protection, too, is, according to the Parsee belief, of the highest value ; for as soon as the soul arrives at the bridge Tchivat a fierce combat for its possession takes place among the gods and the unclean spirits. If the soul be pure and good, then it is not only defended at this dread crisis by other souls of a like nature, but rescued by the dogs that guard the bridge.¹ Another variation of the same legend substitutes the cow in the place of the dog, and hence it was made a religious ordinance of the

¹ See Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. 495 ; ii. 50, 94, 100, &c.

Hindus¹ that the dying person should during his last moments on earth take hold of the tail of the cow. The corpse, too, was drawn by cows to the funeral pile, and a black cow was led after it to the same spot, and slaughtered there. The flesh of the animal, says Mr. Kelly, "was heaped upon the corpse as it lay on the pile, and the hide was spread over all. Fire was then applied, and when the flames rose high a hymn was sung, in which the cow was invoked to ascend with the deceased to the land of the departed." Thus, it is a German notion, not yet extinct, that the Milky Way is the cow-path; and it is still a popular superstition that a cow breaking into the yard betokens a death in the family.² Reverting, however, to the dog's howling as a death-omen, it is interesting to trace this piece of folk-lore to its source in Aryan mythology; being the survival of one of those numerous legends that have been transmitted to us by the stream of tradition from the distant past. Although, therefore, but a relic of heathen mythology, this superstition still retains its influence as a supernatural omen. As a plea, however, for its prevalence even among the educated, we might urge that it is not unnatural for the mind when unstrung and overbalanced by the presence of sickness and impending death to be over-sensitive, and to take notice of every little sound and sight which may seem to connect themselves with its anxiety. Reviewing very briefly the allusions to this superstition in times gone by, we find it referred to by Pausanias, who relates how, before the destruction of the Messenians, the dogs set up a fiercer howling than they were wont to do; and Virgil, speaking of the Roman misfortunes in the Pharsalic war, says:—

Obscœnique canes, importunæque volucres,
Signa dabant.

Capitolinus narrates, too, how the dogs by their howling presaged the death of Maximinus. At the present day this widely-known omen is found in every part of our country, in France and Germany, and even in Turkey. Thus, in Germany, a dog howling before a house portends a death or a fire.³ If it howls along the highway, this is considered in Westphalia as a certain token that a funeral will soon pass by that way. The same notion too exists in Denmark. Out of the innumerable instances recorded in this country respecting this popular superstition may be mentioned one related by Mrs. Latham in her "West Sussex Superstitions."⁴ No slight consternation was caused at Worthing, a few years ago, by a

¹ Kelly's *Indo-European Folk-lore*, 1863, 107, 108, 116.

² Fiske's *Myths and Myth-makers*, 1873, 49; *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, i. 258.

³ Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, 1852, ii. 180, 329.

⁴ *Folk-lore Record*, 1878, i. 56.

Newfoundland dog, the property of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, lying down on the steps of a house and howling piteously, refusing to be driven away. As soon as it was known that a young lady, long an invalid, had died there, so much excitement took place that the occurrence reached the owner of the dog, who came to Worthing to inquire into the truth of it. Unfortunately, however, for the lovers of and believers in the marvellous, it turned out that the dog had accidentally been separated from his master late in the evening, and had been seen running here and there in search of him, and howling at the door of the stable where he put up his horse and other places which he often visited in Worthing. It happened, also, that his master had been in the habit of visiting the particular house where the young lady had died, which at once accounted for the apparent mystery. In the same way, indeed, other similar instances of this superstition might easily be cleared up, if only properly investigated at the time. An intelligent Londoner, however, told Mr. Kelly¹ that he had often listened to the howling of the dog, and verified the fulfilment of this infallible omen. The dog's mode of proceeding on such occasions is generally this:—The animal tries to get under the doomed person's window; but if the house stands within an enclosure, and it cannot find its way in, it will run round the premises or pace up and down before them. If it at last succeeds in making an entry, it will stop under the window, howl horribly, finish with three tremendous barks, and then hurry away. This performance is ascribed by some to the dog's keen sense of the odour of approaching mortal dissolution; whereas, others affirm that this animal can see the spirits which hover around the house of sickness ready at the moment of death to bear away the soul of the departed one. Thus, in the "Odyssey," the dogs of Eumæus are represented as terrified at the sight of Minerva, although she was then invisible to Telemachus. In both German and Aryan mythology the dog is said to see ghosts; and whenever Hela, the Goddess of Death, walks abroad invisible to human eyes, she is seen by dogs. In Wales² it is thought that horses have also the gift of seeing spectres. Carriage horses have been known, says Mr. Sikes, to display every sign of the utmost terror, when the occupants of the carriage could see no cause for fright. Such an occurrence is said to be highly ominous, and to portend that a funeral will soon pass by that way, bearing to his resting-place some person not dead at the time of the horses' fright.

¹ *Indo-European Folk-lore*, 109.

² *British Goblins*, by Wirt Sikes, 1879, 171.

Very nearly allied to the superstition which recognizes a death-omen in the howling of a dog is that of the spectral hounds which are said to be occasionally heard and seen in different parts of England and Wales.¹ They are generally invisible ; but their fearful yelping, as it is heard passing swiftly through the air, resembles the fierce and angry note of the bloodhound. They are supposed to be "evil spirits hunting the souls of the dead, or, by their diabolical yelping, to betoken the speedy death of some person." In the North they are called "the Gabriel Hounds." Wordsworth, alluding to one form of this superstition, evidently connects it with the German legend of the Wild Huntsman.² He narrates the history of a peasant, poor and aged, yet endowed

With ample sovereignty of eye and ear ;
 Rich were his walks with supernatural cheer.
 He the Seven Birds hath seen that never part,
 Seen the Seven Whistlers on their nightly round,
 And counted them ! And oftentimes will start,
 For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's hounds,
 Doomed with their impious lord the flying hart
 To chase for ever on aerial ground.

Mr. Henderson³ relates that a few years ago, when a child was burned to death at Sheffield, the neighbours immediately called to mind how the Gabriel Hounds had passed above the house not long before. He also tells of a person who was hastily summoned one night to the sick-bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out he heard the wild sound of the creatures above his head ; they accompanied him the whole way, about a mile, then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it, and found that the patient had just breathed her last. Mr. Holland, of Sheffield, describes in the following lines the superstition as it generally existed in Yorkshire :—

Oft have I heard my honoured mother say
 How she hath listened to the Gabriel hounds ;
 Those strange, unearthly, and mysterious sounds,
 Which on the ear through murkiest darkness fell ;
 And how, entranced by superstitious spell,
 The trembling villager not seldom heard,
 In the quaint notes of the nocturnal bird
 Of death premonished, some sick neighbour's knell.
 I, too, remember once, at midnight dark,
 How these sky-yelpers startled me, and stirred
 My fancy so, I could have then averred
 A mimic pack of beagles low did bark !

¹ *Book of Days*, ii. 435.

² See *Quarterly Review*, July 1836, 219.

³ *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, 129.

Nor wondered I that rustic fear should trace
A spectral huntsman doomed to that long moonless chase.

In Lancashire these spectre hounds are locally termed "Gabriel Ratchets," and are supposed to foretell death or misfortune to all who hear their sound.¹ Kennett² has a curious note on the subject. He says :—"At Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, the colliers going to their pits early in the morning hear the noise of a pack of hounds in the air, to which they give the name of Gabriel's Hounds, though the more sober and judicious take them only to be wild geese making this noise in their flight." We have here the solution of this popular superstition, for it is a well-ascertained fact that these spectre hounds are no other than numerous flocks of wild geese, or other large migratory birds. Mr. Yarrell, the well-known ornithologist, writing in *Notes and Queries*,³ says that the species alluded to by Kennett is the Bean Goose, *Anser segetum* of authors. They are frequently very noisy when on the wing during night, and the sound has been compared to that of a pack of hounds in full cry. Reverting, however, once more to the Gabriel Hounds: in Northamptonshire they go by the name of Hell-hounds, and are regarded as ominous. The Devonshire tradition represents the "Yeth-hounds" as the disembodied souls of unbaptized infants. They are sometimes called Heath-hounds—heath and heather being both *yeth* in the North Devon dialect.⁴ They were heard several years ago in the parish of St. Mary Tavy⁵ by an old man named Roger Burn. He was working in the fields, when he suddenly heard the baying of the hounds, the shouts and horn of the huntsman, and the smacking of his whip. This last point the old man quoted as at once settling the question: "How could I be mistaken? Why, I heard the very smacking of his whip." In Cornwall these mysterious hounds are known as the "Devil and his Dandy Dogs;" and many wild and amusing stories are told respecting them, of which Mr. Couch, in his "Folk-lore of a Cornish Village," gives a specimen. A poor herdsman was journeying homeward across the moors one windy night, when he heard at a distance the baying of hounds, which he soon recognized as the dismal yelping of the Dandy Dogs. He was three or four miles distant from his house, and, much alarmed, he hurried onward as fast as the treacherous nature of the soil and the uncertainty of the path would allow; but, alas! the melancholy

¹ See Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire*; Harland and Wilkinson's *Lancashire Folk-lore*, 89, 167.

² MS. Lansd., 1033.

³ First series, v. 596.

⁴ *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, 132.

⁵ *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, iii. 404.

yelping of the hounds and the dismal shout of the hunter came nearer and nearer. After a considerable run, they had so gained upon him that he could not help looking round at them. The huntsman was terrible to behold: he was black, had large grey eyes, horns, tail, and carried in his clawy hand a long hunting-pole. The dogs, a numerous pack, blackened the moor as far as was visible; each snorting fire, and yelping in the most frightful manner. No cottage, rock, or tree was near to give the poor herdsman shelter, and in this hopeless plight nothing apparently remained to him but to surrender himself to their fury, when a happy thought suddenly flashed upon him and suggested a means of escape. He had heard that no evil spirit can resist the power of prayer. Just then, as the hounds were about to rush upon him, he fell on his knees in prayer. Immediately, as if resistance had been offered, the hell-hounds stood at bay, howling more dismally than ever; and at the same time the hunter shouted, "Bo shrove," which means, "The boy prays." At this crisis the dogs drew off on some other errand, and the herdsman was allowed to go on his journey in peace.¹ In Wales these spectre hounds are considered an omen of death, and are termed *Cwn Annwn*, or Dogs of Hell. They are said to howl through the air with a voice frightfully disproportionate to their size; and one peculiarity belonging to them is that the nearer they approach anyone the less loud their voice sounds, whereas the farther off they are the louder is their cry.² They are in themselves harmless, and have never been known to commit any mischief. According to one tradition, they are the hell-hounds which hunt through the air the soul of the wicked man as soon as it quits the body—a trace of the Aryan mythology already alluded to.

Once more, there is a notion prevalent in many places that whenever a calamity is at hand, or in localities where some accident or evil deed may have occurred, a spectral dog appears. This is described as often larger than a Newfoundland, being shaggy and black, with large ears and tail.³ Its form, however, is so decided, and its look and movements are so thoroughly natural, that many, we are informed, have often mistaken it for a real dog. Thus, in Lancashire this spectre dog bears the name of "Trash," or "Striker." The former name is given to it from the peculiar noise⁴ made by its feet when passing along, resembling that of a heavy shoe in a miry road. The latter term is in allusion to the sound of

¹ See Hunt's *Popular Romances of West of England*, 220.

² Wirt Sikes's *British Goblins*, 1879, 233.

³ *Book of Days*, ii. 433.

⁴ *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, ii. 51.

its voice when heard by those persons who are unable to see the appearance itself. It does not haunt particular spots, but makes itself visible to warn people of the approaching death of some relative or friend. Should anyone be so courageous as to follow this strange apparition, it retreats with its eyes fronting the pursuer, and vanishes on the slightest momentary inattention.¹ Some years ago an accident happened to a Cornish mine, whereby several men lost their lives. As soon as help could be procured a party descended, when the remains of the poor fellows were found to be mutilated beyond recognition. On being brought up to the surface, the clothes and a mass of mangled flesh dropped from the bodies. A bystander, to spare the feelings of the relatives, hastily threw this unpleasant mass into the blazing furnace of an engine close at hand. Ever since that day the engineman declared that troops of little black dogs continually haunted the place.² In Cambridgeshire this apparition is known under the name of "Shuck;" and in the Isle of Man it is termed the "Mauthe Doog." In his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" this superstition is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott:—

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him, of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.³

Another belief, not at all uncommon, is that the spirits of wicked persons are punished by being doomed to wear for a long time the shape of a dog. Mr. Wirt Sikes⁴ relates an anecdote about a Rev. Mr. Hughes, a clergyman of the Church of England, in the Isle of Anglesea, the most popular preacher in the neighbourhood in the last century. As he was going one night to preach, a spirit in the shape of a large greyhound jumped against him and threw him from his horse. The same thing happened another evening. The third time, therefore, he went on foot, and on approaching the haunted spot found that the spirit was chained. On questioning it the spirit replied that its unrest was due to a silver groat it had hidden under a stone when in the flesh, and which was the property of the Church of St. Elian. Many similar instances are found scattered here and there throughout the country, which are implicitly believed in by the peasantry, and not unfrequently have even deterred the wicked from the commission of crime.

¹ See Harland and Wilkinson's *Lancashire Folk-lore*, 91; and *Transactions of Lancashire and Cheshire Historical Society*.

² From Hunt's *Popular Romances of West of England*, 351.

³ For further instances see *Book of Days*, ii. 433.

⁴ *British Goblins*, 1879, 168.

Again, there is a belief that the spirit of a favourite dog which has died returns occasionally to visit its master and the haunts it frequented during life. "I was once informed by a servant," says Mrs. Latham,¹ "whom I had desired to go downstairs and try to stop the barking of a dog, which, I was afraid, would waken a sleeping invalid, that nothing would stop his noise, for she knew quite well, by his manner of barking, that the ghost of another dog was walking about the garden and terrifying him." This superstition varies in different localities, for in some it is said that the ghosts of dogs walk abroad unheard and unseen except by their own species; whereas in others they are distinctly visible to human beings. In days gone by it was customary to bury a dog alive under the corner-stone of a church, that its ghost might haunt the churchyard and drive off any who would profane it, such as witches.² Among the numerous other pieces of folk-lore associated with this friend of man may be mentioned one which ascribes to it fetichistic notions.³ Mr. Fiske⁴ cites the case of a Skye terrier who, being accustomed to obtain favours from his master by sitting on his haunches, was in the habit of sitting before his pet indiarubber ball, placed on the chimneypiece, "evidently," to quote his own words, "beseeching it to jump down and play with him." As, however, it has been justly pointed out, it is far more reasonable⁵ to suppose that a dog who had been day by day drilled into a belief that standing upon his hind legs was pleasing to his master—and who, in consequence, had accustomed himself to stand on his hind legs when he desired anything—may have stood up rather from force of habit and eagerness of desire than because it had any fetichistic notions, or expected the indiarubber ball to listen to its supplications.⁶ Mr. Fiske argues, however, that the behaviour of the terrier rested rather upon the assumption that the ball was open to the same kind of entreaty which prevailed with the master—implying, not that the dog accredited the ball with a soul, but that in its mind the distinction between life and inanimate existence had never been thoroughly realised. Another idea relating to the dog is that it possesses extraordinary quickness in discerning character. It is said that, whereas it avoids ill-tempered persons, it will generally follow any stranger, if he be of a kind and cheerful disposition. According

¹ *Folk-lore Record*, i. 17.

² Henderson's *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, 274.

³ Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, ii. 143.

⁴ *Myths and Myth-makers*, 1873, 221.

⁵ *The Nation*, 1872, xv. 284.

⁶ See Darwin's *Descent of Man*, i. 64.

to some, too, the life of a dog is closely connected with that of its master, and, if the latter die, the former will soon do likewise. Among the Highlanders, even at the present day, great care is taken that dogs do not pass between a couple that are going to be married, as endless ill-luck is supposed to result from such an unfortunate occurrence. Formerly, too, in Scotland and in the North of England, it was reckoned so ominous for a dog to jump over a coffin, that the wretched animal was at once killed without mercy. Mr. Henderson¹ relates how, as a funeral party were coming from a lonely house on a fell, carrying a coffin, as they were unable to procure a cart, they set it down to rest themselves, when a collie dog jumped over it. It was felt by all that the dog must instantly be killed before they proceeded any farther, and killed it was.

Before concluding our remarks on the many superstitions relating to the dog, we must not omit to mention briefly some of those connected with hydrophobia. There is a very common idea, prevalent even among the educated classes, that a strong sympathy exists between the cause of an injury and the victim. Hence, in the case of anyone being bitten by a dog not mad, it is said that it should be killed at once, as this alone can insure the person's safety; otherwise, should the dog hereafter go mad, even years hence, he would be attacked with hydrophobia. The following extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* for October 12, 1866, illustrates a singular remedy for hydrophobia until quite recently practised in Buckinghamshire:—
“At an inquest held on the body of a child which had died of hydrophobia, evidence was given of a practice almost incredible in civilized England. Sarah Mackness stated that, at the request of the mother of the deceased, she had fished the body of the dog by which the child had been bitten out of the river, and had extracted its liver, a slice of which she had frizzled before the fire, and had then given it to the child, to be eaten with some bread. The child ate the liver greedily, drank some tea afterwards, and then died in spite of this strange specific.” A similar superstition prevails in Sussex. In an old manuscript receipt-book of cookery, quoted by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, the following charm occurs for the bite of a mad dog:—

To be written on an apple, or on fine white bread:

O King of Glory, come in peace,
Pax, Max and Max,
Hax, Max, Adinax, opera chudor.

To be swallowed three mornings fasting.

¹ *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, p. 59.

In one of Cervantes' *novelas*, "La Gitanilla," we read of a young man who, on approaching a gipsy camp by night, was attacked and bitten by dogs. An old gipsy woman undertook to cure his wounds, and her procedure was thus:—She took some of the dog's hairs and fried them in oil; and, having first washed with wine the bites the man had in his left leg, put the hairs and oil over them. She then bound up the wounds with clean cloths and made the sign of the cross over them. This superstition, which is still found in our own country, is an instance of the ancient homœopathic doctrine, that what hurts will also cure. It is mentioned in the Scandinavian Edda: "Dog's hair heals dog's bite."

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

MADEIRA.

THE passengers were all collected on deck to see the last rosy flash of sunlight on the Eddystone Lighthouse, but were soon driven below by a piercing air. For two days thenceforward the weather was exceedingly cold, but the sky was bright and the sea smooth, and there was a pleasing consciousness in the minds of all that we were fleeing from winter at the rate of ten knots an hour. On the third day we steamed into genial weather, and were glad of an awning on deck. On the fifth day, the long, low line of the Desertas told us that our voyage was nearly over, and nearing their coasts we could see a great surf beating along their rocky outline. Soon afterwards we rounded the lighthouse on a reef standing out from the mainland—if so it can be called—of Madeira, ran a few miles along its smiling shore, and dropped anchor in the bay of Funchal towards sunset. We had but scant time to examine the scenery. These latitudes are not so far from the tropics but that the darkness comes with a sort of rush, and yet you are hardly aware of the twilight before all light is gone. Although our great steamer appeared fairly still on the water, we were conscious of the roar of the surf upon the beach; and that we were riding over heavy waves was apparent to us by the rising and falling of a vast fleet of boats which surrounded the vessel.

Possessed by a great sense of his own dignity, and a feeling, like the Captain of Knockdunder, that nothing could be done till he arrived, the health officer took his own time about coming off; and if hard words could break bones, that Portuguese would not have had a sound one left in his body.

At last, however, quarantine rules were satisfied, and the passengers and baggage were to be landed, not on the shore, where the boats must have been swamped, but at a landing-place called the Pontigna, which professes to be under the shelter of a great fortified rock. A landing at Madeira on a rough day is not likely to be forgotten by anyone who has experienced it. To time a spring from the gangway of a ship at the moment that a boat is on the crest of the wave opposite is not, however, so entirely difficult as it would seem; and

the Portuguese boatmen are skilful in breaking a fall when the passenger tumbles headlong into their midst. The landing is even easier when a score of hands are ready to pull the springer high and dry. The disembarkation, however, is a serious item in the fatigues of those who are really invalids. By the time a landing was effected it was too dark to see anything but a line of foam, and the immediate object upon which one of the many lanterns in the hands of those about us was turned; we followed our guide blindly along a somewhat rough pathway to where we could dimly perceive what appeared to be a four-post bedstead on runners, not wheels, to which were yoked a couple of oxen. Seated in this, we slid over the stone pavement smoothly enough, with occasional irregularities like waves of the sea, yet with no jolting, up hill and down dale, till we were safely deposited at the door of the hotel. We soon became very familiar with the conveyance—the most convenient that could possibly be devised for so singular a town as Funchal. It might be supposed that a wheeled carriage was an impossibility where the streets are so inordinately steep, were it not that two carriages actually exist. These, however, are about as congruous with the place as a Canadian sleigh would be in Oxford Street. All the roads in Funchal, and many of those leading far into the country, are entirely paved with small pebbles and chips of basalt, so closely set together that the runner of the cars glides over them without the least difficulty. One of the two men in charge constantly places a wet rag in front of the runners, over which they glide, and he also puts his shoulder to the car on turning a sharp corner, to prevent the whole thing canting over. The patient oxen are encouraged with strange but musical cries; and the persuasive of a stout stick, sometimes accompanied by a goad, is added to the cries.

A recent writer on Madeira, however, saw these oxen and their drivers, as well as much else, through spectacles quite peculiar to herself when she finds fault with the treatment of the animals. The oxen are without an exception sleek, well cared for, and well treated. These cars, however, are of comparatively recent introduction. The original conveyance of Madeira was the palanquin, of which, I believe, some specimens still exist in old Portuguese houses, but the car and hammock have now entirely taken their place. The hammock is slung on one stout pole—whereas the palanquin is between two—and is carried by two men, each of them holding a stout stick across the shoulder on which the pole does not rest, passing under the pole, so that a pull at the stick will at once transfer the weight to the unoccupied shoulder for a rest. The

great saving of labour effected by the introduction of the hammock and the car were both due to an English resident in Madeira during the time of the English occupation. The hammock is, of course, a development and simplification of the palanquin, while the cars grew out of the custom long before adopted by the-vine growers and market gardeners round Funchal, who brought their wares into the town by sledges down the basalt-paved mountain paths.

Our first taste of what we had to expect in the way of climate in this land of lasting summer was shown us by the profusion of flowers on the dining-table and in the sitting-rooms of our hotel, and by the fact that, finding open windows in our bedrooms, it never occurred to us to close them at night, or to reflect for a moment that this was the twenty-third of December.

The flooding of the land with light next morning was not less sudden than had been the darkness. The slender mists on the hills, tinged with rose, rolled up from purple peaks, and showed terraces green with the cultivation of the sugar-cane; high up the mountain side were gleaming white falls, and, behind these, jagged volcanic hills. The whole island is one great volcanic upheaval with basalt cliffs; their gorges and ravines, and the shapes of the mountain, though only six thousand feet high—a mere nothing to the Alpine tourist—have outlines and cliffs which even he could scarcely despise.

The lines of Wordsworth's "Prelude" surged up from the depths of memory with the first sight of that morning light, and the first draught of that delicious air:—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven,

but that for "was" advancing years remind me that I should have to read "were."

Nor did greater familiarity with the climate alter for a moment my feeling of its delights. The mean temperature during the winter is 60°, and in the summer 70°. There is always a light delicious breeze and a bright sun, but without any sting in it. The climate is like that of a delightful June day in England, without the languor that comes in the later English summer, without the chill which in England arises partly from real depression of temperature, still more from the mental chillness of uncertainty as to what the morrow may bring. In Madeira, as a rule, you close a lovely day with the conviction that the next will be lovely also.

It is this singularly equable temperature that renders Madeira so good for the invalid, and the caprice of fashion which has lately

turned health-seekers away from that island is unfortunate for the many who might benefit by a sojourn in it. No doubt the sea-voyage is, to some, a great disadvantage, and the landing is, as we have already said, especially trying in rough weather. This over, however, the place is far superior to the South of Europe, with its frequent atmospheric changes, and occasional piercing cold. Those doctors who still recommend Madeira now seem to do so more for persons who are in a weak state of health, requiring rest and a genial climate, than for those who are in an advanced state of lung disease, though even in such cases the greater comfort of life till the inevitable end arrives is no light blessing.

One such, whose name will occur to many readers, a bright-glancing intellect, among the foremost scientific men of our day, went to Madeira last year to die, as he well knew he must; we who had seen him suffering so acutely in London could not but rejoice to hear how peaceful and even comfortable were the weeks spent here, how unclouded his mind, how calmly he looked death in the face. On the last day of his life, aware that it was the last by that prophetic instinct which so often rises in the dying, he was able himself to write an epitaph which summed up his convictions in regard to his life. He wrote:—

I was not and was conceived :
I lived and did a little work :
I am not and grieve not.

And then he rested from his sufferings and his labours, and his works follow him.

It is sometimes said that, if the island be thus helpful to the invalid, it is trying to the health of those who go with the sick; that the climate is relaxing for them; and while it heals the one who is sick, sends another back to England enervated and out of health. This seems to us an entire mistake. The English residents appear to be a singularly healthy race; they are long-lived, and their children are well-grown and vigorous; but the mistake is natural. Those who come out from England with invalids find every conceivable appliance for being lazy, and that the hills are steep; they slide often too easily into the habits of those who cannot walk, and, after being carried about in a hammock for a day or two, still eating three full meals, on finding their digestion fail, proclaim themselves ill, and lay the blame upon the climate. But if they will ride, or, better still, walk, scale the hills within an easy distance of the town, breathe for a while, now and then, the keener air of the mountains, instead of dawdling down to the landing-place, they will find no

reason to complain of the enervating effects of the climate. Those who obtain introductions to the society in Madeira find many British prejudices pleasingly dissipated. They find the residents neither provincial nor colonial, but precisely the same well-bred cultivated people that they meet at home. More eager to entertain strangers than we are, or can be, in our larger and more absorbing life, there seems underlying their warm welcome the same sort of detached feeling which we see sometimes, and for an analogous reason, in extremely religious people. These live in the world as deeming all around them unreal, and their friends, however much they may love them, the fleeting visions of an unstable time. The kindly folk in Madeira know that their friends, though living in the same world, will soon be lost to them, and the warm friendships which may be made in the winter must necessarily dissolve like the winter snows at the touch of the summer sun.

It is not easy for the stranger to see or say much of the Portuguese residents in the island. The old families would appear in great measure to have returned to the mainland, or to have fallen in fortune and in state. The middle class and trading community do not mix much with the enterprising strangers who have taken so much of their commerce out of their hands, or with the fleeting troop of visitors who raise the prices in the island. The two communities live mostly apart. The poorer classes are a simple, kindly, affectionate people, handy and hard-working, glad, of course, to make the most of the brief English season, and the money thus introduced into the island, but always obliging, and not really grasping. The children run with handfuls of violets or roses to the passing stranger, expecting nothing in return : they give them of mere joyousness of heart and kindliness. The peasant population takes, as no peasant population that we have ever seen before does, a real delight in being clean, and this arises from the marvellous softness of the water and the absence of dust from the basalt rocks. Even the hands of the labourer are beautifully clean and soft, and dirt seems to be felt as a personal degradation. The white shirts and trousers of the hammock-men and grooms are spotless.

The labour of Madeira, or at least of Funchal and its immediate neighbourhood, consists chiefly of the cultivation of the sugar-cane. Although it is true that the vines have revived, and that wine is again made in the island, the trade in sugar appears to be at once more profitable and more certain. The patches of cane on every bit of terrace give to Funchal, and the south side of the island in general, a green and smiling aspect, which otherwise it would not have ; for,

except in the mountains, and but for two or three long avenues of plane in and near the town, that side of the island has been far too much denuded of trees. In the hills and on the farther side great tracts of oak and chestnut yet remain, and the well-wooded scenery reminded us strongly of parts of the Hartz mountains, but that the precipices are more abrupt. It is to be desired, however, that the plantations should be renewed, and many of the inhabitants are clearly alive to the want of timber on the southern side of the island. Very fine trees are, of course, to be found in the gardens attached to rich villas; and all kinds of trees, both of temperate and tropical climes, appear to flourish, while their growth is singularly rapid. The *Eucalyptus*, among other trees, promises to take a firm hold on the soil of Madeira.

The Catholic Church does not, to a stranger, present its best side in the little island. The great floods of religion seem, like those of some mighty river, to stagnate occasionally in back waters and out-of-the-way creeks where there is nothing to stir them; and the Roman Church perhaps needs the stimulant of an adverse Protestantism to show at its best. At the same time, there is no doubt that here is a believing people, and not actively immoral, but rather without moral sense. Recognising their entire faith, we were strongly reminded of Jean Paul's dictum, that "no man can believe his own creed till he can afford to laugh at it," by a visit which we paid to the Mount church, about three miles from Funchal. The church of Our Lady of the Mount stands out gleaming white among the trees. At her shrine prayers and vows are made, and tapers burnt by sailors going to sea; to her come pregnant women to pray for safe delivery, and that their prayers are surely heard is shown by the fact that they return safe from the toilsome scramble. The church is also the home of miracles. Suspended near the altar are waxen legs, arms, and breasts, and we supposed that these betokened some healing well hard by. As the sacristan took us over the church, there lay exposed on the altar, within the Christmas week, the little waxen bambino so common in Catholic churches. It lay, however, on this occasion without a stitch of clothing, and the sacristan, taking it up in his hands, patted and smacked it affectionately, as a nurse would a living baby with which she was extremely familiar. On leaving the Mount and asking an English friend long resident in Madeira what well or shrine wrought the miracles, he explained that it was this very bambino who was the wonder-worker—a wonder-worker who had been certainly treated with but scant reverence, though affectionate goodwill. For the sake of

ladies who in interesting situations perform their pilgrimage to the Mount, as well as for our own, we were glad to find that there was a far easier way of descent than ascent. Outside the church there stood, at the top of a steep path, large panniers on sledge runners, calculated to hold two persons each, to the sides of which were attached strong cowhide straps. In these the visitors are seated. The attendants take off shoes and stockings and let the baskets go, holding the straps in their hands to check them if the pace becomes too headlong. At any straight portion of the descent, and when all ahead is clear, they spring on the runners behind, and as the bullock cars glide over the basalt pebbles in the town, so do these sledges glide down the hills—an exaggerated *montagne russe*. The ascent on foot or on horseback of a good hour and a half is thus shortened in the descent to about thirteen minutes.

Beyond the Mount church, which after all is interesting rather from site and association than from its actual building, there is not much of architectural interest in Funchal. No buildings have any real antiquity, and perhaps only one or two churches can count two hundred years. In the old days of Madeira, each great Portuguese owner had a small chapel for his own farm-labourers, and maintained his own priest. The regular ecclesiastical system is of comparatively recent growth. In one of the churches, however, there is a fine carved ceiling; and the general effect of more than one is extremely good. The church lights and vessels are in many cases of solid silver, and obviously of great cost and value; while the tiles that line the walls are of good design and make. All these, however, are not native, but have been imported from Lisbon. But, if it have no striking feature in architecture, the cathedral is still an imposing pile, and is picturesque from several points of view. One is especially striking. Out of the street with white and green jalousies are seen the dull red walls of the cathedral; a date-fruit palm, with its huge clusters of yellow fruit, is relieved against the walls; and behind the tower, against the sky, stand three mountain peaks as background.

The Lisbon tiles, which are so striking in the churches, are also found on the walls and verandahs of many villas, and ought to inspire collectors with a desire to see whether in Portugal are not still to be found numbers of them still awaiting a purchaser. They are far more effective than any Dutch or German work of the same kind that we have seen.

Although for health's sake the stranger should as often as possible get into the highlands, the streets of Funchal are exceedingly attrac-

tive to the idler. The fish-market, with its strange fish, for the most part quite unknown to our seas; the fruit-market, heaped with oranges, guavas, loquots, and custard apples; the chestnut-roasters, with their pipkin and fan for the charcoal fire; the gaol, where criminals sit behind the open bars engaged in various trades for their support, and holding out their hands for alms from the charitable passers-by; the many glimpses into villa gardens, with rare trees and flowers; the English cemetery, with its touching inscriptions, sad records of those to whom Madeira has but been a brief resting-place on the long voyage over unknown seas; the beating surf which tumbles at the very end of the street, and seems as though it would run on into the water—are all un-English and full of interest. The few public buildings besides the churches, such as the fort and the Governor's house, are rather imposing than picturesque. The consumptive hospital, founded and maintained by the Empress of Brazil, is a model of what a hospital should be, and its garden contains some of the rarest plants to be found in Madeira.

And here space warns us that we must bring this article to an end. We should be glad to think that we have shown an easy and an interesting escape from the fogs of a London winter, though indeed a tour of the whole island, with its hill-peaks and its mountain breezes, might as well, or better, be made on a summer holiday than at any other time.

TABLE TALK.

ONE of the most distinct signs of the growth of a cosmopolitan spirit in England is supplied in proceedings which may not always be agreeable to our neighbours. As the great travellers of the world, we have taken under our special care the monuments of antiquity which it is our apparent mission to visit. Oblivious, as it seems, of the fact that our own monuments have received worse usage than those of any other country, and that our architectural pretensions, ridiculous for generations past, are now more ridiculous than ever, we lecture one country after another upon the manner in which it misuses the remains of antiquity. So steady an influx of capital is there from England into the show cities of the Continent, that the municipal authorities of those places will accept our advice not only without open ridicule but with a show of respect. There is even a chance that proposed demolitions or alterations may be foregone if it is thought that the result will be a diminution of British enthusiasm and a corresponding decrease of British supplies. Arrogant, then, as may be our interference, it is sometimes productive of good by arresting those processes of destruction from which human workmanship has the most to fear. It is at least certain that where English influence does not prevail the task of demolition is constant. In mediæval days the fathers of the Church destroyed the temples and shrines of pagan times for the purpose of erecting cathedrals. A measure of respect yet clings to the edifices thus constructed, and most of them are still employed for purposes of worship. They are thus kept from destruction. Once, however, let them lose their purpose, and be left to decay, and no sense of their beauty will ever prevent their gradual demolition by those who are moved by no feeling higher than an instinct of speculation. Among the buildings which are being subjected to this kind of destruction are the Pyramids. The most important ravages are made by those in authority, who, finding stone to their hand, use it for the purpose of building new palaces. The example they set is followed by their inferiors, and those who visit the less known and less frequented Pyramids will not seldom find camels standing in the shadow and

receiving loads of the square white limestone which constitutes the casing and the protection of the building. It is not easy to see what is to be done to arrest these processes. Though far from ignorant, the Pasha has, as a rule, but one object—to feather his own nest with the utmost possible rapidity; and he will treat with civil neglect all remonstrance that does not come backed by such display of authority as cannot easily be made in such a case. Meanwhile, the determination of the peasant to take what he can is invincible, and the only motive imaginable to repress it is the reluctance of some appropriator on a larger scale to see this interference with what may possibly prove to be his own requirements.

IN Dr. Brewer's very useful "Reader's Handbook"—a work which every scholar who wishes to save time is bound to have at his elbow for the purpose of constant reference—some information is supplied concerning the famous Robert Macaire, the hero of the no less famous drama "L'Auberge des Adrets." Those of my readers who possess the work may not be sorry to have some supplemental information concerning a piece which, besides supplying the first of romantic actors, Frédéric Lemaître, with his greatest part, has furnished literature with one of the most familiar of social types. "L'Auberge des Adrets," a drama by Benjamin Antier, Saint-Amand, and Polyranthe, was produced at the Ambigu-Comique in 1823. Robert Macaire was then a serious villain of the ordinary melo-dramatic type. Sick of this class of characters, Lemaître determined to play this in comic fashion. His success was marvellous, and the extravagant costume of Macaire, and the pretentious and absurd speeches put into his mouth by the actor, convulsed the Parisian public. Firmin was the first Bertrand, the companion of Macaire, but the actor subsequently associated with the rôle was Serres, who was the second to take it. A success such as had been obtained tempted to further experiment. Benjamin Antier and Saint-Amand accordingly took into their counsels a certain Maurice Alhoy, a clever Bohemian of Paris, principally known by his contributions to religious periodicals. The result of this collaboration was the production of a continuation of "L'Auberge aux Adrets," which bore the title of "Robert Macaire." In this the adroit cutpurse was shown as daring a higher flight and attempting a class of operations not unlike those which Balzac assigned to Mercadet. The piece was also noteworthy as furnishing French literature with another type in M. Gogo, the model of a pigeon to be plucked. Upon the appearance of this piece at the Folies-Dramatiques the popu-

larity of Macaire attained its zenith. At this time it was that Daumier, a clever draughtsman, published a collection of designs called "Les Cent-et-un Robert Macaire," in which Macaire was exhibited under all sorts of social disguises. Robert Macaire was to make yet one more appearance on the stage, but no longer in the person of the immortal Lemaître. On July 18, 1834, at the house once known as the Théâtre des Funambules, then only described as "Le Théâtre dirigé par M. Dorsay," a folie-vaudeville by Dupuis and Guillemé was produced, with the title of "Une Émeute au Paradis, ou le Voyage de Robert Macaire." This piece is noteworthy as the most cynical and outrageous that the French stage, during the constant changes of French government and the consequent laxity at times prevailing, has ever witnessed. Macaire and Bertrand, having stolen the keys of Paradise, obtain admission, stir its inmates to rebellion, undertake to complete the neglected education of Raphael and Gabriel, teach comic songs to the angelic chorus, and treat with supreme derision St. Peter, who is drunk. I will not disgust my readers with any further particulars of this blasphemous work. The history of Robert Macaire is, however, little known in England, and the facts concerning it are worthy of preservation.

CONCERNING Nihilism and its developments, and the tremendous duel which is now being waged between authority and revolution in Russia, I am not disposed to write much. The one fact, however, I wish to note is, that there appears a chance that the indignation bred by the violence of a few unscrupulous men may go far to sap the robust and virile Liberalism of Englishmen. It is right and just that a strong protest should be uttered against the crimes of violence that have been accomplished or attempted. It is not right, however, that Englishmen, who showed other nations the path to liberty, should go back from their ancient faith and take the side of irresponsible authority. Nor is it just that the excesses of the extreme party in Russia should breed despair of the future of that country among a people that saw with no such craven feeling the worse excesses that the struggle of liberty against oppression begot in France.

THE question whether Shylock was a Jew has been raised in Germany, the great seat of Shakespearean mare's-nests, and some pother has been made about it in England. The *Cologne Gazette* supplies a story taken from Gregorio Leti, the biographer of

Pope Sixtus V., in which the Jew is the loser of a pound of flesh, and a Christian merchant, to whom he has lost it, insists on the penalty. The date of these incidents is 1587, or ten years before the assumable production of the "Merchant of Venice." The fact is, that incidents of this kind are not infrequent in fiction. In the adventures of Giannetto, which are narrated in the "Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, the origin of Shakespeare's play is generally and rightly supposed to be found. The earliest edition of this bears date 1558, thirty years earlier than the story which is quoted from Gregorio Leti. Those who read the entertaining and slightly indecorous novel can have no doubt as to its having furnished the original of the play. The episode of the three caskets, meanwhile, is supplied in that well-known collection of monkish stories, the "Gesta Romanorum." Whether, as Mr. Tyrwhitt opines, some early novelist had anticipated Shakespeare in welding the two stories into one, or whether, as Mr. Collier thinks probable, Shakespeare's drama follows the lines of some earlier work, is a matter still in doubt. It is at least not doubtful that Shakespeare makes Shylock a Jew, and that the play would be without significance were he otherwise. A high tribute to Mr. Irving's influence is afforded in this renewed discussion on matters long ago settled. The question raised recently by Lord Houghton, and subsequently taken up by Mr. Ruskin, as to whether Mr. Irving's conception of Shylock is correct, is not so easily settled. It has to be remembered that Shylock was assumably in the time of Shakespeare a comic character. It is Shakespeare, and not the Italian novelist, who compels the Jew to become a Christian—the crowning indignity to which he is subjected.

IN presence of the really marvellous results obtained with the bicycle, and its more juvenile rival the tricycle, it is easy to credit a statement which I have read that an American has patented a species of screw propeller, by the aid of which a man of ordinary physical capacity may hope to cross the Channel from Dover to Calais. A float of a simple kind is provided, buoyant enough to support some not very complicated machinery, and to afford also the requisite aid to the swimmer. Prone upon this float, through which runs a light shaft about six feet long, the traveller works with his hands and feet a couple of wheels, one of which is placed at each extremity. By this means, it is said, a speed of four or five miles an hour may be obtained. It is, of course, interesting to see how far mechanical science can aid the swimmer. Machines of this kind might, undoubtedly, save life under certain conditions of proximity

to land, absence of sharks from the water, and the like. I doubt, however, whether they can, as one sanguine writer anticipates, be much used for purposes of economy in a pleasure trip. Unless a man can carry with him a certain amount of luggage, it is difficult to see how he would manage upon his arrival at Calais or Boulogne. Not too exigent in the matter of the costume required upon the beach are the municipal authorities of those popular bathing resorts. A gentleman, however, arriving from over-sea, and disembarking in the attire usually selected for swimming, would be likely to attract an amount of attention more flattering than comfortable. There might be some difficulty, moreover, as regards obtaining provisions *en route*, and, in case of derangement of the machinery, the services of a blacksmith might not be immediately forthcoming. One difficulty attending the ordinary visitor to France would be escaped by our amphibious bicyclist: he would scarcely be long detained by the officers of the Douane.

VERY keen in the discharge of their duties sometimes are the officers of the French Customs. Two years ago a young and popular captain in a Guards regiment, for a trifling wager, rowed in a canoe from Dover to Calais, taking with him nothing but a few apples. There was not, indeed, room on his tiny craft for much more. As he shot down Calais harbour the authorities, who had watched with astonishment his approach, awoke to a sense of their responsibilities. "Stop! Have you anything to declare?" they shouted in French, receiving in answer the conventional, but in this case rather perplexing, invitation, "Come on board and see!"

A CURIOUS branch of industry, which is said to be carried on in our midst, suggests some not too comforting reflections. This consists in the collection of champagne corks. According to the statements I hear, no less than a penny per cork is to be obtained by those who offer for sale the corks gathered upon a racecourse or at some other public gathering. A privileged class, meanwhile, consisting of butlers and waiters at clubs, is offered even higher terms. At first sight this appears a source of innocent gain. Second thoughts, however, suggest what is the truth—if the whole thing is not a *canard*—that the corks are wanted for the purpose of giving British gooseberry or American petroleum the character of genuine champagne. What better guarantee can the epicure desire than the brand of Giesler or Irroy upon the cork ostentatiously drawn in his presence? Its sight is enough to disarm suspicion. An experience

like that described by Mr. H. S. Leigh, the laureate of Cockayne, in his Stanzas to an Intoxicated Fly, when

Wisdom returning

Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight,
When the tongue shall be parch'd and the brow shall be burning,
And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night,

may subsequently attest the difficulty of obtaining any absolute guarantee. Cork is a substance not very easily destructible. It is, however, the interest of the *gourmet* with regard to his own possible future, and it is his duty to his less fortunate brother, to throw, when possible, into the fire a cork so soon as he has seen it. When the bottles with the labels of the known producers and the corks are both obtained, a little gold or silver foil, or sealing-wax and a little string, are all the requisites for a modern Borgia to poison in security and be well paid for so doing.

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QUEEN COPHETUA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER XII.

As some dull wanderer, to enlarge his mind
With wider wisdom, leaves his home behind,
And, having journeyed half the countries o'er,
Finds everywhere himself, and nothing more—
So he who, for the first of all his days,
Lost on Love's Island, treads undreamed-of ways :
Who, all unlettered in that country's tongue,
Hears the birds sing, but doth not know the song —
He, if he knew not, ere he crossed the sea,
What herbs are sweet, and what taste bitterly,
Will only find, for all he seeketh well,
His home-born rue mid meads of asphodel.

NOBODY ever carried away distrust from a second look at Gideon Skull. As for Helen, she saw at once that this big, broad-shouldered, burly Briton, with his grave, frank smile and straight, open eyes, was made by nature to tell everything that he knew about anything to any woman who cared to ask him. She almost smiled at herself for having surrounded him, in her thoughts, with an atmosphere of mystery, and for ever having suspected a man like this of foul play instead of his foppish and plausible friend. Yes, there was no doubt about it ; not even a second look was needed to prove Gideon Skull a man cut out for being turned by a clever friend round his wrist, and by any woman round her little finger. All women's instincts are always right, as all the world knows ; they are as infallible as first impressions, and as true as the characters that nature writes on men's faces in large capitals.

She could see that he lacked the intangible and indefinable part

of the look and bearing of a gentleman ; but that was nothing. Indeed, it was to his credit, for no finished gentleman could have associated with Victor Waldron without being a finished scoundrel besides. And a certain want of grace and polish was not unbecoming in one who had made himself by sheer strength, in the teeth of the world. He looked honest and he looked strong, which ought to be enough for any man.

"I am sorry my brother has just gone out," she began, before her second look was complete, and thinking how she could best manage to learn all she wanted, and in how small a number of minutes, while the strange chance was still in her own hands. "He has told me—how kind you have been to him. Can I give him any message from you?"

If Helen had known how very long it was since Gideon Skull had found himself in company with a lady, she would not have been quite so ready to put his defects of manner down to natural shyness or any equally innocent cause. It was in truth so long, that he had practically forgotten the look of one, and believed he had an exhaustive knowledge of womankind: just as some of us may think we know the moon, till we chance to remember that she has another side. The side he had seen, and had really learned to know, was that which she turns downwards and earthwards at the full. In the moonlight and limelight of scene-painters he was perfectly at home; and no woman who was not also a lady ever suspected Gideon Skull of being a shy man.

"Then, you are Miss Reid?" asked he.

"Yes. Won't you sit down?"

He sat down, for he had a sort of fancy that he did not feel himself quite at home, and he did not approve of the feeling. "I'm sorry not to find your brother in—that is to say, I'm not," he corrected himself, thinking it necessary to pay some sort of a compliment, and yet feeling that it was both out of place and of the wrong kind. "I only called to ask if he could dine with me to-night instead of to-morrow—since we parted in the City, I've been at the *Argus* office again, and their man there is in such a hurry to send your brother off that I've had to hurry matters. If he has any other engagement to-night, he must put it off, if he possibly can."

"I will tell him when he comes in. There is nothing to prevent his coming. . . . Mr. Skull—I'm not used to thanking people for great things; will you let me say just 'I thank you,' without trying to say how much——"

"No, I won't, Miss Reid. Nobody need ever thank me for

anything. You don't suppose, do you, that I've been putting myself an inch out of the way to serve a man who's an utter stranger to me? I'm glad it's fallen in my way to put your father's son up to a good thing, and all the more glad because it gives me no trouble and costs me nothing. That's all."

Helen smiled to herself at her own penetration. Of course she took for granted that when a man disclaims having taken trouble, it is as certain that he has taken a great deal, as that, when he brags of the pains he has been at, he has taken none. Was he not taking some trouble in making this very call, and in arranging his days and hours for the sake of others? In less than two minutes she had taken the measure of Gideon Skull from head to heel. She was almost disappointed to find in him, instead of a mystery, a plain, rough, simple, good-natured man.

Nor was her measure altogether wrong. With his usual contempt for hypocrisy, he had plainly, roughly, and simply spoken the truth—that he would not have put himself an inch out of the way to serve any creature but Gideon Skull; at least, since he had given up serving Victor Waldron. He did not even imagine that she thought so; and he honestly hated to be thanked, because to profess gratitude to a man is to insult him—it is as much as to say that you take him for the fool that he would be if he believed you. Of course, thanks, in common cases, might pass as common forms; but he felt a curious sort of dislike to hearing them from Helen Reid. He had not seen her for more than a moment, or heard her speak more than half-a-dozen words; he considered himself woman-proof, except when it was his deliberate pleasure to be otherwise, and yet he felt on the edge of a new discovery. It was that there are two sorts of women in the world, after all; and that the sort which contains all women on earth excepting one is of no account and not worth knowing, so long as the sort which comprises one, and only one, remains unknown. Gideon Skull had never been in love, except after his fashion; and he was forty years old.

At one look, at one word, over went Gideon Skull as if he had been a boy consciously going out to meet passion nine-tenths of the way. Heaven knows—and not even Heaven knew better than herself—that there was little enough of the angel about Helen that the mere sight of her face and the mere sound of her voice should thus startle into life all that in Gideon Skull did duty for a soul. Angels have no enemies; and, if they have, they do not hate them. But, even at first sight, she was an angel of angels compared with such makeshifts as he had known. It may be that without the dark spot

in her heart she would have been in an atmosphere too high above the range of his passion, and that, in some subtle and occult way, it was her worst that made it possible for her best to draw his heart from him. He knew that he saw his highest; and yet one of those unconscious insights of which every sort of love, from best to worst, is full, told him that his highest was not too high for him. And she was his highest, too, in many more ways than one. It was very far from nothing to Gideon Skull of Hillswick that she was a Miss Reid of Copleston. He might sneer at Mr. Crowder for worshipping a Duke in the abstract; he might not know that he looked up to any fellow-mortal; but he could not help having come from Hillswick, and being a Hillswick man, any more than Mr. Crowder could help coming from Spragville. Even in her London lodging, Helen was still a Reid of Copleston. She was so different, in look and in bearing, from all those who had taught him to think that he knew all women. Her beauty, whether it were much or little, was her own; she was natural and at ease, and obviously so little expected him to make any sort of love to her on a first introduction that he scarcely knew how to behave or what to say. For once he had been taken by surprise. And, above all things, he was forty years old—of the age when sentiment has been worn out, and experience has grown wearisome; and passion, if as yet asleep, stretches its limbs and dreams of waking up and entering upon the empty stage.

But, though ashamed of his inability to find fitting speech or action for this new country of whose language he had never learned the simplest word, he never thought of imposing silence upon his eyes. Love is no such almighty wizard that its first breath can wash off the stains and scalds of forty years. With all her home-nursed ignorance of what some hold all men and women to know by nature, she could not help colouring under the long look in which her plain, rough, simple, good-natured man seemed to drink her in. Of course, his manners meant nothing; one is not angry at the no-manners of a tradesman, who, having made himself, has naturally made himself more or less badly. But her tinge of pink made Gideon's pulse beat hard. In itself it was a charm, and it gave him courage as well as fire. She was so much the one woman in all other things that, in his new-born humility, he had been almost fearing that she might be the one woman in the whole world whom a man who willed it might not be able to win. But this mere mortal blush re-assured him. The only sort of blush he knew of was that which means warmth of blood when it does not happen to mean rouge.

In spite of the quickness of his desires, he was a slow-minded

man ; it took him nearly two whole seconds to grasp a fact for which few men would have needed even so much as one. The good of this was, that he always knew exactly what he wanted, and how, and why. He did not tell himself, in that one second of looking and thinking, that he was a fool for wanting a girl who had been a mere name to him five minutes ago, more than he had ever wanted anything—more than money even. He never told even himself what he did not think was absolutely true ; and of course it could not be true that, under any conceivable circumstances, Gideon Skull could be a fool. That second's thought simply saved him from drifting over the edge of a dream. He did not drift or fall : he threw himself over with all his strength and with his eyes open, telling himself that he wanted Helen in his life, and that wanting meant willing, and willing winning, with Gideon Skull. Slow-minded as he was, it did not take him long to see the advantages that, from his point of view, lay on his side. It was as if she had been given into his hands. In a few hours she would not even have so much as that helpless brother of hers to protect her. She was poor : in a very little while, if his schemes for fortune turned out fairly well, he would be rich enough to buy her, if he could get her in no better way—if there be a better. For, though he had got so far as to put Helen apart from other women, he could not be expected to learn all at once that the difference lay in anything more than that, while the price of women in general is low enough, hers might be inconveniently high. Well, she was worth it. Waldron had not been quite such an idiot, after all, when he had been tempted to sell Copleston for the eyes of Helen Reid. Did the Yankee black-guard think of her still ? If so, love for Helen would be sweetened by triumph over Victor Waldron.

“ But it is kind of you, and I do thank you,” Helen was saying, quite unconscious of her sudden conquest, and almost of her passing tinge of colour. “ You have done more for my brother——”

A great deal had happened since he had first been thanked by Helen. It was no longer true that he was hurrying Alan off to Versailles without reasons for which she ought to feel grateful. “ More for your brother than anybody ever did for me ? You're right enough, if you put it that way. I only wish—I only wish I could undo everything that has been done. I wish——”

Helen's heart began to beat quickly, and the colour came again, but from a very different cause. She had been wondering how she could make him speak of Copleston, and it had been upon his lips until he paused,

because a man dies without a will, his children should be stranger out of house and home?"

Helen knew as little of the law of real property as if she had certainly never doubted that when a man died, his land goes to his eldest son. Was not this the that had been bewildering her? If Gideon went now, an indignant question based upon a monstrous piece of law, he certainly would not carry her very far towards the mystery. And yet she could not openly ask him to explain what kept her back was less loyalty to her brother than the having to say that she had to apply to a stranger for that which her own mother and brother thought fit to withhold. She could only wait for him to say more; but he said no more. His thoughts were travelling on a far different road. She had the least doubt of hearing all, before he had done, from the look was growing much more than merely frank and direct, then Mrs. Reid might come down again from her room, and the chance might never come back again.

"Mr. Waldron is not a stranger," she said at last, but she was just sufficiently called for by what he had said to make making as a safe way, without betraying her ignorance, to subject another opening.

"He is an infernal scoundrel!" burst out Gideon, with a heart in his voice. He wanted an outlet of some sort, and it was too soon to make love to Helen Reid, it was not too late for her to know that her enemies and her hates were his own.

it had not gone out to be taken. "Yes," he said, sullen for what felt like an omen that the fruit he wanted must be climbed for and not simply shaken down, "of course you have been putting down everything to my score. I was to blame. I believed Victor Waldron an honest man, instead of a cheat and a liar. But I know him now."

"I have not wronged him, then?"

"You could only wrong him by thinking well of him. Ah, Miss Reid," he went on, looking at her eager face as a lion might look at an especially attractive lioness, "if your brother were like you——"

"Well? If he were like me——? Do you mean that he has been cheated out of Copleston? Is the law truly on the unjust side? Alan is too noble-minded, if such a thing could be. He would throw away his life—he *has* thrown it away, more than anybody knows but me—rather than strike one blow for it that might be thought unfair. He is *not* like me. I have to fight for him—alone. You are our friend, you are our cousin's enemy; tell *me* what to do."

That speech, in that voice, went straight to the inmost soul of Gideon Skull. She had not dreamed of finding an ally in him less than he had dreamed of finding a heroine after his own heart in the sister of a mean-spirited, straw-splitting simpleton like Alan Reid. Why had he never known her before? It cost him no logic to transfer his indignation against Waldron for his own wrongs into equally righteous wrath against him for his treatment of the Reids.

"Miss Reid," he said, "you just now wanted to thank me for nothing. Do you know there is simply nothing on earth that I would not do for you?"

He had fallen back into his quietest manner, but for the first time something in it made her look at him with new eyes. A woman is born a woman, after all; she does not need middle-aged experience to be a great deal quicker-minded in some things than Gideon Skull. If the thing had not been too utterly and ridiculously absurd, she would have fancied that the man was thinking of making bearish love at first sight to her. In the old times she would hardly have been able to keep herself from laughing at such a notion to his face; as things were, she forgot to remember that a penniless nobody like herself had no longer the right to give herself airs before a prosperous somebody like Gideon Skull.

"That is a rash speech!" she said. "Suppose I were to take you at your word?"

"Take me at my word, and see."

"You need not be afraid. You have done more for us already than—but you know the way of grateful people ; they like the feeling of gratitude so much that they are always asking for something more to be grateful for. There is something more that you can do for—Alan."

"For—Alan?" He frowned.

"For us all. You know our whole story. Tell *me* what can be done for him."

"I have done all that can be done for your brother, Miss Reid. Heaven helps those that help themselves. Heaven helps Victor Waldrons, not Alan Reids. Or if not Heaven, something else that does just as well. I can tell you nothing that can be done for the sake of—Alan."

There was no mistaking what he meant this time. Its being ridiculous did not make it less a glaring fact that her plain, rough, simple, good-natured man was, in the first ten minutes of a first interview, trying to set up an understanding between them in the name of a common cause, and on the ground of a common hate, that he was to be her knight instead of her brother's friend. Indeed, it was more than ridiculous—it was almost as if he could have guessed that her need of help was so strong, and allowed of such little delay, that she was ready to buy it of him then and there. Chivalry she did not expect from a Gideon Skull, but this looked like downright impudence instead of mere want of manners, and she found herself wondering, almost with shame enough to lose the sense of its absurdity, whether Gideon Skull would have dared thus to speak to Miss Reid of Copleston.

"You are Alan's friend, and I am Alan's sister," she said quickly. "Whatever I do is for him ; whatever my friends do must be done for him too. His friends are mine, and his enemies are mine. He would be too proud to ask you what I have been asking you. I am proud too. But there is nothing for which I am too proud—for Alan. For myself I want nothing ; nothing in the whole world."

She meant to put him in his place at once, and sharply. But to him, who had found out at last what he wanted, her words rang like a challenge. He seemed to bow to them—but even so men have to seem to bow when they stoop to lift a glove that has been thrown down before them.

"So be it, then," he said quietly. "You and I for him. Victor Waldron is your brother's enemy, therefore he is yours, therefore he is mine. Alan Reid is your brother, therefore he is my friend. It comes to the same thing. You cannot be more anxious than I am to

undo this monstrous wrong—partly my own doing, because I trusted a scoundrel : unwillingly enough, God knows. Your brother does me that justice : you will not do me less than he.”

“ Only tell me one thing—can it be undone ? ”

Gideon paused long before he answered. He was not more sure that he loved Helen Reid, after his manner, than that a more prodigious and incomprehensible piece of injustice had been done than anybody, who does not know the infinite caprices of men and women through and through, could guess or dream. He was not surer of the real emptiness of his purse, which he chose everybody to believe so full, than he was that old Harry Reid had not been so mad as to die without a will. Supreme, indeed, must be the faith in Uncle Christopher that imagines him capable of keeping a possibly profitable secret from his nephew Gideon ; strange the disbelief in Gideon's order of talent that would suppose the slightest hint of such a secret to be thrown away upon him. The curate of Hillswick was sorely burdened in mind, and there are hundreds of ways in which such a mind as his will contrive to relieve itself, without any approach to making confidences or to open confession. Whatever Mrs. Reid's motives might be at bottom, he had certainly got hold of a family secret of the first order, and if he could have laid his hand upon the will, he felt that he ought to be able to make a very good thing out of Alan Reid by gratifying a just vengeance against Victor Waldron. Victor Waldron had cheated him, therefore it was monstrously unjust that he should keep Alan Reid out of Copleston ; but to play the part of king-maker for nothing could not enter the head of a sane man. Nobody else would do so ; why should Gideon Skull ? He had been a little thrown out in his calculations by Alan's extraordinary way of receiving as broad a hint as prudence had allowed him to make of the existence of a will, and of his readiness to sell to the rightful heir the services for which he had not been paid by the wrongful one ; but Victor himself had taught him that quixotic professions simply mean a determination under no circumstances whatever to see what one does not wish to see ; to be very angry if an agent is so indelicate and so inconsiderate as to throw upon his principal the responsibility for all the means that require to be justified by their end. That Alan, being human, would accept Copleston if he could—so long as he was allowed to ask no questions—Gideon was sure : and that he would not be allowed to repeat Waldron's trick of getting it back for nothing, Gideon was equally sure. All—assuming, as a matter of course, that to know of the existence of a will implied its discovery—had been as clear as daylight ten

minutes ago. But those ten minutes' talk with Helen compelled him to pause and to think with all his might before risking another word.

"If I tell her right off all I think," thought he, following out his views of human nature to their thorough end, "she is clever enough to pay me with a 'Thank you,' even if she doesn't get rid of me by treating me like that scoundrel. She's clever enough to worm it all out for herself if I were to let out to her as much as half a word. If I were a woman I should have known as much as Uncle Christopher long ago. . . . If I don't tell her something I shall seem of no use, and women don't give something for nothing. . . . And if I tell her half a word, where's the good gone of packing that brother of hers off out of the way, and of having her poor enough for buying? . . . Why, if some chance bullet found its way to her brother's skull before that will turned up, I might be owner of all Copleston. . . . Ah, I'm not such an ass after all; I thought there must be something more about a girl than her mere flesh and blood to make me want her, as if there were no she-flesh in the world but hers. . . . If young Reid doesn't get killed, his only sister would not make the man who married her a beggar's husband, unless the will's very unlike any that old Harry would have drawn. . . ."

"Can it *not* be undone?" asked Helen. "Must Alan put up with what you tell me all the world would think unjust because some lawyer's quibble is against him? How can anybody but he—how can anybody on earth come between his father and him?"

"I did not say it could not be undone," said Gideon. "Of course Victor Waldron was a scoundrel beyond words to take advantage of your father's sudden death without a will. If he had gone for Copleston on what he thought were his rights, I should have said nothing; he would have had right as well as law on his side, and you can't blame a man for trying to get his own. But——"

"There is no occasion to abuse anybody," said Helen. "Tell me what can be done; and if Alan ought not to do it, I will."

"Anything in the world?"

"Anything in the world. I know what I am saying, Mr. Skull. I have thought about it ever since. I have no right to think of myself; I should despise myself if I let any selfish scruple about what it was proper for me to do ruin Alan. I would not talk like this if it was only Copleston."

Gideon nodded assent a little impatiently. Why would people persist in the humbug of making these conventional disclaimers, which they knew could deceive nobody, of being moved by the

only motives that are natural, healthy, and sane? Well, she was a woman—it would not do to expect too much from her.

“But it is not only that—it is Alan’s life, not his land. If we must fight them in their own way, *he* must not use their weapons. I would not have my brother do one least thing that he might for one moment dream of being against his honour. Rather than that, I would have him lose all that Copleston means to him. But rather than see him lose his rights by deserving them, I would do everything that I would not have him do. Anything—everything. Do you understand? Don’t tell me that right is right, and wrong is wrong. I know that as well as you. I suppose I am talking what some people would call wickedly. I should call it far more wicked to think more of one’s own selfish soul, which is of no consequence to any creature but oneself, before right and justice, and the life and happiness of Alan. Tell me everything that anybody can do for him.”

She was not giving any special confidence to Gideon. She was only letting Alan’s well-wisher and Waldron’s enemy see that he might place implicit confidence in her, and might, without fear of finding any of Alan’s scruples, count upon her as a thorough-going ally. She was not even defending herself to herself, for her self-defence had been put beyond doubt or question long ago. If she was right, she was right; if she was wrong, it was all for Alan. Her voice, as it grew in courage and eagerness, sent a thrill through Gideon, and made his heart beat and his blood burn as if twenty years of his life had been suddenly startled away. A girl who felt thus for a brother—what would she not feel and do for the man who could make her love him with the whole passion which he felt sure was waiting for but a single spark to set it ablaze? Why, without a dower, what would not a girl like this help him to do, as soon as she learned to be no longer a girl? And all this wasted on a brother!—but that should not be for long. Of course it was all only the usual sham about her not caring for Copleston. But she shammed splendidly; and her outspoken readiness to do anything to get what she wanted meant the most entire union of souls. He began to guess what real love really means, her nature seemed so utterly in harmony with his own. Strange, indeed, would it have been if Gideon Skull, at forty years old, had not fallen in love at very first sight with a handsome girl who was ready to go any lengths to get whatever she most wanted in the world. It is true that, as yet, her interpretation of “Everything and Anything” was not quite the same as his own; but then he fully believed, and thousands will agree with him, that where a man will go a mile for what he wants, a woman will go a

league—unless her goal is ten leagues yet farther off, and then she will go the other ten.

“I will tell you what I think of you: you are——”

“I don't want to know what anybody thinks of me. I want to know how Copleston is to be got back for Alan. I know what to think of myself; people may think of me as they please.”

“Miss Reid!”

“Well?”

“Will you—remembering what you have told me—let me go over the whole affair in my own mind, and try to give you an answer, say, in three days?”

Helen's face fell. “Need it take so long? If there is fraud——”

“So long—for two people against the law?”

“It cannot be the law that, when a man like my father dies without a will, his land goes to a distant cousin instead of his only son.”

“It cannot be justice—no. But when that son is in Alan's position, it most surely is the law. Surely you know that, Miss Reid.”

“In Alan's position? I don't understand,” she said, turning pale with fear of the revelation of she knew not what mystery. “I know Alan as I know myself. What can Alan have done that the law should rob him of his own? Tell me, for God's sake, what you mean!”

“You mean to say you do not know—you have not been able to understand how the law does not look upon your brother as any man's son!”

“I know nothing—I understand nothing. I must and I will know.”

“Do you mean to tell me that nobody has explained to you——?”

“Tell me instantly what you mean.”

It could not come into his head—though it might easily have come into that of a much less clever man—that Helen had been kept in ignorance of the cause of the loss of Copleston. He could only suppose that, as was natural enough, she had not been able, considering her age rather than her sex, to grasp the exact bearing of the laws of marriage when they stood on one side and justice and interest on the other. He had never yet found a woman capable of fully understanding a law that worked to her own injury, however great her genius might be for knowing by instinct the most intricate legal rules that bore in her favour. And probably, considering both her age and her sex, her mother and brother, being no doubt

slaves to all the proprieties, had not been given to discuss such a matter before Helen. But he, being no slave to any absurd and hypocritical notions, was certainly not going to leave her in the dark about any matter that would tend to make her reliance upon him more absolute and thorough. "I will tell you," said he. "The law of England does not—except, I believe, under some very peculiar circumstances with which we have no concern—recognise a second marriage while a first wife is living. It does not only forbid such a marriage: it treats it as an idle form, and as no more a marriage than if the parties to it had never even gone through the form. And, in the face of nature, it declares that without a marriage there can be no children. Now you see, Miss Reid, there is no question but that your father and mother thought they were free to marry. Perhaps your mother never even thought of a possible obstacle—but that you no doubt know better than I can suppose. Waldron is an unspeakable scoundrel, no doubt, to take advantage of an unintentional bigamy. But he knew his facts; and you know how completely your brother and your mother have considered that he proved them. So, you see, when your father died—without the will by which he might have left Copleston to me, if he had pleased—he could not be succeeded by his son, because, in law, he had no son. He was, as a matter of course, succeeded by Victor Waldron, who was his heir-at-law, and blackguard enough to go to your brother and show that he was in a position to enforce his claim. Miss Reid—I declare to you that, when I warned your brother of the state of the case, I had no more idea of his surrendering without a fight, and a hard one, and perhaps a successful one, than I should have thought it of—of—you. I thought he would have brought forward unanswerable proof that—good God!—Miss Reid!—What is the matter—are you ill?"

"Who says that my mother was not my father's wife? You?"

His story had through all its after-part been turning into mere words that scarcely touched even her ears. She had scarcely heard since she was born of harm unfitting to lodge in a girl's mind and memory; all life had been clean and pure to her every day and all day long. She had more than a girl's ignorance of all things of which it used to be held right for a girl never even to hear the names. Alan's care for her in this had only been the natural outcome of the whole air in which she had grown. And now the shock of suddenly enlightened ignorance about such things—always more than repulsive enough—came upon her in the shape of the discovery that her dead father, and her own mother, and she, and Alan, were mixed together

in a chaos of unlawful relationship; that they were declared and branded outcasts, beyond the pale of human law. No wonder that Gideon Skull had thought her taken suddenly faint or ill.

But he did not think so for long. The spirit of shame had fallen upon Alan, and had crushed his pride; but it was the spirit of rebellion that came to her, and raised hers. Victor Waldron, in Hillswick Churchyard, had seen her flashing out war against one man. Gideon Skull saw more—he saw her as she stood before him as if defying the world, for it was the whole unjust world that had now become her foe.

So, in the eyes of the world that had once looked so beautiful—yes, even these last months now looked scarcely worse than a cloudy day—the daughterhood and brotherhood which had given her world its living soul were worse than dead things; they were things that had never been. How could she look upon a world that had invented such a lie, and then bade her believe it true? which had invented a sin, and then punished for it those who she knew had in their hearts and minds never sinned—even Alan, who had never even stumbled into the likeness of wrong-doing? It was, indeed, a hideous lie. How could the world rob her of one thing that had been as true as if the law had not declared her to be fatherless and brotherless, and a distant, unknown foreign cousin to be of nearer kin and blood to her own father than his own son? That she had been kept in the dark magnified all these things a hundredfold. What must it not all mean when Alan himself had left her to grope blindly and to feel untrusted rather than let her know what had really come to her? She judged him by her far more thorough self—that was her way. Had he been afraid that the news would strike her dead, or madden her, or what was it that he had feared? Why had he not told her, in all gentleness, that they were brother and sister no more—except in such useless, idle things as fact, and truth, and love, and nature—instead of leaving her to hear it coarsely and cuttingly set out by this Gideon Skull? If he thought her too weak to bear such news from him, how ought she to bear it now? Did it not seem horrible enough to her that she bore it at all?

“Did not I tell you it was the law that said so?” said Gideon.
“I am not the law.”

“I thank you for telling me,” said Helen. “I thank you for knowing me better than even my own brother knew me. It is right I should know at once that nothing can be done, and that Alan . . . Thank you for your kindness to him and to me. I suppose you have done more than go out of your way in taking any

notice of such people as we are. . . . Yes, I see now why my mother wishes Alan to make a name of his own. . . . And why he . . . I will give him your message. I have nothing more to ask you. Good-bye. Won't you shake hands? Or is that improper, and against the law?"

Gideon had not put out his hand to hers, for he was in no hurry to leave, and he was getting a little bewildered. One moment Helen seemed to be above all women simply in her thoroughness of what he called womanhood; the next he was thrown back upon his first impression, that she must be different from them in kind. "What can she be driving at now?" he thought, with an anxious frown. "Good-bye? She's got nothing out of me yet; I haven't let slip one hint about the will. One would think that a girl had never been born out of marriage before, or that it signified a straw, apart from one's father dying without a will." But in the same breath of thought the light in her eyes and the curl of her parted lips blinded him to all else; he let her motives run off unhunted, and seized her hand in both his own.

"There!" he said, deeply and fiercely. "That's how much I care. Didn't I say there was nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you?" He kept her hand hard, and rejoiced in the ruin, grief, and shame which had dragged her down to him, even so near that he might claim the right of a champion to feel the pulses of her fingers send thrills and stings through his veins. It was a hand after his own heart, soft and delicate, but nervous and firm, which one might press without crushing or feel it melt into nothing.

For her, her hand might have been as free as her thoughts, for anything she knew. In truth, Gideon Skull was as far from her as he was fancying her near to him. She saw nothing in the eyes bent down upon her that, had she seen it, would have alarmed even her ignorance, and have made her feel that she must have fallen low indeed before she could have been thus looked upon. She withdrew her hand, suspecting no cause for being angry with an impulse of generous kindness in a man who might almost have been her father, for his years, and who had proved himself her brother's friend—less than kin and more than kind.

"You have told me everything now," she said, half sadly, half bitterly. "There is nothing to be done, except to let me have a little while to myself before I see Alan again."

Gideon felt he had advanced so much farther in half an hour than he could have hoped for from a month's hard marching, that he was well content with the wisdom of risking no chance of loss until he

also had taken time to think and plan. Nor did he wish to see either Alan or Mrs. Reid just then. He wished to carry away with him the fresh flavour of his new passion, as well as to shape out a method for making passion and principle—his principle—agree. He moved to leave her instantly, as if her least word was a command to him.

“But something can be done, something *shall* be done. I asked you for three days. But everything shall be done, if it takes three years.”

And so, at last, Helen knew why Alan had let Copleston slip from his fingers without a word. What was left to be done for Alan now?

CHAPTER XIII.

Heracles.—All blue, with balls of light, what is't thy shoulders bear?

Atlas.—Thou deem'st—poor mortal dwarf—'tis good to have such care?
Know that these shoulders ache beneath the weight of air,
Aweary with the light thou breathest everywhere.

* * * * *

Thou fain wouldst grasp the stars : there, take them—to thy pain :
Lift up Orion's Sword, and hold on high the Wain :
Before the sun is red, thou'lt pray them lost again.
Wish, for 'tis good to wish :—and best, to wish in vain.

WHILE exaggerating all the rest of her position in a manner that would indeed have amazed the common sense of Gideon Skull could he have read Helen's whole mind, her ignorance saved her from one suspicion, that, could it have found its way to her, would have made all the rest of her shame as nothing. It never came into her heart to imagine that her father and her mother could have done wrong : if the world condemned them, it was the world that was in the wrong, and not they. She was prepared to change all her beliefs and all her instincts in an instant if in this matter they chose to take the world's side. New light came over a hundred things which she had taken as the simplest matters of course until now. She thought she could understand why it was that her father and mother had never cared to mix with a world of which they no doubt comprehended the injustice, tyranny, and hypocrisy, and why she and Alan had been brought up apart from others—since it was others who made up the world. She knew how good they were, so that all who condemned them must needs be evil. Her whole nature blamed them in a very different way. They should not have taken refuge in a hermitage, they should have fought against the world, and conquered, and been

ruined, not as helpless victims, but as martyrs. Alan and she should have been trained to strength, and to the wisdom which is the better part of innocence. Alan would not have taken the world's part against himself and those who were dearer to him than himself, and she would not stand, in her ignorance and her weakness, alone against the world.

But was she so weak, after all?

As thought, after its first shock, took conscious shape again, and as she went over again, all at once, all the words of this last half-hour, she felt that at least one strong man had not found her so. Knowledge is not vanity. A soldier is not vain because he finds his rifle straight and his sword true. If what she knew to be true were true, she was not utterly without arms; she had only omitted to learn how to use them. She would have been thankful, in the rebellion of her whole spirit against all mankind and against her own helplessness, if anybody had put nothing better than a pointed straw into her hand. She would have gone hard to work to find some use for the straw. It seemed as if Gideon had taught her that she was the owner of some weapon of which she could as yet but dimly guess the strength and the nature; but it must needs be of more worth than a straw, and she, at least, would not go to the law to ask it if she might use what nature had given her, whatever it might be. She began, with no touch of vanity, to think of herself with new thoughts and to look upon herself with new eyes. Of course, being a woman, she took it for a matter of course that it is beauty, and nothing else, which gives a woman power over man; so, with no more elation of heart than if she had been examining the attraction of Bertha Meyrick, she assumed that she must have more beauty than she had hitherto thought of thinking, and went deliberately to the fly-blown mirror over the fire-place to find out exactly where it lay. It was a wretched piece of self-consciousness that Gideon had taught her—it was as if looks like his could not light on a woman without staining her. But it was not Gideon who had taught her the desire to make the worst of herself if her worst could be the best for Alan. Nor could she have learned it from her father, who, if he could have seen her then with those spiritual eyes which are blind to faces and see nothing less real and substantial than souls, would have failed to recognise his own child. But, nevertheless, her spirit could not be wholly her own, and—

“Who has been here?” asked Mrs. Reid, seeing nothing out of the common in a girl standing before a looking-glass, even though the girl was Helen—whom the glass might have told that her

mother's beauty must once have been very like her own, though probably much greater, and that the likeness had been growing these last months in more ways than one. "I heard a voice just now, and I did not care to come down."

One natural impulse in Helen to say out, "Mother, I know everything now—why have you kept it from me? Could you think that *I* should blame *you*?" would at any rate have opened Mrs. Reid's eyes to the fact that her suppression of the will for her son's sake had delivered Copleston into the hands of an owner instead of the trustee whom she supposed the curate of Hillswick to have found for her. She certainly would not have earned Alan's reverence and Helen's wonder by taking seeming ruin quite so calmly. But the impulse did not come. Mothers and daughters must not put off the first of such impulses for twenty years if they wish them to be possible; it was their father to whom Alan and Helen had always gone with their hearts in their hands. They knew their mother's love for them, and guessed its depth—especially, to Helen's complete content with a second place in all things—for Alan; but they could not give it back to her openly as they could their father's, which had been always in sight, and had been the chief part of the air of their lives. So she only said, with the sigh of one who has been making a long journey alone in dreamland, and is suddenly called upon to wake up to daily things, "Yes, Gideon Skull has been here. He wanted to see Alan about his going to the siege."

Mrs. Reid noticed the sigh; but it was natural, when Helen had to speak about a first parting from Alan, and she had no reason to notice anything more. She also sighed. "I wish Alan had never come across this man. I am more than sorry he has been here. He is not a good man."

"I suppose he is no worse than other men," said Helen. "I suppose they are all much the same. I suppose it is men who make up the world and the laws."

"Helen! what do you mean? It is not brave of you to speak in that bitter way—it is not like you, and not like the courage you promised me. What men have you known, but Alan and your father, that you should judge them all together with a man like Gideon Skull? And what do you know of him, that you think him no worse than your father and Alan? What has he been saying to you? We have not given up all our friends in order to open our doors to Gideon Skull when he pleases to call. He would never have dared to call at Copleston."

"I mean I suppose Alan must know all sorts of men."

"There is not the least reason why he should accept favours from Gideon Skull. There is no reason why Gideon Skull should call here. He is a man of the very worst character, as I told you before you left Copleston."

"And is that how he has come to be rich—his being of the worst character? Poor Alan! He will always be poor Alan, I'm afraid."

"I won't have you talk nonsense, Helen. He has become rich, and he has a bad character. But he has become rich because he was obliged to work for his living. I don't want Alan to become rich, God knows. But there is one thing in which I do wish him to be like Gideon Skull."

"Yes, mamma. You mean, you wish him to conquer the world."

"I wish him to make the best and utmost of himself. If he learns that, I shall thank God for all our other loss, and so will he. I don't say that Gideon Skull's best is Alan's best—God forbid! But——"

"Yes, mamma," said Helen again. "Yes, I do see what you mean. We must fight the world in its own way, or else submit to every sort of wrong, and admit that wrong is right by our submission. I wish *I* were a man."

"You are not yourself to-day, Helen. I don't know what *you* mean. . . . But I do know that, if I can help it, we have seen the last of Gideon Skull."

There was more sympathy between Helen and Gideon than even he could hope to gain by strength and patience in many years. If evil must be done that good may come, he had argued, I'll do it and welcome. As others don't like to see the dirt on their fingers, I don't mind seeing on mine whatever's there. And if such evil must be done, argued she, let me be the one to do it, since other hands must not be stained. What does a process signify, if the end be the same? Though it is true that, by a good end, he and she did not mean quite the same thing. She, too, had a best and utmost to make of herself; and Gideon Skull, who had been strong enough to conquer the world, had taught her to guess wherein it lay. The minute had gone by for telling her mother all she knew, even had the whole household history of the Reids made such a confidence possible under any conditions. She had formed no plan; but she felt it to be a first condition of any plan she might be able to form that her mother and her brother should be kept as completely in the dark from all knowledge of it as they had tried to keep her. Any plan of

hers would be certain, whatever else it might be, to be one of which they would not approve.

In one word, she was the Helen Reid of that Easter eve in Hills-wick Church no more.

Thanks to Mrs. Reid's thorough-going love for her son, which set character above happiness, and happiness above fortune, Victor Waldron was master of Copleston.

He had certainly done his best and utmost to get rid of it. But he found himself as unable to get rid of a fine estate and an exceptionally fine income as most men are to rid themselves of their burdens. Not long ago he would have felt that to be once more Waldron of Copleston was the fulfilment of an ambition so great as to be well-nigh no better than a dream. But what flavour could it have to him when he thought of how it had come to him? And what should he do with it now that it had come? It is barely possible to follow him through the labyrinthine knot of difficulties which Alan had so proudly refused to permit him to cut in two. For many days there was not one in which his whole heart did not curse Gideon Skull, or Alan hardly less than Gideon. He had seen Helen before she had changed, and her eyes, angry with honest scorn, followed him. He had seen the look in them which he would have given fifty Coplestons not to see; and it seemed to haunt him more and more. He had no thought of marrying anybody, but he had no settled intention of marrying nobody; and it certainly seemed hard that he, at his age, should take a monk's vows so as to guard against the chance of having children to whom it would be unjust to allow Copleston to descend. Alan, or Alan's children, or Helen, or her children, must be his heirs; and, for that purpose, he must allow Copleston to cut him off from the commonest right of being happy. The treason of selling the place never entered his mind, so that Copleston, his family Mecca, dearer and more sacred to his romance than it could in that way be to any mere substantial possessor, should fall to some accidental stranger without one drop of Waldron blood in his veins. Why, thought the republican from America, it might go to some shopkeeper who might even be an alderman. Once a day at least he used to feel amused at his own hardly comprehensible perplexity, in feeling the weight of acres which most people would have carried as lightly as a feather; it seemed ridiculous even to him that a sane man should quarrel with wealth and position which had come to him lawfully, and, so far as his intentions and wishes had been concerned, not unfairly. But such moods &

last. Copleston would insist upon looking at him with the eyes with which Helen Reid had declared war to the knife against him. In short, he was more troubled in spirit over these English acres than two great nations were over Alsace and Lorraine.

He certainly did not house his bachelorhood in the large empty mansion which he had hardly had the heart to go and see. When he had come over from America with his fancied right, he had amused himself with the vision of taking a leading place in the country, and showing his neighbours what an enlightened and civilised American thought of the rights and duties of a squire—how romance and progress might blend into one harmonious whole. But, if this was the mission for which Providence had forced Copleston upon him, there would be ample time, and to spare, for that when he could make up his mind that there was no escape from it, and that he must needs submit with resignation to being a rich country gentleman instead of a man about the world with only his own wits for capital. It would be time enough then, in his capacity of American justice of the peace for an English county, to teach his brethren of the quorum truth and common sense about the game laws, and thus become so popular and so much thought of that—qualified by the British birth of his grandfather—he might carry his notions into Parliament itself, and show Lords and Commons what statesmanship, as understood by the most advanced and civilised of nations, really means. But meanwhile, though very far from shy, he did not care, as a mere matter of duty, to face all these rights and duties among strangers. He left Hillswick, and went to Deepweald, the county town. There, like a sensible man of business, he put Copleston and its affairs into the hands of Mr. Swann, the leading estate agent there, who acted as steward for some of the largest estates in the county; and from Deepweald he went back to London, where Copleston, however it might interfere with his life, need not interfere with his days more than he pleased. Mr. Swann had found his new client merely an excellent business man; the Hillswick people found plenty of food for talk, but none for wonder, in the fact that a Yankee squire should feel himself too little at home to care to stay there. No doubt he did not feel up to mixing with the county people, who would certainly object to associating on equal terms with a man whom his native air compelled to chew tobacco in an unpleasant way, to shoot guests who refused a cocktail, and to stretch out his legs upon instead of under the table. Nobody had seen him do anything of the sort at the George, but then, as all the world knows, want of experience counts for nothing when opposed

by notoriously universal theory. And no doubt he would in due time bring home a Yankee wife to Copleston—and then, indeed, it would be time to talk, and all Hillswick would see what it would see.

He was intensely in earnest in all he thought and felt about Copleston; certainly not the less because it was with Helen's eyes that this perverse estate insisted on facing him. But, nevertheless, a weight seemed to drop from him at the end of every mile between Deepweald and town. One cannot be for ever worrying oneself about the inevitable, still less about matters which do not admit of immediate action or even decision. Inaction and indecision were both alike hateful to Victor Waldron, so he dwelt upon their necessity as little as possible. He was not so uselessly and childishly proud as to refuse to touch the rents that he received through his steward and agent at Deepweald; indeed, how he could refuse to take his own without setting about any quantity of talk and scandal, and without being in the end shut up as a madman, is hard to say. It was certainly not the receipt of the annual income of Copleston that troubled him, so long as he did nothing to damage the estate from which the income came; and, for that matter, the estate itself needed outlays from time to time which he could not have met otherwise. So, for the present, he made a sort of settlement in London, without any fixed plan of staying there or anywhere; living easily and quietly at a large hotel where the guests were mainly of his own country, drifting into a sort of general acquaintance among whom he never spoke of Copleston or of his stake in the mother country, professing to study English political and social institutions, amusing himself for occupation, according to his tastes and opportunities, and writing a book for pastime. He felt tempted now and then to enter into business, not being made of the stuff of which idlers are made; but he could not make trade square in his mind with his ideal of a Waldron of Copleston. It is a wonder that he did not fall in love with somebody, just for the sake of having something to do that would really absorb him without doing anything that might misbecome a Waldron of Copleston.

It was September, so that the season was not favourable for the collection of materials at first hand for his book on English Society; but it gave him the much greater advantage of hearing the opinions and experiences of an army of his travelling fellow-countrymen who had enjoyed greater and more frequent opportunities for observation than he. For the first time in history, a squire of Copleston was in town when the fields were in stubble. The birds must have thought

it the beginning of their millennium. This kind of life was all very well for a time, so long as he required nothing more than an escape from Copleston into the liberty of London, and an opportunity for not thinking about anything when everything was so disagreeable; but presently he began to feel infinitely bored and to be angry with himself for his indecision.

"If I don't settle my life somehow," he thought to himself one day as he went out after a whole hour's literary labour, "I shall forget how to feel that I have more legs than an oyster. I believe the best thing I could do, after all, would be to forge a will for old Harry Reid and hide it away in Copleston where it would be certain to be found. But I suppose even then something would happen—I should forget to dot an *i*, or to flourish a *d*, and then I should still be Waldron of Copleston and a felon into the bargain. I wonder if it would be criminal to commit forgery in order to deprive oneself of one's inheritance; the thing would be worth doing if only to clear up the point of law. . . . What! Why, Sims? What are *you* doing this side of things?"

"Waldron! Glad to see you, sir," said the sub-editor of the *Argus*, holding out his hand. "I hope you are well."

"You know all about everything, Sims, don't you?"

"Reckon an editor's got to know most things," said Mr. Sims, "but don't follow he tells. What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what they'd do to a man in this country who forged a document that would leave him without a cent in the world?"

"Give that up," said Mr. Sims.

"No—it's not a conundrum. I want to know."

"What they'd do to a man who committed forgery against himself? This is in many ways a very remarkable country, Mr. Waldron."

"That's my thunder—don't quote my book before it's written over. Well? I want to know."

"It is in many ways a very remarkable country. But I have observed that there is considerable unanimity among mankind where human nature comes in. And by human nature I don't mean British nature, or French nature, or Prussian nature, or American nature, but the nature of men. And this is a question of human nature. Therefore I conclude, Mr. Waldron, that a man who forged such a document as you mention would be dealt with in Great Britain just as he would be treated at home."

"And how would they treat him at home—say in Spragville?"

"They would confine him in the state asylum. And they would not let him out again while he had a cent left to forge away."

"Yes; I suppose a man is a lunatic who doesn't take all he can get, and stick to it as tight as he can. What are you doing over here? Work or play?"

"I am assisting Mr. Crowder to carry on this war. I wish I had met you sooner; I could have offered you the post of special correspondent for the *Argus* at Versayl."

"And on my honour, Sims, I wish it too; for if you had, I believe I should have taken it and gone. Do you know how it feels to want to shoot somebody—anybody—just for the sake of doing something real, and to have something to think about for the rest of one's days?"

Mr. Sims looked at him a little nervously. Such talk of unprofitable forgery and general murder made him feel as if his allusion to madhouses might be a better-fitting cap than he had supposed. "No," said he meditatively, "I do not call to mind having felt that. Nor is it the duty of a war correspondent to be shot, if he can help it, nor to shoot at all."

"Well, I *would* have gone. And I'd have raised the hair on the heads of all Spraggville with the letters I'd have written them. Is it too late? Have you got a better man?"

"No, sir; we have not got a better man. I am disappointed in Crowder. Crowder has his good qualities, but he is weak, Mr. Waldron. He is not strong. I find no fault with Crowder. But I do say that when a man in the position of Eurōpian editor of a great journal throws all the work on other shoulders for the sake of putting his legs under the same table with a lord, and chooses a man for the responsible post of war correspondent because that man happens to be a lord's friend—I do say that is weak in Crowder, and not what the representative of a great paper engaged in carrying on a great war ought to do. I do not ask for your opinion on the subject, Mr. Waldron, because I happen to know that it can't help being the same as my own. What's the good of having no lords of our own, if we go and ko-tow them whenever we're abroad? It is a feature in our national character which I do not admire."

"I don't know," said Victor with a smile, wondering whether it was altogether a spirit of national independence, entirely unadulterated with jealousy, that made a Sims so severe upon the foibles of a Crowder. "I wouldn't mind, myself, going out of my way to dine with a duke, if he was a good fellow. A man can't help his inheritance sometimes, and it's hard to visit the sins of the fathers on the

children, though I know it's the way. I've enough of the old Tory in me to have a good deal of sympathy with Crowder, though of course you're right on principle. I wish I'd been born in Spragville; I should always know then what to think about everything. Come and dine with me. I can't promise you a duke, but——"

"It isn't a duke," said Mr. Sims. "Crowder won't like it when I tell him to-morrow that I've made inquiries, and that his lord's only a lord in Ireland, and doesn't belong to the House of Peers. I should like to dine with you, but Crowder's made that impossible. Reckon, though, he'll be sorry when he finds he's been out of the way, and that they know it in Spragville, when the biggest thing in the whole war comes in."

"What's that? I've heard no news to-day."

"The Spragville *Argus* must not suffer by the temporary want of a correspondent, Mr. Waldron. It must not depend upon the leg of a Scotchman. The news *must* come in. And they shall know in Spragville that the biggest thing in the whole siege came in while Crowder was licking the boots of a lord."

"I feel as if I'd dropped right off the face of the world," thought Victor, when he had parted from Mr. Sims. "Instead of being in the thick of things, I'm amusing myself by looking on at others. That's not a wholesome feeling. I shall end by thinking that people are all fools except ten, and that the ten are all knaves except one, and that the one's a Victor Waldron—a sort of mongrel, who doesn't want to keep his own because he's afraid of being thought a knave, and yet can't throw it away because he's afraid of being thought a fool. I wish that girl could know how much good Copleston's doing me. I wish I hadn't met her in that confounded old belfry. Things would have been an ounce or two easier. Even if old Harry Reid had died all the same, I could have called at Copleston. And who knows? But that's too great rubbish to think of; that way lies sheer idiocy. As for mooning round in London, I'm as likely to see her as if I went to Astrakhan; and if I did, she'd either cut me dead with a toss of her chin and a sweep of her gown, or else she'd give me the other half of her mind. I wish I was Sims, or Crowder. They're both happy men. I must do something or other, if it's only for the sake of snapping my fingers in my own face and letting Victor Waldron of Copleston see what account I make of him and his sickly notions. I'll leave London, and go and study the social and political institutions of Nova Zembla. Perhaps Miss Helen Reid might be passing that way, and get wrecked on the coast, and I might save her

life—or her brother's—and then she'd have to be polite enough to hear what I'd got to say ; and her tongue might run out, and give me time to get a word in before the end of an Arctic winter. Anyhow, it's a more likely way than mooning round here. I'll go and—dine."

He turned into his nearest dining haunt, and, in spite of his troubles, dined well. But there was still a long evening to be spent, and the approach of the equinox was sending so many of his acquaintances homewards that he chanced to find himself for once altogether on his own hands. Though sociable by nature, he had made no intimate comrade since his quarrel with Gideon ; his life felt no need of any companionship save such as he was not likely to find, and not even of that consciously. There are times when one's soil prefers to lie fallow rather than bear any crop except one, and may mistake for natural barrenness its want of even so much as a crop of weeds. In the hope of curing like by like, he bored himself at a theatre, and then went to complete the process by turning into one of those clubs which sprout up in Bohemia like mushrooms, and are to the palaces of Pall Mall what the half-world is to the whole one.

He had become free of many such, for Bohemia is a hospitable country, and, while it feasts the poor, it never forgets the rich—for, even there, somebody must pay. This was a society which called itself the Bats ; and it opened its arms freely to everybody who could lay the least claim to any connection with art or literature by going to bed when the sun set—on the other side of the world. Not many of the Bats were as yet known to public fame, but every one of them was going to be in the course of a week or so, and meanwhile they discounted glory for one another on liberal terms.

It was early for the Bats, for Victor had left the theatre early and had gone straight there, while there was seldom much of a gathering till after twelve. In the dingy room at the top of the house, within three doors of that where the Reids were living, Victor seated himself among the few Bats who were there, some breakfasting, and all smoking hard, without—how could he?—guessing that the girl who ran, like a persistent and obtrusive discord, through all his thoughts, and whom he thought a voyage to Nova Zembla the most likely way to find, was within fifty yards of his chair. It was certainly no occult result of spiritual magnetism which had made his thoughts run so much to-day upon Helen ; for yesterday also, when he had not been near her, she had been more in his mind than the day before. But to think how we in London meet and do not meet, how

miles may mean yards, and how inches may mean hundreds of miles ; how all reason is defied by the crossing of parallels and the divergence of straight lines from their own direction ; how the accident of a minute, or the existence of a wall of lath and plaster, makes and ruins lives—all this is a commonplace well-nigh too awful to face and to dwell upon.

The talk of the Bats was not brilliant at present ; they were mostly men who required time for waking, and nobody who chanced to have anything new to say cared to waste it upon a small and early company. The few who were there talked about the war, the weather, and their absent friends so much like commonplace people that an outsider would have been puzzled to guess in what lay those special sympathies which brought them together out of the common world. But presently men began to drop in by ones, twos, and threes, and by about one o'clock the room was tolerably full, and the talk a great deal more free.

Victor was taking his full share in the talk of the men just round him, some of them Bats and some of them Bats' friends, when the door swung open, and he saw through the smoke cloud an entrance which, if he could have foreseen it, would have made him avoid the Bats for that evening. It was a party of four—a member and three friends. The Bat was Lord Ovoca, an Irish earl with whom he had some club acquaintance ; a good-looking, good-natured young man, who lived in some sort of fashion upon his own and his ancestors' debts, betted when he was certain of winning, had a large stock of highly-flavoured anecdotes which his brogue made amusing, and had otherwise qualified himself for the Bats by having written a comic song and by hanging about stage doors. It is always a graceful thing when a nobleman prefers the society of artists and men of letters to any other. With his arm through this young nobleman's, and with his chin high in the air, Victor saw a figure which a stranger might easily have taken for that of Mr. Sims, but which Victor, who knew Spraggville, recognised as Mr. Crowder's, and he noticed that Lord Ovoca's arm was not merely a source of pride to him, but of use as a support : for Mr. Crowder, as he came in, most unmistakably lurched against the door. Behind these was a young man whom Waldron did not know. But behind him again was Gideon Skull.

However, there was no reason why the two former friends should interfere with one another on this neutral ground. They glanced at one another for a moment, and then looked away again as if they were strangers—Victor unable to help a slight flush, Gideon with

no expression at all. But Mr. Crowder intercepted Victor's glance on its return, nodded with a look of wooden wisdom, steadied himself, and led Lord Ovoca to him across the room.

"How do you do, sir?" he said. "I hope you are well. Good fellows ought to know one another. Allow me to introduce to you my old friend the Right Honourable the Earl of Ovoca. We have been dining at the Universal. Allow me to introduce to your Lordship my old friend Mr.—"

"We're fellow Bats, Crowder," said Lord Ovoca. "I know'm, and he knows me. What'll ye drink now? Oh, but ye must," and he rang for the waiter. "I take brandy meself—" and, forgetting that Waldron was writing a book which, by its scheme, included the manners and customs of British Earls as well as of lesser men, winked most significantly to the author behind the back of the editor. It was not every day that Lord Ovoca had a teetotaller to play with, but he clearly understood the spirit of the game. "There, Crowder, ye may drink that brandy for a week, and ye'll be as sober on Saturday as ye were on Sunday. I think," he said to Waldron, "that ye know Skull? Ye should have been with us to-day—they gave us a bisque that would have turned old Bismarck into a Frenchman."

Victor and Gideon made a pretence of bowing, and then Gideon turned his back and marched off to the farthest end of the room. Victor had already shown he had no shame; Gideon would have felt mean-spirited if he had for one needless moment put up with the company of such a knave. Nor did he like him the better for having known Helen before him. But then it was true that she had only known him to hate him—and no wonder.

"This gentleman," said Mr. Crowder, as he took a good gulp of the brandy and water that Lord Ovoca had mixed for him—"This gentleman is going to represent the *Argus* at Versayl. It is a great responsibility to represent the *Argus* at Versayl. He's going to start for the *Argus* in twelve hours. Allow me to introduce you two gentlemen. Mr. Wal—Waldor, Mr. Allen—Mr. Allen, Mr. Wa— Good fellows ought to know one another. We're all good fellows. We'll all know one another all round." He took another gulp, and grinned.

"So you are going out for the *Argus*?" said Victor. "By Jove, I envy you."

"We'll all go out for the *Argus*," said Mr. Crowder. "Everybody here."

Victor let the talk, such as it was, go on while he smoked and conversed with the ceiling. He must do something—anything;

what better thing could he do, in war time, while history was making itself at white heat, than make himself a part of it, however small? What was London to him, after all, or he to London? He had found nothing there that he wanted, and never would; and as to putting a few miles more between himself and Copleston, he would gladly have put a thousand. Would any one of his ancestors, down to his grandfather, the rebel general, have stayed at home while the trumpets were sounding and the swords clashing and the guns firing less than two short hundred miles away? He looked at the supposed Mr. Allen and took stock of him; he liked his face, with its frankness tempered by a certain grave modesty, and thought, "I suppose this young fellow would change places with me any day. I wonder if Sims would think me still more of a lunatic if I was to offer him Copleston and its thousands a year to take his place at Versailles. Well, one can find better work at a siege than writing letters to Spragville. . . . So you are starting for Versailles in twelve hours?"

"Those are my orders," said Alan.

"And, by a curious coincidence," said Victor, still looking at the ceiling, "so am I. I'm going to Versailles too."

"Indeed! Also for a paper?"

"No. I'm not going for a paper. I'm going, like Harry Smith, for my own hand. I've seen something of fighting on our side the water, and I've got a fancy for seeing how they do it on yours. Let's start together. I do not know when I get out what I shall do, but if you do not know Spragville, I can put you up to a thing or two till we part company. Yes—I mean it. In twelve hours we'll be off to Versailles."

His national restlessness had found a vent at last, in which to think might mean to decide, and to decide would mean to do. Alan looked at Victor in his turn, and he said,

"By all means. I shall be only too glad of your company. Where shall we meet, and how? I start from Charing Cross at twelve. I suppose you've made all your plans?"

"All I need. I hate plans. I like taking what comes. I've got to write a letter or two, and I'll meet you at the *depôt*. Look out for me, and I'll look out for you."

There was nothing to surprise anybody in Waldron's resolve, which might, for anything anybody knew, have been made weeks before. Plenty of people went to the siege for no better reason. He stayed at the Bats, talking, till Alan said good-night, shook hands with Gideon, and hurried off home to make the best of the

few hours left him to prepare, and to have all the time he could with Helen and his mother. Waldron left Lord Ovoca, Mr. Crowder, and Gideon Skull at the Bats, and went back to his hotel, where, in truth, he had nothing to do but write to Mr. Swann at Deepweald, pack a valise, and pay his bill.

"Well, we're fairly off now," said Victor when their train was on its way, "and we needn't be in a hurry about anything for a couple of hours. We may as well know one another as well as we can. Did I understand Crowder to say your name is Allen?"

"Crowder mixed other things besides his drinks," said Alan with a smile. "My name is Alan Reid."

"Alan Reid!"

"Why not?"

"Reid—of Copleston?" asked Victor, so eagerly that Alan stared at him.

"I once lived at Copleston," said he, with a frown. "What do you know of Copleston?"

"I've been about in your country, and I've heard of that family. I thought you might be one of them. That's all. We Americans are famous for asking questions, you know. Think yourself lucky I didn't ask you right off how old you are, and what you've got a year."

"I didn't quite catch your name either," said Alan.

Victor thought for an instant, but it was not perceptible. "My name? Oh, Gray," said he.

"I fancied Crowder called you Walters, or some such name."

"Crowder was drunk. He was calling everybody by his first name. He called you Alan, and you're Alan Reid; he called me Walter, and I'm Walter Gray. I dare say he ended by calling Lord Ovoca, Bill. And now, as we know how we're called, let's start fair, and shake hands," said Victor.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE.

IT is a curious result of the almost exclusively classical education which we Englishmen receive that we usually know so much more about the history of Greece and Rome than about the history of our own country. Most of us have read Herodotus and Thucydides in the original, and are familiar with Hannibal's campaigns in the vivid word-pictures of Livy, or the more sober and trustworthy records of Polybius. We should feel ashamed to plead ignorance with regard to the constitution of Cleisthenes, or the relations between the *comitia centuriata* and the *comitia tributa*. We have waded through the heavy pages of Grote, skimmed the lighter surface of Curtius, followed Mommsen in his Teutonic disquisitions on the Etruscan nationality, and listened to Merivale as he discourses concerning the domestic arrangements of Titus or Domitian. But in English history we are usually satisfied with the meagre epitome of a third-rate school-book. Even if we go a little deeper into the subject, and plough through the long volumes of Mr. Freeman's Norman Conquest, and Mr. Froude's special pleading on the Tudors, we think we have done quite a meritorious act in acquiring such second-hand knowledge, and never dream of going to the real fountain-head of facts, the original authorities.

Now, everyone who has ever thoroughly studied a period of history, ancient or modern, knows very well that no knowledge is like the first-hand knowledge to be obtained from the writers of the time themselves. No later author could ever supply the place of dear old Herodotus in person, with his quaint garrulity, his frank superstition, his delightful side-glances of his own individuality. No paraphrase can ever make up for the Ionic simplicity of his narrative, the dramatic touches of his dialogue, the unbounded audacity of his travellers' tales. Where else could we find the original and only genuine phœnix, the veracious account of King Rhampsinitus' daughter, the delicious gossip of Hippocleides, Rhodopis, or Polycrates' ring? All these things bring the Hellas of Themistocles and Æschylus before our eyes far more vividly than all the Grotes and Schoemanns that ever were born. So, too, do we not learn

more about the spirit of Periclean Athens from the Cleon and the Sausage-seller of Aristophanes than from the most erudite treatise on the constitution of the ecclesia or the court of Areopagus? Is not our picture of Augustan Rome derived far more largely from Horace's easy account of the bore who pursued him along the Via Sacra, and the journey with Mæcenas on the canal-boat, than from the modern commentators upon the position of the *princeps senatus*? And do we not figure to ourselves the later Imperial system mainly by the exaggerated caricatures of Tacitus and Juvenal, the stories of Caius Cæsar's horse-consul, of Nero's fiddle, or of Domitian summoning his Senate to debate upon the proper cookery of the big turbot?

In English history, however, few but professed students ever attempt to make themselves acquainted with the great documents of our early period. The general mass are content to remain in gross ignorance about Alfred the Great and Cnut the Dane, while they would blush not to seem familiar with Solon or Lycurgus, Appius Claudius, and Tiberius Gracchus. Indeed, most people go further, and quite settle in their own minds that very little can be known about English history before the Reformation or, at best, before the Norman Conquest. Now, the real fact is, that we possess such materials for the history of almost every county and every parish in England as utterly throw into the shade our meagre documentary or monumental evidence for the histories of Rome or of Hellas. The series of charters, wills, grants of land, manumissions of serfs, manuscripts and inscriptions, and other valuable historical materials, is so complete, from the conversion of the English to Christianity down to the present day, that no other country of Europe, probably, can boast of so rich a body of early documents. Besides all these, we have for our primitive annals three very important large works, supplying us with the framework of dates and reigns and places into which the scattered facts of the charters or inscriptions can be readily fitted. These three great works are the "English Chronicle," Beda's "Ecclesiastical History of the English People," and "Domesday Book." It seems to me that some popular account of these fundamental pillars of our history might not be unacceptable to many readers; and it will be most convenient to begin with the "English Chronicle," which, though not the first in order of time, is certainly the first in importance, for a clear comprehension of the whole subject.

The English, or, as it is often called, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," is a history of the English race from the date of its first arrival in Britain down to the reign of Stephen, when the story abruptly ceases.

Nominally, indeed, the "Chronicle" begins with the invasion of Britain by Caius Julius Cæsar in 55 B.C., and therefore its earlier portion is taken up with the annals of the Britons or early Welsh, and their relations to the Roman conquerors. This portion of the story, however, is very briefly narrated, and fills only a few pages, which are obviously introductory to the true subject, the history of the English people. From the invasion of the real or mythical Hengist and Horsa, about A.D. 449, to the death of Beda ("the Venerable Bede") in 755, the Chronicle is mostly made up of extracts from that early writer's "Ecclesiastical History," together with a few pieces of genealogy from other and doubtless traditional sources. From the time of Beda to that of Alfred the Great the original materials are not known, but they seem to have consisted of two separate short accounts, the one Northumbrian, the other West Saxon. From the date of Alfred's birth, however, the entries, which are made year by year, become much fuller, and there is some reason to believe that they were due in part to the king himself, or at least possessed a semi-official character. Henceforward they bear evidence of being the work of contemporary writers. They continue, with increasing minuteness of detail, up to the Norman Conquest, and half through the reign of the Conqueror, when all the manuscripts but one break off. The solitary remaining chronicle, written by a monk, or rather a succession of monks, of Peterborough, carries us on to the year 1154, and there the narrative breaks off with an unfinished sentence.

As hinted above, we possess several manuscript versions of the Chronicle, belonging to different abbeys, and containing in places somewhat different accounts. Thus the Peterborough chroniclers dwell mainly upon such transactions as specially affected their own monastery, while a Northern manuscript is fuller upon many matters relating to the state of Northumbria. But in the main facts they all agree almost verbally. The various versions have been several times printed and edited, the best and most modern editions being those of Mr. Thorpe and Prof. Earle, in which the several manuscripts are printed side by side for purposes of comparison. Those who feel interested in the subject by the present paper ought certainly to consult one or other of these valuable works.

The Chronicle is written, not in Latin, but in our own language, though of course in that simple and early form which is commonly called Anglo-Saxon. It should never be forgotten, however, that the so-called Anglo-Saxon is nothing more nor less than simple pure English, unadulterated by the later admixture of Norman French

words, and with the primitive case-endings and verbal terminations as yet unworn by usage. It is *not* a foreign language, and it is hardly more difficult to read than the English of Chaucer. It does not require to be learnt from the beginning by Englishmen, like French or German. Almost any intelligent person could spell out a page of the Chronicle at first sight with few mistakes and without much serious puzzling. It is greatly to be regretted that the foolish use of the word Anglo-Saxon should have deterred so many people from the study of our language in this its fountain-head. The true "well of English undefiled" is to be found, not in the mongrel dialect of the Canterbury Tales, but in the unmixed Teutonic diction of King Alfred and his followers.

I propose to give here a few specimens illustrating the style and spirit of the writers in the different portions of the history. I shall modernize the language sufficiently to make the extracts intelligible, but at the same time I shall keep as close as possible to the English roots of the original, freely using Lowland Scotch whenever it represents the real word more nearly than the Southern dialect.

The first entry in the manuscripts consists of a geographical statement, translated and condensed from Beda. "Britain island," it says, "is eight hundred miles lang, and twa hundred miles broad. And there be on this island five folks, English, Brit-Welsh, Scottish, Pictish, and Book-Latin. Earliest were dwelling in this land the Britons;¹ they came of Armenia, and sat southward in Britain first. There happened it that the Picts came south from Scythia, with lang ships, not many, and came first on north Ybernia [Hibernia], and there asked the Scots [or aboriginal Irish] that they there might abide. But the Scots would not let them, for they quoth that they might not all together dwell there. And there the Scots said, 'We may, however, learn you rede: we wit of another island here by east: there ye may dwell if ye will. And if whoso withstand you, we will help you that ye may it gain.' There fared the Picts and took this land northward: and southward the Britons had it, as we ere said. And the Picts asked them wives of the Scots, on this rede, that they should aye choose their kingly kin on the wife's side [that is, that the crown should descend by the female line]: and that have they held to ever since. And there happed it in the run of years that some deal of Scots [or part of the Scottish people]

¹ Lest any "Anglo-Saxon" scholar should convict me of bad scholarship, I should like to mention in passing that I have been more anxious to keep up the diction and arrangement of words in the original than the grammatical construction. The former is far more characteristic of early English modes of thought.

went from Ybernia to Britain, and dwelt in some deal of this land. And their heretoga [leader] was hight Reoda : from him they are named Dalreodi."

The passage is significant as showing the ethnical divisions of the time—the English on the south-east coast, the Brit-Welsh on the south-west, the Picts in the eastern Highlands, and the Scots—a colony from Ireland—then confined to a limited tract in Argyllshire and the Isles. As for the "Book-Latin" element, that of course represents the clergy, and shows an obvious confusion between race and language.

The next entry states that "Ere Christ's fleshness [incarnation] sixty winters, Gaius Julius, the Casere, earliest of Romans sought Britainland." Thenceforward, the Chronicle assumes the annalist form, every entry beginning with the date. At first the statements are very meagre, and the following may be taken as specimens:—

"An. 1. Octavianus reigned 60 winters, and on the 42nd year of his reign Christ was born."

"An. 16. Here came Tiberius to rule."

"An. 39. Here came Gaius to rule."¹

"An. 45. Here the blessed Peter Apostle set a bishop-seat on Rome."

"An. 101. Here Clemens the Pope forth-fared" [died].

"An. 189. Here Severus came to rule, and reigned 17 winters. He girt Britainland with a dyke from sea to sea, and ended [his life] at York. And Bassianus his son came to rule."

"An. 409. Here Goths broke Rome-burgh. And never since did Romans rule in Britain."

With the year 449, however, the story assumes a more connected shape. The Chronicle for that date runs as follows:—

"Here Mauricius and Valentinus came to rule, and ruled 7 winters. And on their days Hengest and Horsa, asked by Wyrtegeorne, Briton king [the Vortigern of our school-books], sought Britain on that stead that is named Ypwine's fleote [Ebbsfleet, in Thanet], first to help the Britons, but they after fought against them. The king bade them fight the Picts, and they so did, and gained the day wheresoever they came. Then they sent to the Angles, and bade them send more aid, and told them the naughtness of the Brit-Welsh and the land's wealth. Then they sent them more aid. Then came men of three kins of Germany, of Old Saxons, and of Angles, and of Jutes. Of Jutes came the Cant-ware [Kent-men], and Wiht-ware, that is the stock that now dwelleth on Wight, and that kin on the West Saxons that man now clepeth Jute-kin. Of Old Saxons came the East-

¹ Observe that the authors of the Chronicle are as yet innocent of the modern vulgarization, whereby C. Cæsar the Dictator, Octavianus, and C. Cæsar the Younger reappear as "Julius Cæsar," "Augustus Cæsar," and "Caligula"—the two first being obviously regarded as made up of Christian and surnames. We could only parallel such a blunder in modern times by calling the three Bonapartes—"Bonaparte Napoleon," "Reichstadt the Second," and "Louis Badinguet."

Sexe, and Suth-Sexe, and West-Sexe. Of Angles (whose land has since stood waste betwix Jutes and Saxons) came East-English, Middle-English, Mercians, and all Northumbrians."

A Northern chronicler adds the note, "Their heretogas were twain brethren, Hengest and Horsa, that were Wihtgils's sons. Wihtgils was Witting, Witta Wecting, Wecta Wodening; from that Woden sprang all our kingly kin, and Southumbrians' eke."

It is interesting to observe that the Cant-ware of this passage have left their name at Cantwara-byrig or Canterbury, the bury of the Kent-men, where the archiepiscopal signature "A. C. Cantuar" still stands for Cantuariorum, the Latinized form of the same ethnical name. In like manner the Wiht-ware gave their title to Wiht-waras-byrig, now shortened to Carisbrooke. But we must not too implicitly trust the Chronicle in this its earlier portion, for we find soon after that one Wihtgar, a conqueror of Wight, "forth-fared, and man buried him at Wihtgara-byrg," which is an obvious instance of the "eponymous myth"—the story falsely invented to account for a local name. Still more flagrant is the case of Port, the imaginary founder of Port's-mouth, which name, of course, owes its real origin to the Roman *portus*. Such unmistakable fables make us hesitate to accept too literally the accounts given by the chroniclers of events which happened before their own time. As for the old home of the Angles, which "stood waste" at the date of the writer, it is, of course, Angeln, in Sleswig, between the country of the Jutes, or Jutland, and the Saxon land at the mouth of the Elbe.

A few other entries will show the general spirit of the first English invasion by which the Teutons conquered the eastern and southern coast of Britain; for though we may not always feel sure about details, we may conclude that the story represents at least the frame of mind with which the English regarded their Welsh antagonists:—

"An. 456. Here Hengest and Æsc his son fought against the Britons on that stow that is cleped Crecganford [Crayford], and there offlew four tribes [or, four thousand men]. And the Britons there forlet Kent-land, and with mickle awe fled to London-bury."

"An. 461. Here Hengest and Æsc fought against the Welsh nigh Wippedes-fleet, and there offlew twelve Welsh ealdormen, and of them was one offslain whose name was Wipped." ¹

"An. 473. Here Hengest and Æsc fought against the Welsh and took unreckonable spoil, and the Welsh fled the English like fire."

"An. 477. Here came Aella to Britain-land, and his three sons, Kymen, and Wlencing, and Cissa [alas! more eponyms, two of them manufactured out of Lancing and Chichester], with three ships, on the stow that is named Cymene's ora

¹ Another eponymous myth, I fear.

[which, I doubt me, accounts for the third], and there offlew many Welsh, and some they drove in flight to that wood which is named Andrede's lea" [or the forest of Anderida, now the Weald of Kent and Sussex].

"An. 491. Here Aella and Cissa beset Andredes-ceaster [Anderida, or Pevensey], and offlew all that therein were, nor was there after one Briton left."

"An. 495. Here came twain ealdormen to Britain, Cerdic and Cynric his son, with five ships, on that stead that is cleped Cerdice's ora. And that ilk day they fought against the Welsh."

And so the dismal annals of murder and rapine run on with their simple unquestioning conciseness, telling us how in 501 the very mythical hero Port "offlew a young British man, a right noble one;" how in 508 "Cerdic and Cynric offlew a British king whose name was Natanleod, and five thousand men with him;" how in 514 the equally dubious leaders Stuf and Wihtgar "fought against the Britons and put them to flight;" and how in 530 the same redoubtable warriors "conquered the island of Wight and slew many men at Wiht-garas-byrig." But terrible as is the picture thus frankly revealed, there is no sufficient reason to suppose that the whole Welsh nationality in the East was utterly exterminated. All analogy is against such a belief. We know that exactly similar statements are made with regard to the Israelitish conquest of Canaan, and yet the Gibeonites and the Jebusites, with many other remnants of the old population, lingered on amongst the Hebrews, and finally became absorbed amongst them by intermarriage. Historians have made much of the famous passage about Pevensey, yet even this seems to show that such indiscriminate slaughter was an unusual occurrence.

The most interesting documents in this early portion of the Chronicle are the genealogies of the kings, all of whom, of course, trace their descent to the great Low-Dutch deity Woden. Thus the pedigree of Ida, first king of Northumbria, is given as follows under the year 547, when he "came to rule":—"Ida was Eopping, Eoppa Esing, Esa was Inguing, Ingui Angenwiting, Angenwit Alocing, Aloc Benocing, Benoc Branding, Brand Bældæging, Baldæg Wodening." In the beginning of the history the genealogy usually ends with Woden, and it is not thought necessary to trace up the descent beyond that father of the gods. But in later Christian times the good chroniclers felt the necessity of reconciling these heathenish genealogies with the Hebrew cosmogony, and so they affiliated Woden himself upon the Scriptural patriarchs. A pedigree of the West Saxon kings, inserted under the year 855, after carrying back the descent of Aethelwulf to Woden, thus continues:—"Woden was Frealafing, Frealaf Finning, Fin Godwulfing, Godwulf. . . . Scaefing, *id est filius Noe*; he was born in Noe's ark. Lamech, Mathusalem, Enoc, Jared, Malalehel, Camo Enos, Seth, Adam, *primus homo et pater noster, id est Christus.*"

I shall pass on, however, to the later portion of the Chronicle, after it had assumed the character of a contemporary record, because I hope to deal more fully with this early period in a future paper upon Bede's Ecclesiastical History. There are two long and interesting documents in the first portion of the Chronicle, it is true, but they are interesting only from the light which they throw upon the nature of historical evidence. Under the year 656, and again in 675, two of the manuscripts suddenly lay aside their usual meagreness, and blossom out into an unexpected fulness of language and information. When we come to examine these lengthy entries, however, we find that the first occurs in the Peterborough version; that it begins with the suspicious sentence, "At this time the abbotric at Medeshamstede [Peterborough] waxed very rich," and that it continues by citing an obviously spurious charter of Wulfhere, king of Mercia, in favour of the selfsame monastery. In the second case, we see that the long passage is an interpolation of similar character, recounting a bull of Pope Agatho, also conferring certain improbable privileges upon Peterborough. The language of these entries at once stamps them as insertions of much later date—as though some one were to put a legal document in modern nineteenth-century English into the midst of a chronicle of Chaucerian times. The fact is, the monks of Peterborough lost all the early records of their monastery when it was sacked by the Danes, and were anxious afterwards to make good the loss by a pious forgery. But they were such clumsy forgers that they can always be detected at a glance. This is a lucky circumstance, for it shows us how incapable they were of making plausible interpolations, and therefore gives us a just ground for believing in the general accuracy of the Chronicle, wherever its language is clearly contemporary.

With the great Danish invasion the national annals wake into vigorous life. A few specimens will show their spirit:—

"An. 832. Here heathen men overharried Sheppey."

"An. 833. Here fought Ecgberht king with 35 shipfuls at Carrun [Char-mouth?], and there were a mickle reckoning slain, and the Danish men kept hold of the battlefield."

"An. 835. Here came a mickle ship-host to the West-Welsh [Cornwall], and they joined in one, and made war against Ecgberht, West Saxon king. Then he heard that, and went down with a fyrd [levy], and fought against them at Hengestdun, and there put to flight both Welsh and Danish-men."

"An. 837. Here Wulfheard ealdorman fought at Hamtun [Southampton] against 33 shipfuls, and there a mickle reckoning slew, and had the day. And this year forth-fared Wulfheard. And this ilk year fought Æthulhelm dux against a Danish host at Port with the Dorset men, and for a good while put to flight the host. And the Danish men held the battlefield, and offlew the ealdorman."

"An. 838. This year Herebriht ealdorman was offslain from heathen men, and many with him among the Marsh-men; and that ilk year eft on Lindesse [Lindsey, in Lincolnshire], and on the East Anglians, and on the Cant-ware, were many men offslain from the host."

"An. 839. Here was mickle slaughter on Lundenne [London], and on Cwantavic [Etaples, in the Saxon Boulonnais], and on Hrofesceaster [Rochester]."

"An. 840. Here Æthelwulf king fought at Carrum [Charmouth?] against 35 shippfuls, and the Danes held the battlefield. And Lothwi the Casere [Louis le Debonnaire] forth-fared."

"An. 855. Here heathen men first on Sheppey over winter sat. And that ilk year Aethelwulf king booked the tenth deal of all his land over all his kingdom to love of God and to his own endless salvation" [*i.e.*, he gave one-tenth of his land to the Church].

After a long series of such entries, the retribution for the English conquest of the Welsh, the Peterborough chronicler at last records the sad year:—

"An. 870. Here fared the host [for a sort of Danish standing army now harried the land without cessation] over Mercia into East Anglia, and took winter seat at Thetford. And on that year St. Eadmund king [afterwards the patron martyr of St. Edmundsbury] fought against them, and the Danes won the day, and offslaw the king, and gained all that land, and for-did [destroyed] all the minsters that they came to. On that ilk time came they to Medeshamstede, burnt and broke it, and slew abbot and monks, and all that they there found; and made it that erst was full rich so that it was nothing. And that year died Archbishop Ceolnoth."

All which fully accounts for the subsequent necessity for forgery and the general pious frauds of the Peterborough copyists.

In 893 we read:—

"Here on this year fared the mickle host, whereof we spake afore, eft of the East Kingdom [that of the Eastern Franks] westward to Bunnan [*Bononia*, Boulogne], and there were shipped so that they set themselves over in one crossing, horses and all. And there they came up on Limenemouth with twa hundred ships. The mouth is on eastward Kent, at the east end of the mickle wood that we hight Andred [the forest of Anderida, or Weald]. The wood is east-lang and west-lang, a hundred and twelve miles lang or langer, and thirty miles broad. The water of which we here spake [the Limene river] flows out of the Weald. On this water they tugged up their ships, up to the Weald, four miles from the outward mouth, and there broke a work [fortress]. In on the fastness a few churlish men were set, and it was but half-wrought. There soon after came Hæsten [Hastings the pirate] with 80 ships up on Thames mouth and wrought him the work at Middeltun, and the other host that at Apuldre."

Nothing more clearly marks the simplicity of the early English mind than the curious dryness with which the Chronicle narrates even the most important events. No note or comment, no emotional addition to the bare facts is ever given. Thus, after telling at great length the story of Alfred's hopeless struggle with the Danes, and their final

peaceful establishment in the Denalagu, the writer notices the king's death after this straightforward fashion :—

An. 901. Here died Ælfred Athulfing [Æthelwulfing—the son of Æthelwulf], six nights ere All Hallow Mass. He was king over all English-kin, bar that deal that was under Danish weald [dominion]; and he held that kingdom three half years less than thirty winters. There came Edward his son [“Edward the Elder”] to the rule. And there seized Æthelwold ætheling, his father's son, the ham [villa] at Winburne [Wimbourne], and at Tweoxnam [Christchurch], by the king's unthank and his witan's [without leave from the king]. There rode the king with his fyrd till he reached Badbury against Winburne. And Æthelwold sat within the ham, with the men that to him had bowed, and he had forwrought [obstructed] all the gates in, and said that he would either there live or there lie. Thereupon rode the ætheling on night away, and sought the [Danish] host in Northumbria, and they took him for king and bowed to him. And the king bade ride after him, but they could not out-ride him. Then beset man the woman that he had erst taken without the king's leave, and against the bishop's word, for that she was ere that hallowed a nun. And on this ilk year forth-fared Æthelred (he was ealdorman on Devon) four weeks ere Ælfred king.

Passing over a hundred years, the entry for 1009, in the disastrous reign of Æthelred the Unready, will show the greater fulness of the Chronicle as time advances :—

An. 1009. Here on this year were the ships ready of which we ere spake, and there were so many of them as never ere (so far as books tell us) were made among English kin in no king's day. And man brought them all together to Sandwich, and there should they lie, and hold this earth against all outlanders' [foreigners'] hosts. But we had not yet the luck nor the worship [valour] that the ship-fyrd should be of any good to this land, no more than it oft was afore. Then befel it at this ilk time or a little ere, that Brihtric, Eadric's brother the ealdorman's, forwrayed [accused] Wulfnoth child to the king : and he went out and drew unto him twenty ships, and there harried everywhere by the south shore, and wrought all evil. Then quoth man to the ship-fyrd that man might easily take them, if man were about it. Then took Brihtric to himself eighty ships and thought that he should work himself great fame if he should get Wulfnoth, quick or dead. But as they were thitherward, there came such a wind against them such as no man ere minded [remembered], and it all to-beat and to-brake the ships, and warped them on land : and soon came Wulfnoth and for-burned the ships. When this was couth [known] to the other ships where the king was, how the others fared, then was it as though it were all redeless, and the king fared him home, and the ealdormen, and the high witan, and forlet the ships thus lightly. And the folk that were on the ships brought them round eft to Lunden, and let all the people's toil thus lightly go for nought : and the victory that all English kin hoped for was no better. There this ship-fyrd was thus ended ; then came, soon after Lammas, the huge foreign host, that we might Thurkill's host, to Sandwich, and soon wended their way to Canterbury, and would quickly have won the burg if they had not rather yearned for peace of them. And all the East Kentings made peace with the host, and gave it three thousand pound. And the host there, soon after that, wended till it came to Wightland, and there everywhere in Suth-Sex, and on Hamtunshire, and eke on

Berkshire harried and burnt, as their wont is. Then bade the king call out all the people, that men should hold against them on every half [side] : but none the less, look ! they fared where they willed. Then one time had the king foregone before them with all the fyrd as they were going to their ships, and all the folk was ready to fight them. But it was let, through Eadric caldorman, as it ever yet was. Then, after St. Martin's mass, they fared eft again into Kent, and took them a winter seat on Thames, and victualled themselves from East-Sex and from the shires that there next were, on the twain halves of Thames. And oft they fought against the burg of Lunden, but praise be to God, it yet stands sound, and they ever there fared evilly. And there after mid-winter they took their way up, out through Chiltern, and so to Oxenaford [Oxford], and for-burnt the burg, and took their way then on the twa halves of Thames to shipward. There men warned them that there was fyrd gathered at Lunden against them; then wended they over at Stane [Staines]. And thus fared they all the winter, and that Lent were in Kent and bettered [repaired] their ships.

Nothing could show more completely what a set of "redeless" and unorganized barbarians these same vaunted "Anglo-Saxons" were than such an outpouring of weak and impotent despair as this extract. The "host" walked over the land from east to west. The "fyrd," a loose levy, without discipline or commissariat, followed it aimlessly about, fought desultory skirmishes, looted when it gained a victory, and then went home with its loot, or else ran away when it was beaten, and never rallied again till a fresh levy was called out. Organization or strategy there was none. When the "host" attacked Devon, the men of Devon turned out on their own account; when it marched away to Gloucester or East Anglia, the Devonians congratulated themselves upon their luck and quietly let them go. The truth is, the "Anglo-Saxons" were a conglomeration of lawless and shiftless half-amalgamated tribes, each caring only for itself; and the first real organization was given to England by William the Conqueror, and completed by Henry the Angevin. The simple narrative of the first step in that great revolution runs as follows:—

There came Wyllelm earl out of Normandy into Pevensey, on St. Michael mass even; and as soon as they were landed they wrought castles [earthworks] at Hastings port. This was then couth to Harold king, and he gathered the mickle host, and came against him at the Hoar Appletree; and Wyllelm came against him on unawares, ere his folk was ranged. But the king nevertheless right hardly fought against him with the men that would last with him, and there was much slaughter slain on either half. There was offslain Harold king, and Leofwine earl his brother, and Gyrrh earl his brother, and many good men. And the French held the battle-field, as God granted them for the folks' sins. Aldred archbishop and the burgers in Lunden would there have Eadgar child to king, all as was his right by kin; and Eadwine and Morkere told him that they would fight on his side. But as it ever should have been forwarder, so was it from day to day later and worse, so that it at the end all went off in nought. This fight was done on Pope Calixtus' day. And Wyllelm earl fared eft again to

Hastings, and bided there whether man would bow to him. And when he knew that man would not come to him, he fared up with all his host that was left him and that since came over sea to him, and harried all the ends [*finer, territories*] that he fared over until he came to Beorkhamstede [*Berkhamstead*]. And then against him [*obvii, to meet him*] came Ealdred archbishop, and Eadgar child, and Eadwine earl, and Morkere earl, and all the best men of Lunden, and then bowed to him for need, when the most harm was done. And that was mickle unrede [*great folly*] that man did not sooner do so, when God would not better it for our sins. And they gave pledges and sware him oaths, and he gave them his troth that he would be to them a faithful lord: and yet among all this they harried all that they fared over. There on Midwinter day Ealdred archbishop hallowed him to king on Westmynster; and he pledged him on hand with Christ's book, and eke swore, ere that he would set the *corona* [*eroun was not yet a naturalized English word*] on his head, that he would this people so hold as any king afore him best did, if they would be faithful to him. Yet none the less he laid a right heavy tax on men, and fared on Lent over sea to Normandy, and with him Stigand archbishop, and Aegelnath abbat on Glæstingalyng [*Glastonbury,*] and Eadgar child, and Eadwine earl, and Morkere earl, and many other good men of England. And Oda bishop and Wyllelm earl were left here after, and wrought castles widely through the people, and swinked poor folk, and ever since it evilled [*grew worse*] greatly. Be good the end when God will.

A nation so miserably incapable of united action before the face of a common foe deserved to be put to school under the hard task-masters of Romance civilization. From the process resulted the free and almost civilized English that we now know. Two or three last specimens will show the transitional stage under the Norman kings. The land needed strong repressive measures to put down internal wrong-doing, and it got them. The first extract is under date 1124:

This ilk year, after St. Andrew's mass, and before Christ's mass, held Ralph Basset and the king's thanes a witen-mote on Leicestershire at Hundhoge, and hanged there so many thieves as never ere were, that there were in all of a litle while four and forty men.

In 1125 we read:—

On this year sent King Henry before Christ's mass from Normandy to England and bid that men should lop all the moneyers that were in England of their limbs; that was, of each the right hand. This was because the man that had one pound could not spend one penny at any market [owing to depreciation of currency]. That was all done with mickle right, for that they had fordone all the land with their mickle falsehood that they wrought.

Nobody tries such stern measures with modern Inflationists, yet they might possibly prove useful. At last good King Henry dies, and even the Peterborough chronicler, who has been grumbling all along at the "heavy years," the "strange taxes and strange motes," is obliged to do the just and stern king tardy justice. Under date 1135 he says:—

That ilk year the king was dead, the other [second] day after St. Andrew's mass day, on Normandy. There was woe soon in the land, for every man that might soon ravaged other. There took his sons and his friends his lych [corpse]¹ and brought it to England, and buried it in Reading. Good man he was and mickle awe was of him. No man durst misdo with other on his time [of what early English king could the same be truly said?]. Peace he makid for men and deer. Whoso bore his burden of gold or silver, durst no man say to him nought but good.

It would be unpardonable to give an account of the English Chronicle without mentioning the songs interwoven into the text. They are written in the old English alliterative rhythm, without rime; and they are also marked by a sort of parallelism, like that of the Hebrew poetry. But the alliteration and the parallelism do not run quite side by side, the second half of each alliterative couplet being parallel with the first half of the next couplet. Accordingly, each new sentence begins somewhat clumsily at the half-line or cæsura. The most famous among the songs is the ballad of Brunnanburh, the first few lines of which will speak for themselves. In order to preserve the alliteration I have modernized rather more freely than in the prose extracts, but not, I hope, so as to lose the spirit of the original. The alliterative syllables are marked by capitals:—

Here Aethelstan king,	lord of Earls,
Bestower of Bracelets,	and his Brother eke,
Eadmund the Aetheling,	honoured of Eld,
Slew foes in the Slaughter,	with edge of the Sword,
By Brunnanbury.	The Bucklers they clave,
Hewed the Helmets,	with Hammered steel,
Heirs of Edward,	as was their Heritage,
From their Fore-Fathers,	that oft on the Field
They should Guard their Good folk	Gainst every comer,
Their Home and their Hoard.	The Hated foe cringed to them,
The Scottish Sailors,	and the Northern Shipmen;
Fated they Fell.	The Field lay gory
With Swordsmen's blood	Since the Sun rose,
On Morning tide	a Mighty globe,
To Glide o'er the Ground,	God's candle bright,
The endless Lord's taper,	till the great Light
Sank to its Setting.	There Soldiers lay,
Warriors Wounded,	Northern Wights,
Shot over Shields;	and so Scotsmen eke,
Wearied with War.	The West-Saxons onwards,
The Live-Long day	in Linkèd order
Followed the Footsteps	of the Foul Foe.

Perhaps the most poetical passage of all these rough early songs

¹ The word still survives in "lych-gate."

occurs near the end of this same ballad. Aethelstan and his brother depart to the West-Saxon land, and then, says the minstrel :—

Behind them they Left,	the Lych to devour,
The Sallow kite	and the Swart raven,
Horny of beak,—	and Him, the dusk-coated,
The white-afed Erne,	the corse to Enjoy,
The Greedy war-hawk,	and that Grey beast,
The Wolf of the Wood.	No such Woeful slaughter
Aye on this Island	Ever hath been,
By edge of the Sword,	as book Sayeth,
Writers of Eld,	since of Eastward hither
English and Saxons	Sailed over Sea,
O'er the Broad Brine,	landed in Britain.
Proud Workers of War,	and o'ercame the Welsh,
Earls of high fame,	Obtaining this Earth.

Towards the end of the Chronicle, however, we find indications that this old rhythmical and alliterative poetry was beginning to die out, being replaced by our modern metrical and rimed system. The famous character of William the Conqueror is written partly in prose and partly in a very rough and irregular riming couplet. Though it has been often translated, this last-named peculiarity has never been preserved in the modernized versions, and therefore I shall make no apology for laying it once more before my readers:—

He ruled over England, and so thoroughly minded it all with his cunning that there was not one hide of land in England that he wist not who had it, or of what worth it was, and after set it down in his writ [alluding to the great survey of Domesday Book]. Bryt-land [Wales] was under his weald, and he therein castles wrought, and that kin wealded withal. So eke Scotland he put under him by his mickle strength. Normandy, that land was his by heritage, and over the earldom that is hight Mans he ruled. [Notice the parallelism.] And if he might yet two years have lived he would have won Ireland with his worship [here we have alliteration], and without any weapon. Natheless on his time had men mickle swink, and very many woes. Castles he let work, and poor men sore to swink. The king was so sorely stark and took of his underlings many a mark of gold and many more a hundred pound of silver :

That he took by right
 And of great unright,
 From his folk with evil deed
 For sore little need.
 He was on greediness befallen,
 And getsomeness he loved withal.
 He set a mickle deer frith,
 And he laid laws therewith,
 That whoso slew hart or hind
 Him should man then blinden.
 He forbade to slay the harts,
 And so eke the bears.

So well he loved the high deer
As if he their father were.
Eke he set by the hares
That they might freely fare.
His rich men mourned it
And the poor men wailed it.
But he was so firmly wrought
That he recked of all nought.
And they must all withal
The king's will follow,
If they wished to live
Or their land have,
Or their goods eke,
Or quiet ease to seek.
Woe is me,
That any man so proud should be,
Thus himself up to raise,
And over all men to boast.
May God Almighty show his soul mild-heart-ness,
And do him for his sin's forgiveness!

From such doggerel as this we have slowly developed the noble versification of *In Memoriam*. But, if the rudeness of the rime in these early verses strikes us as somewhat absurd, we should remember that such an assonance as is found in the weakest of the foregoing lines would still satisfy the cultivated ears of Castilian poets.

One last word as to the language of the Chronicle. I have said already that it is simply English in a very early form, and I shall try now to prove the literal truth of the statement. To do this it will be best first to modernize a piece of the Chronicle; then to re-write it in the intermediate form; and finally to give it in the original shape. The entry for 853 runs as follows:—

Here Ceorl ealdorman fought against heathen men with Devonshire at Wigeanbeorge, and there slew mickle slaughter, and took the victory; and heathen men first sat on Thanet over winter. And that ilk year came 350 ships on Thames mouth and brake Canterbury and London-bury, and put to flight Beorhtwulf, king of the Mercians, with his fyrd, and fared south over Thames on Surrey; and against them fought Aethelwulf king and Aethelbald his son at Aclea with West-Saxon fyrd.

Now, let us slightly antiquate the language, bearing in mind that the syllable *ge-* has the same general force as in High German; that *c* is pronounced like *k*; that *g* often answers to a modern *y*; and that *mid* means "with," while *with* means "against." The intermediate version would then run as follows:—

Here Ceorl ealdorman ge-fought with hethene menn mid Defenescire at Wigeanbeorge, and there mickle weal ge-slew, and sig[e] [victory] took; and

hethene menn erest on Tenet over winter sæl. And that ilk year came fourth half hund[red] ships on Temese mouth, and brake Cant-wara-burh, and Lundenburh, and fliemed [put to flight] Beorhtwulf, Mercian cing, mid his fyrd, and fared south over Temese on Suthrige; and him with ge-fought Athelwulf cing and Aethelbald his son at Aclea mid West-Sexna fyrd.

Finally, if we add the inflexions, and slightly alter the spelling, we have the very words of the Chronicle itself :—

Her Ceorl ealdorman gefeahth with hæthene men mid Defenescire æt Wigeanbeorge, and thær mycel wæl geslogon, and sigen namon. And hæthene menn ærest on Tenet ofer winter sæton. And thy ilcan gear comon feorthe healf hund scipa on Temese muthan, and bræcan Cantwaraburh and Lundenburh, and gefleimdon Beorhtwulf Myrcna cing, mid his fyrde, and foron suth ofer Temese on Suthrige; and him gefeahth with Athelwulf cing and Aethelbald his sunu æt Aclea mid Westsexna fyrd.

Is it not at once strange and interesting that we should thus be able to read, in our own language, such minute details of so remote a period? Indeed, it is not too much to say that English readers can find far more accessible information about the England of Alfred and of William the Conqueror than about the Australia of our own day. And is it not a piece of national folly, under such circumstances, that we should so neglect the early history of our own people, when we pay such minute attention to the very doubtful annals of primitive Hellas and Italy?

At the same time, we should be on our guard against a foolish theory which has been widely put forward of late years, and which threatens greatly to mar the beauty, usefulness, and flexibility of our English speech. Because the English tongue in its origin and root is purely Teutonic, it has been assiduously preached to us that we should endeavour wholly to Teutonize our modern writings. We are to avoid Romance words wherever we can find a native equivalent, and we are to pauperize our rich vocabulary by cutting out half its noblest and best materials. In their place we are to substitute the novel and clumsy jargon of Mr. Furnivall's "Forewords." Now, the English language as spoken by our early ancestors was doubtless a strong and a vigorous tongue, but it lacked many elements of grace and exactness which are to be found in its modern descendant, the English of our own day. The Romance words which we borrowed from the Norman-French are some of the finest and most poetical in our present speech. The Latin and the Greek words which we have taken in since the Renaissance, though less beautiful and effective for poetry or rhetoric, are often of great value for practical purposes, as in science or technical discourse, because of their superior accuracy and definiteness. Too exclusive a use of classical words is a mark

of pedantry and stilted unnaturalness ; but too exclusive a use of Teutonic words is a mark of affectation and unnecessary purism. It is quite possible to avoid either extreme of Johnsonese or of "English speech-craft." We ought really to write as we talk and think. Buffon's oft-quoted apophthegm—*le style, c'est l'homme*—ought to be true of all written works. But no man *talks* Early English ; why, then, should he *write* it? Merely to translate a few pages of the Chronicle, as I have done above, into language comprehensible to modern readers, is almost impossible without having recourse to words of Romance origin ; and in one case, that of the Teutonic *sige*, I have broken down entirely, being compelled to use the almost unaltered Latin equivalent *victory*. To write a volume in such a style as that of these extracts would be impossible, unless a man translated his native modern English, as he went, back into the unfamiliar and unadulterated Low-Dutch tongue of our ancestors. Is it possible to conceive a thoroughly Teutonic version of Lyell's "Principles," or Darwin's "Origin of Species"? We might as well propose to restore the independence of Mercia and Northumbria, to remove our seat of Government to Winchester or Lichfield, and to re-enact the laws of Offa or Ine, as to give up for a pure antiquarian fancy all the rich acquisitions of our spoken and written speech during ten centuries of national development.

GRANT ALLEN.

A NATURALIST'S HAUNT.

PEOPLE have of late been so much interested by Mr. Smiles's two naturalists, the Baker and the Shoemaker of northern Scotland, that they are apt to forget another Scotch naturalist whose name was equally familiar to all blessed with kindred tastes a quarter of a century ago. Sportsmen, at all events, cannot be blamed for this neglect. The character and the books of Charles St. John are dear to all who read of or seek sport in the North. His perseverance, sagacity, and humanity in the field furnish an excellent model to all all who would emulate his deeds; while his marvellous quicksightedness, and the instinct which he possessed for seizing the varied characteristics of animal and bird life, point out the special qualities to be aimed at by all who would enter intelligibly into the life of the lower animals. No book of modern times has done so much to popularise Scotch sport as St. John's "Highland Sports." It possesses the rare merit of being as useful on the mountain side as it is interesting in the study. His book on Sutherlandshire, again, is full of hints to a deer-stalker, though the sport to be found in that great county is scarcely touched. But, as if to make amends to the student for this disappointment, his third book, "Natural History and Sport in Moray," the fruits of his mature judgment, abounds in acute notices of bird and beast life. There is the same love of sport as is manifest in every page of the "Highland Sports," while a more careful description of birds and a more eager observation of their ways is apparent. The keen desire for excitement has tamed down into an all-absorbing search after the hidden secrets of the birds and animals which were found in his neighbourhood—a neighbourhood than which one more suited to a naturalist's tastes, or richer in the objects of his pursuit, cannot be fancied, so far as our isles are concerned.

When Mr. St. John left the Treasury, in or about 1834, he at once withdrew to the north of Scotland, where he found a congenial sphere open to him. We first hear of him at Rosehall, in Ross-shire, but after his marriage he lived at Aldourie, near Loch Ness. About 1840 began his connection with Morayshire, which was to lead to the acquaintance of Mr. Cosmo Innes, the antiquary, who was the first

to introduce him to the public by the charming account of the "Muckle Hart of Benmore," published by Mr. Innes to illustrate an article of his own in the *Quarterly Review*. From Invererne, his first residence in this county, Mr. St. John moved to Rose Bank, near Nairn, and finally to the College, Elgin. While living at these three places the naturalist's attention was strongly attracted to that long stretch of lonely coast on the Moray Firth, looking across to the gloomy mountains of Ross-shire, which begins at Nairn and runs past the curious sandhills of Culbin, where the rabbits sat through the summer evenings on furze "nibbled into regular cushions and ottomans," and the foxes grew like wolves in size and strength. Then succeeded Findhorn Bay, Burghead, and the Covesea Scars, where the peregrine built. Still passing eastward, came Spynie Loch and Castle, with the former of which St. John has associated his name in the minds of readers of his "Wild Sports," more than with any other place. Then at Lossiemouth the familiar coast-line ends, passing now into the district identified with Edward's researches. It is the purpose of this paper to recall some reminiscences of Spynie, the peculiar haunt of St. John, at all events through the winter months.

Spynie is connected with Elgin archæologically in that the seat of the Bishopric of Moray was removed from Spynie to the latter town in 1223, Spynie itself having been made the head-quarters of the See by Papal Bull in 1203. Elgin itself is a quiet old-fashioned town, celebrated mainly for its Cathedral. It had a museum, a sort of old curiosity shop, containing a few valuable specimens of stuffed birds and a vast assortment of rubbish—

Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together; celts and calumets,
Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,¹

and the like. One particularly ghastly relic consisted of the blood-stained fragments of a watch belonging to a hapless officer who had been cut in half by a shell. What this article could do for the advancement of science and art is incomprehensible; but the whole place had the air of being the general lumber-room of the district, and since our visit to it in the summer of 1879 the collection has, we believe, been sold by auction. The cathedral was founded by Bishop Murray the year after the seat of the Bishopric was moved to Elgin, and forms now a ruin of exquisite grace, certainly the finest

¹ *The Princess.*

architectural remains in Scotland north of the Forth. Did it not lie somewhat off the main line of Highland traffic, it would be known and visited by hundreds. As it is, protected within high iron railings, with smoothly-shaven sward around it, but with no solemn service ever heard within its walls, it testifies mutely to a church and a ritual which has long passed away from it, and waits in patience, let us hope, for better things in front. The exquisite lancets, carvings, and mouldings, together with the grand western doorway, however, which yet remain, can only be named here in the hope that others may be attracted to them. Immediately outside may be seen the remains of an ecclesiastical building bearing a fine stone carving of the Hepburn arms. Thence the pilgrim will walk out, some three miles, to Spynie.

It is not a cheerful walk, even in summer. The road rises from the river valley, and gains square fields lately enclosed with stone walls, while every here and there clumps of larch and fir have been left among desolate sandhills. The few cottages visible are new, or at all events unpicturesque, in the barrenness of their cold stones and scanty "kailyards." The corn was young and green as we skirted these rectangular fields, seeming the most unlikely locality for the "violet of a legend to blow," and our enthusiasm for our favourite Scotch naturalist began to flag grievously while surveying what he has rendered classic ground. Then we looked for the special objects of his study—birds; but very few were to be seen. A yellow bunting flitted along the road; two or three skylarks sang over the green corn; a pair of swifts coursed up and down the braes where the corn waved; and a black-backed gull beat along them more carefully, looking out for prey to suit its omnivorous maw. Over the sandhills and moraines a few green plover were flying about aimlessly. We half expected to see the peregrine that breeds in the Covesea rocks, or the hen-harrier, which was ever a favourite bird for observation by St. John, skirting the little fir clumps, forgetting for the moment that civilisation had well-nigh, if not totally, exterminated them in this district of late years. If a small bird flew over, it was impossible to avoid thinking of the rose-coloured pastor, and how St. John tells us: "When shooting rabbits near the loch of Spynie I saw a small bird fly high over my head, called out 'a rose-coloured starling,' and shot at it, bringing it down beautifully clean and scarcely injured. It is but very rarely met with in any part of Britain."¹ After a wearisome because monotonous walk a barn is passed, and then we ascend to a clump of trees; an old burial-

¹ *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, p. 166.

ground here comes into sight, with the rambling, solid-looking farm of Spynie and the usual supply of cartsheds and outhouses. On the other side is a depression, and the eye at once falls on the grey walls and square keep of Spynie Palace, once a sufficiently proud abode of the Bishops of Moray, now a ruin abandoned to the jackdaws.

A couple of fields yet remain, and then the visitor stands by the tall shell and hugely thick walls of the castle. The gateway is tolerably perfect, with two loopholes above and a slab of stone let into the wall below them, engraved with the Hepburn arms and a crossier. A large court succeeds, as usual, surrounded with crumbling walls and the ruins of the stables and other offices which ordinarily encompass such a precinct. This leads up to the great tower, which is wonderfully perfect, the smooth stones without, and the plaster remaining intact in many places within, yet testifying to the solidity and care with which it was built. The stones which carried the rafters overhead still project, but time, thieves, and perhaps fire, have made away with the beams and roof. Windows are pierced through every here and there in the upper stages, the cardinal's hat and armorial bearings of Patrick Hepburn being conspicuous here, too, under one of them. A few stones have here and there fallen from the lintels of the square-headed windows; otherwise the building is in excellent preservation, and the entrance to cellars and dungeon may yet be seen. Cows and sheep now placidly wander in the courtyard which in old days saw very different scenes. The loneliness of the place is indescribable.

The castle stands on a rising ground which is covered with a plantation of scrubby beech trees. From this the eye falls on a wide prospect of water and marsh sweeping round to the left, the latter abounding in beds of tall rushes. Spynie Loch until living memory washed the base of this mound. Now it has been drained and much of the bottom turned into "peat hags." The long rows of black peat-stacks and the straight-cut ditches between them diversify the marsh, and are intersected here and there with dreary sheets of water. When all was a vast expanse it formed a favourite feeding-ground of swans and ducks which came in from the adjacent bay. Even now in July, when we visited it, we were mobbed by several hundred of the black-headed gulls (*Larus ridibundus*) which were feeding and breeding apparently in the marshes, while coots, waterhens, and other waterfowl swam in and out of their reedy retreats, and jackdaws screamed round the old tower, all much insulted at our approach. The rail to Lossiemouth runs through the marshes, but the birds did not seem to mind it, and Virgil's

account of the *varias pelagi volucres* readily came into our mind as we watched them—

Certatim largos humeris infundere rores ;
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in sicca secum spatiat arena. (*Georg. i.* 385.)

No wonder that Spynie Loch was so delightful a resort in St. John's eyes. He relates¹ that during summer he often found a few wigeon about this loch ; but was inclined to fancy them wounded birds, unable to follow the migrating flocks of their fellows. They breed in Sutherlandshire, however, and considering the comparative peace of this loch, it does not seem improbable that sound birds were tempted to remain, other conditions being much the same as those which they would find in the more northern county. But winter, of course, offers in such a locality more objects of interest to the ornithologist. Thus we find St. John writing :

February 15, 1847. —Rode to Gordonstown and shot ducks with Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming at the Loch of Spynie, which I consider to be about the best Loch in the North for wild-fowl shooting. Its situation is excellent ; and being for the most part shallow and covered with grass, rushes, and tall reeds, it is perfectly adapted in every way for sheltering and feeding all sorts of wild fowl, and they resort there in incredible numbers, and of every kind from the swan to the teal. To-day we saw immense numbers of mallard and wigeon, and some pochards, pintail ducks, and teal. Besides these birds there were flocks of coots, and numbers of moorhens, &c. One swan only is at present on the loch, which from its half-frozen state is not in good condition for wild fowl. In the dusk we took up positions near some fields where the potatoes had not been raised, in consequence of the disease in this plant. Here we killed several mallards and ducks, as they feed constantly on the half-rotten potatoes.²

Under the changed conditions of our own day, resulting from drainage, increased population, and more locomotion, many of the rarer visitors to the loch in St. John's time must not be looked for at all at present ; while others which were not uncommon winter after winter when he resorted here, are now only occasionally to be found, after great gales, during severe frosts, and the like. Still, with the exception of the bittern and swan perhaps, the birds mentioned in this extract from the same book (which has long been out of print) might be found upon the loch during suitable weather. It furnishes us with another winter piece drawn by an incomparable hand at such subjects.

There is no fresh-water lake which has so large a quantity of wild fold on it as the Loch of Spynie ; and I do not know a more amusing sight than the move-

¹ *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, p. 5.

² *Ibid.* p. 40.

ments and proceedings of the thousands of birds collected there during this season. All wild fowl, from swan to teal, swarm on this lake (I have known one instance of the bittern having been killed here) ; and it is most interesting to see the habits and manners of feeding and of passing their time, of the different kinds, some feeding only by night and others moving about at all hours. On the approach of night, however, the whole community becomes restless and on the move, and the place is alive with the flocks flying to and fro, uttering their peculiar notes, and calling to each other as they pass from one part of the loch to another. The mallards for the most part take to the fields in search of food, flying either in pairs or in small flocks of five or six. The wigeon keep in companies of ten or twelve, whistling constantly to each other as they fly to feed on the grassy edges of the lochs. The teal and some other birds feed chiefly on the mud-banks and shallows which abound in parts of this half-drained lake ; and amongst the loose stones of the old castle of Spynie, which overlooks it, and where formerly proud ecclesiastics trod, the badger has now taken up his solitary dwelling.¹

The result of hours of careful observation is seen condensed in this paragraph, yet there is no attempt at fine writing, no "graphic presentation," as the phrase now runs, of the wild life here depicted. To anyone with the least eye for the habits and instincts of birds, this passage alone would show how excellent an ornithologist was St. John. The love of sport and of observation went hand in hand with him, and as on the one side no character is so distasteful to the naturalist as the man who only cares for killing, and to whom sport means so many score of pheasants slain at a battue ; on the other, the professed ornithologist whose studies seldom pass beyond the museum and library is equally an anomaly. The true lover of nature must also be a lover of sport, or he fails in enthusiasm and sympathy. Certainly the delight of watching birds at home could nowhere be more easily gratified than at Spynie. As we sat on an embankment observing the many birds, but comparatively few species to be seen in summer, while the corncrake (another of St. John's favourites) monotonously uttered its crooning in the long grass, and the black-headed gulls flew about in a state of virtuous indignation at the intruder on their domain, it was easy to fancy him whose pen had made the loch well-known ground, rambling about gun in hand from marsh to marsh, yet more occupied with his field-glass than with shooting, while Grip (the retriever whose skull was by his master's orders buried with him) stealthily followed, and Donald, leaning against the ruined wall, impatiently took "sneeshin," and longed to "hae his satisfaction o' the gulls." Beautiful as the Findhorn river is, and well as we seem to know the Ross-shire mountains and Sutherlandshire lochs, thanks to St. John's writings, his memory is

¹ *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, p. 301.

ever identified most strongly in our estimation with the sandhills of Culbin and their continuation, Loch Spynie.

Several of the rarer birds and animals concerning which St. John wrote were to be seen in the museum at Elgin, notably the bittern which he says was shot at Spynie. Crossbills which he had so closely observed, of which he found several nests at Dulsie higher up the Findhorn, were also represented; a honey buzzard killed near Pluscardine, where the fatal seizure attacked our naturalist as he was shooting; the great spotted woodpecker (*Picus major*) from Elgin; osprey, merlin, purple sandpiper, and white-tailed sea eagle (from Loch Carron, Ross-shire) were other interesting specimens. A roller killed at Ballindalloch; turnstones and oyster catchers (these latter very common in summer on the Findhorn), brent and bernicle geese, and a fine specimen of the golden eagle, formed the gems of the Elgin collection. They pleasantly illustrated not only the 150 species of birds which is about the number forming the avi-fauna of Moray, but also the haunts of him who has done so much to make it known. It may be hoped that, if removed from the Museum, the collection has been preserved intact somewhere in the neighbourhood. A local museum of this kind is most valuable, not only to natives, amongst whom it serves to stimulate and evoke latent tastes for natural history, but quite as much to strangers wishing to compare the birds and beasts of one district with another.

Our reminiscences of a delightful visit to a curious and little-known locality are now ended.

Sepulchrum

Incipit apparere Bianoris.

It is impossible, however, to avoid a mental contrast between the barren sandy country around Loch Spynie, the favourite haunt of Scotland's greatest working naturalist, with the fertile well-wooded country round Selborne, sacred to England's most observant ornithologist. And as with the localities, so with the men; they were utterly dissimilar in all points save a passionate sympathy with nature, and the power of expressing their observations in striking, homely, yet powerful language. This juxtaposition of the two localities and the men who have conferred celebrity on them is full of instruction, were this the place to draw it out, not only in method but also in literary style. But the sun is sinking lower; the corncrake is creaking more vigorously; the peewit is becoming more fantastic in its winged gambols; the gulls are still angrily sweeping round, like wasps whose retreat has been disturbed. One more look at the sheets

of water, edged by tall rushes and broken here and there into ripples by the coots; one more glance at the proud keep of Spynie, magnificent in decay, now dear only to jackdaws and picnic parties; and, much gratified with our pilgrimage, we retrace the dull road to Elgin, reflecting the while what a glorious etching that stern deserted tower would make, surrounded by its shadowy marshes, their tall nodding reeds, and obtrusive bird life, while far away to the north loom the misty forms of some of Scotland's finest mountains. The whole district, indeed, possesses a stern yet not unattractive beauty, and in default of the etching needle we fall back upon Wordsworth for its interpretation:

Like a breeze,
Or sunbeam, over your domain I passed,
In motion without pause; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord
Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed
In their submissiveness with power as sweet
And gracious, almost, might I dare to say,
As virtue is, or goodness; sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed.—*The Prelude.*

M. G. WATKINS.

FALLEN OUT OF THE RANKS.

IT is a remarkable phase in the Conservative rout that the first to fall—or even to be drummed—out of the ranks were certain members of the House of Commons whose political life has been chiefly marked by personal hostility to Mr. Gladstone. The Hamilton family were distinguished above all others by the almost spiteful persistence of their attacks upon Mr. Gladstone. Of four members of this ducal family who sat in the last Parliament the constituencies have left but one. The first to go was Lord Claude Hamilton, the second son of the Duke of Abercorn. Lord Claude is a young legislator who, as he has attacked the veteran statesman amid ringing cheers from the crowded Conservative benches, has more than once recalled to mind one of the most popular of Sir Edward Landseer's studies from canine life. The Marquis of Hamilton, the heir to the dukedom, was for the most part content to look on, not being gifted with the pert glibness of speech which in his family reaches its highest point of excellence in his younger brother, Lord George, late Vice-President of the Council. The Marquis, Lord Claude, and their uncle Claude, have been rejected at the poll, and of Hamiltons in the House of Commons it may be said that "now there is one."

Another gentleman who first came into honourable prominence by the violence of his opposition to Mr. Gladstone was Mr. James Lowther. It is a matter of history how in the session of 1873 this more recently distinguished young statesman opposed Mr. Gladstone's colossal measures of reform with resonant catcalls, and with the species of physical-endurance argument which he has since indignantly denounced in others as "obstruction." Mr. Lowther having a good physique, a habitude of hearing the chimes at midnight, much youthful enthusiasm, and a choice companion in Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, earned the gratitude of his party at this epoch. It seemed that this gratitude received an adequately full measure of recognition when in the day of prosperity he was made Under Secretary for the Colonies. It must be added that, whilst he remained at this post, Mr. Lowther justified the expectations generously formed of him. He was assiduous, courteous, and intelligent. The House,

which always has a secret regard for high spirits, was pleased with the success of the young roysterer of 1868-73. But it was a little staggered when in 1878 Mr. Lowther was promoted to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. There is no administrative post in the Ministry—saving, perhaps, the Foreign Secretaryship and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer—that requires higher ability and nicer tact than this. Successfully to administer the executive of Ireland would be a triumph of which any statesman might be proud. Lord Beaconsfield, either over-estimating the abilities of his lively young protégé, or under-estimating the importance of the welfare of Ireland, appointed Mr. Lowther to the place vacated by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In taking this step he unconsciously commenced that disturbance of the edifice of his Government, which has since become a disastrous fall.

Mr. Lowther has proved one of the worst Irish Secretaries known to this generation. He was not only not big enough for the place, but he wilfully, as it seemed, delighted to show his incompetency. His lightheartedness and boyish humour, well enough when in opposition, had a ghastly inappropriateness displayed by a responsible minister at a time when Ireland was starving. Moreover, his jests were not very good, his humour being rather that of a practical joker than of a wit. Intoxicated with a sense of power, and perhaps honestly feeling the impossibility of doing or saying anything that would satisfy the Irish Members, Mr. Lowther of late assumed from the Treasury Bench an aggravating air of defiant indifference which on one occasion drew upon him a scathing rebuke from Mr. Bright. His conduct daily widened the breach between Ireland and England, and had no insignificant part in bringing about the condition of affairs which Lord Beaconsfield boldly and confidently attempted to solve by the open declaration of war contained in his famous letter to the Duke of Marlborough. If Mr. Gladstone were disposed to take delight in small revenges, he might dwell with great complacency on the political career of Mr. James Lowther.

Cambridge disposed of two gentlemen who, whilst the political Gulliver lay prostrate and bound in the Tory Lilliput, delighted to thrust in him the minute needle-points which they dignified by the name of spears. Writing last month on some of the features of "The Long Parliament," I had occasion to refer to Mr. Smollett's virulent attack on Mr. Gladstone in the early days of the session of 1874. This *tour de force* of vulgarity made for the member for Cambridge a certain reputation. The House of Commons, more particularly at certain well-ascertained hours of the evening, desires above

all things to be amused. At some theatres, whilst scenes are being shifted, or leading characters are changing their dress, the liberal manager provides a group of tumblers or a corps of ballet-girls who agreeably fill up the interval. These diversions would obviously be out of order in the House of Commons. So Heaven sends us men like Mr. Smollett, or, in more genial mood, like the Major. Mr. Smollett did not often perform, and, to do him justice, he bestowed great care in getting up his part. When he was not abusing Mr. Gladstone, he had a good deal to say about India, a residence in which favoured country seemed to him to give him some right to speak. With one hand elegantly disposed in his trousers pocket, and the other holding the scrap of paper on which were jotted down his more scurrilous remarks, Mr. Smollett held forth, pitching his words out in a grumpy tone, in keeping with his assumed character of the honest man who does not care a peppercorn for anyone, whose favour is not to be purchased nor his criticism bought off. Mr. Smollett was a great success at first; but he did not last long. The House discovered that his humour consisted simply in the incongruity of mechanically connecting abusive language with high personal reputation. It found that his strength was mere coarseness, his gruff honesty simple ill-nature, and it left him standing with left hand in trousers pocket, right hand grasping his flowers of Billingsgate rhetoric, and his grumpy voice resounding through an almost empty chamber.

In an assembly where the gift of reticence was not widely spread, Mr. Marten held high rank among the glibbest. To get him on his feet was to bring about a state of affairs in one respect akin to the shutting up Teddington Lock and preparing to drain it through an inch pipe. Like the water flowing thus, Mr. Marten's speech would go on steadily and interminably, the analogy being further carried out by comparison of the produce of the two conduit pipes. Mr. Marten's mind had tapped the great ocean of commonplace which rivals the physical sea in immensity and all-pervadingness. He was a man whom you could not choose but hear, since he had a strident yet thin voice that overcame all moral resistance and determined resolve not to listen. I have heard him speak by the hogshead, and declare that I never heard him utter an original thought, nor, has he in his consideration of a question or marshalling of an argument ever to my knowledge risen above the mental and moral attitude of a voluble attorney's clerk.

Yet another man, young and ambitious, who, taking a short-sighted view of possibilities, thought that the surest way to political

advancement was to abuse Mr. Gladstone, was Mr. Hanbury. Doubtless, in the retirement to which North Staffordshire has now relegated him, Mr. Hanbury will think with sad pleasure of those ringing cheers which greeted him when, two short years ago, he gave notice to call attention to an article by Mr. Gladstone in a monthly magazine and move a condemnatory resolution. The force of fatuous partisanship could no further go. On that night Mr. Hanbury reached the highest point in his hitherto prosperous career. Immediately after, a blight seemed to fall upon him. His attack on the veteran statesman opposite gave keen if temporary delight to rollicking young blades like Sir Walter Barttelot, Mr. Beckett Denison, and Sir Henry Wolff. But the graver leaders of the party were obliged to confess that it went somewhat beyond the licence permissible even among a boisterous Tory majority. Mr. Hanbury was obliged to permit his resolution to drop, and since then his political career has gradually moved towards its fitting conclusion on the day the poll was declared in North Staffordshire. This downfall, due to lack of good sense and good taste, is to be regretted, since Mr. Hanbury has natural talents, conspicuous on the benches where he was accustomed to sit. Whilst member for Tamworth he made at least one speech indicative of high promise. He had fully mastered his subject—a far-reaching one, connected with Colonial policy. His tone was temperate, his argument well reasoned, his speech ready, and his presence good. If he had been content to walk on this lower level for a while, he might have passed for a wise man, or even in time become one. But, tempted by the opportunity of having “a go at Gladstone,” he exposed the barrenness of the land, and, perhaps irretrievably, spoiled at its outset a promising career.

The official position which Mr. Raikes held during the late Parliament invested him with a judicial responsibility that delivered him from the temptation of “going for Gladstone.” In earlier days, however, he was foremost in the band which formed the rising hope of stern unbending Tories whose watchword was “Down with Gladstone!” The recollection of the strong partisan nature of Mr. Raikes makes all the more commendable his conduct in the chair. Some Irish members make it a charge against the right hon. gentleman that he was unfair in his decisions, and that, whilst Chairman of Committees, he was never able to forget that his friends sat on his right hand and his political opponents on the left. As an impartial observer, who has probably seen more of Mr. Raikes in the chair than any one of his accusers, I may say that I have frequently been amazed at the patience displayed by the Chairman of Committees,

and have never once, through the course of six years, seen the slightest deviation from absolute fairness alike in his selection of speakers and in his decisions on points of order. The House of Commons will be fortunate if in the new Parliament it gets a Chairman of Committees as able, as tireless, and as irreproachable as Mr. Raikes.

A figure that will be missed in the new Parliament is the burly one in the tightly-buttoned frock-coat which announced the presence of Sir Robert Peel. The right Hon. Baronet performed, though in much more acceptable fashion, the duty of filling up intervals with entertainment, noted as attempted by Mr. Smollett. He was frequently really funny, though his humour was vastly overrated by an assembly Conservative on both sides, inasmuch as it is inclined in advance to be pleased with the bearers of familiar names, and to magnify their merits. When Sir Robert Peel first came forward in the character of a cynic—a man of independent mind, inclined to look on both sides, and to find that, lo! they are very bad—he was welcomed by acclamation. That was nearly thirty years ago, and two generations of the House of Commons have laughed at his odd strokes of humour and his indiscriminate buffeting of notabilities. It had become as much a matter of course to laugh when Sir Robert Peel opened his mouth, as it was to get up and walk out when Sir George Bowyer found an opportunity of commencing one of his harangues. Sir Robert Peel's speeches were attractive in the Parliamentary reports, plentifully interlarded as they were with "laughter" and "loud laughter." I fancy the cool-headed reader would often marvel at the hilarity. But, in justice to Sir Robert, it should be explained that his oratorical manner was often far more comical than his witticisms. He had a kind of Boreastical—to coin a word—free from the offence of blustering manner, quite refreshing, coming, as of late it frequently did, after the heavy style of Lord Hartington, or the mild demeanour of Sir Stafford Northcote. Then, Sir Robert looked so terribly in earnest, as, with body leaning forward, cheeks puffed out, and right hand outstretched, he impartially wagged a terrible forefinger at all mankind included within the arc of the circle it traversed in the course of delivering a sentence. Sir Robert managed his voice with dramatic effect, and as he was perfectly callous in the matter of what people were pleased to call their feelings, he generally succeeded in gratifying the full House assembled at the signal of his rising. His mission was rather to amuse or irritate than to instruct or counsel. His speech was illogical, even to the point of inconsequentiality, and if, as not frequently happened, it

chanced that any debater of prominence thought Sir Robert Peel's noisiness was worth notice, the task of demolition was not difficult. Once, in the last days of the old Parliament, Lord Hartington thought the windbag was worth the trouble of pricking, and there swiftly followed the inevitable collapse.

At the corner seat of the bench over which Sir Robert Peel used to fulminate sat Mr. Forsyth, member for Marylebone. Mr. Forsyth was an hon. member in a meaning beyond that conventionally carried by the phrase. He was a Conservative with a conscience; and as this did not always permit him to vote or speak on behalf of Ministerial measures, he was not so popular on his own side as the Admiral, for example. The departure of that worthy old salt is the removal of a landmark in the political epoch lying between 1874 and 1880. The existence of a legislator like the Admiral was possible only in exceptional circumstances. Just as an orchid can flourish only in a certain advanced temperature, so the possibility of the Admiral as a legislator is conceivable only in such white heat of Toryism as that which secured the majority for Lord Beaconsfield in 1874. It would be going beyond the truth to say that the Admiral was not possessed of a single idea applicable to political life. He had, in fact, two ideas. One was that whatever Her Majesty's Ministers said or did was right; the other was that whatever Her Majesty's Opposition did or said was wrong. The Admiral, who knew better how to handle a brig than an argument, and whose studies in literature were limited to the leading columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, was not quite such an important person as some described in "Coningsby." But no one, whether in fiction or real life, so literally and faithfully performed the special function of "making a House, keeping a House, and cheering Ministers." If this was what Stirlingshire sent the Admiral to Parliament for, it has by its recent decision at the poll rewarded faithful service with cruel ingratitude. It was the Admiral's boast that last session he was never, save once, away from the House of Commons for two hours at a time. The apparent dereliction from duty, he hastens to explain, arose when, by command of Her Majesty, he attended a state concert at Buckingham Palace. At other times, when the House was sitting, on whatever day of the week, at whatever hour of night or morning, whatever might be the subject under discussion, be sure you would find the spare, tall figure, with scanty locks and withered face, anchored at its post astern of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Others might seek rest or recreation outside. Those who remained might find Lethe in slumber, or surcease of interminable speech-making in the distraction of private conversation.

The Admiral had brought from the quarter-deck the wholesome principle that forbade sleep to the watch on deck. The only sign of weakness visible on his part was when Mr. Biggar rose, as he often did. The Admiral apparently could not trust himself with the Member for Cavan in sight and almost in reach. On these occasions he observed the precaution of slewing round into a position that left Mr. Biggar out of his sight, and only the fierce beating to and fro of the copy of the Orders with which he fanned himself, told how deeply he was moved by the metallic voice below the gangway opposite.

From this same bench there has gone, in addition to the Admiral and Mr. Marten, Sir John Hay. Sir John was an admiral of a different type from the gallant old craft on his starboard bow. The Admiral was of the school with which Peregrine Pickle was familiar, or at least he might have stepped out of the pages of Peter Simple or Midshipman Easy. Sir John Hay, on the contrary, had quite a freshwater politeness, a mill-pond calmness of demeanour. If the mind pictured him at all amid the rudeness of a storm or the smoke of battle, it could not realise the oilskin and big boots, or would imagine him on the quarter-deck, with bared head and beatific smile, inviting Monsieur l'Ennemi to "fire first." Sir John was, as he deserved to be, popular on both sides of the House. But he was not a strong man, and for those who remain to do the work of the nation the principal regret in connection with Sir John's name will be that he should have left the House without finding the opportunity, looked for during fourteen years, of explaining the mystery of his perpetual smile.

On the bench behind that dedicated to the two admirals sat another sailor. Unlike the Admiral and Sir John Hay, Lord Charles Beresford had something useful to say on topics connected with his profession. He had a large fund of common sense, and quite a refreshing way of finding expression for it in the simplest and most direct language. That he should have sat on the Conservative benches was a mere accident of family connection. I suppose there were few men in the late House of Commons more thoroughly Liberal than the Conservative member for county Waterford. His views on denominational education and on established churches, set forth with childlike simplicity, more than once sent an electric shock along the Conservative benches, causing Mr. Holt to grow pale with alarm, and Lord Francis Hervey to lean for support on the sturdy frame of Mr. Beresford Hope. Lord Charles was *l'enfant terrible* of good Conservatives, and they were always grateful if the

discursiveness which was a pleasant characteristic in his cheery, gun-room style of oratory, did not lead him, in the course of a few remarks on naval architecture, incidentally to dispose of the question of predestination or of the order of bishops.

Another artless British sailor, of another type, is lost to the new House of Commons in Captain Bedford Pim. The member for Gravesend was too amphibious in his avocations to profit by the favour which, in common with all assemblies of Englishmen, the House of Commons is prepared to extend to sailors. He was doubtless a good sailor, and certainly had seen service. But from the outset the House persisted in regarding him with the unreasoning dislike that the general public have for a marine—one who is neither a soldier nor a sailor, and who may be described as a landsman who follows the sea. Why this should be I do not profess to know, and will not attempt to explain. I merely record the impressions of the House of Commons, and they, in their subtilty, are frequently indefinable.

We get the smell of the open sea again when, coming down to the Treasury bench, we find seated at the corner, with leg resting on stick, a robust, cheerful old gentleman, with a visage like the rising sun. This is Sir James Elphinstone, a Lord of the Treasury, authorised to draw a salary of £1,000 per annum, payable quarterly. Prior to 1874 Sir James Elphinstone, then in opposition, was wont to join Mr. Bentinck in an interminable chorus bewailing the condition of the Queen's Navy under a Liberal Government, and more particularly the decadence of the dockyards. No one ever dreamed that when the opportunity came Sir James would become one of Her Majesty's Ministers. But if the idea had presented itself it would naturally have been supposed that the Admiralty would have been benefited by his practical experience, and his views as to the undesirability of building Queen's ships in private dockyards. Sir James, however, after the fashion that suggested that some of the minor appointments in the late Ministry were arrived at by the simple process of drawing tickets from a hat, was made a Lord of the Treasury. The appointment had a remarkable effect upon the recipient. It seemed to strike him dumb with astonishment, and through all these years the tireless critic of Liberal administration has sat silent on the Treasury Bench, embracing all mankind, whether Liberals or Tories, private ship-builders or naval constructors, in one broad beaming smile.

The ministerial benches have been grievously emptied by the issue of the general election. Perhaps none has lost more than that imme-

diately behind the Treasury bench, presumably filled with the most faithful supporters of the Ministry. I have already enumerated as gone Sir John Hay, Mr. Marten, and the Admiral. To these must be added Mr. Bulwer, Mr. J. S. Hardy, and not least distinguished, Mr. Wheelhouse. Mr. Bulwer was a well-meaning gentleman of somewhat funereal mien, a habit of visage probably attributable to the fact that he is editor of the Common Law Series of the Law Reports, and must necessarily read them through. Mr. Hardy is the eldest son of Lord Cranbrook, long known in the House of Commons as Mr. Gathorne Hardy. The younger man whom Rye has refused to re-elect is so like his father in voice and manner of speech, that if the listener closed his eyes he might think that we had once more amongst us the whilom Secretary of War. There is the same rush of words, the same heat of manner, the same breathlessness, and, eventually, the same huskiness of voice to make a premature end of an oration which has touched the more sensitive chords of Tory country gentlemen.

Towering far above all these by reason of heights of bathos, and outreaching them in depths of meaninglessness, was Mr. Wheelhouse. In some respects Mr. Wheelhouse was the most remarkable speaker the House of Commons contained. I can call to mind at the moment only one public orator with whom the late member for Leeds was comparable. This is a gentleman who, some ten years ago, acquired fame and fortune by delivering a negro stump oration. He was accustomed to embark upon a multitudinous sea of words, having no other connecting link than the tone of his voice in uttering them. With unflinching glibness and a regulated emphasis that seemed to imply meaning, this gentleman would proceed for a quarter of an hour, rolling out familiar words and high-sounding phrases, altogether guiltless of sense or coherence. Mr. Wheelhouse of course stopped short of this exaggerated type. But in some of his inspired moments, when the Speaker's gallery has been crowded with gentlemen of rubicund countenances and generous girth, and there have been wafted through the House unaccustomed fumes, Mr. Wheelhouse has come perilously near "Mr. Johnson." His thoughts, such as they are, do not come quickly, and in order to cover this weakness he audaciously hit upon the expedient of filling up what would otherwise be awkward pauses by the introduction of well-sounding phrases, whose familiarity blinds the careless listener to the fact that, in connection with what has gone before or what shall follow after, they have no meaning whatever. Mr. Wheelhouse was comparatively safe from detection from the fact that, when he spoke, the

House was invariably empty. But I have frequently closely followed him through a sentence of almost interminable length, which absolutely and literally had no possible or constructive meaning. The simple fact was, that Mr. Wheelhouse had lost the thread of his discourse, and was pouring forth a miscellaneous collection of highly respectable words, whilst he covertly sought to pick it up again. His method was precisely that which the negro orator followed with such success. It was to start off from some truism and then to go on piling parenthesis upon parenthesis, till the bewildered listener gave up the race, the more readily as he felt it was in good hands, and that, whatever Mr. Wheelhouse might mean, it must be something highly moral, and calculated to advance the welfare of society and the best interests of the Empire.

The Navy has lost much more than the Army. Yet, amongst those gone we count General Shute, a gallant officer and, as generals go in Parliament, a man of some aptitude for debate. His oratorical order was, if I may say so, rather of the heavy cavalry style. But he was a thoroughly conscientious man, who recognised the fact that the House of Commons has its duties as well as its smoke-room. From the front bench below the gangway the Secretary of State for War will miss Colonel Arbuthnot—a somewhat peppery gentleman, who frequently illustrated that great sustaining principle of the British Army which forbids it to recognise defeat. I forget at the moment the Colonel's particular grievance, though I have heard it stated often enough. He had a characteristic oratorical manner, somewhat disturbing to the nerves of a peaceful man like Mr. Macdonald, who happened to sit directly opposite. When attacking the administration, or anyone else, the Colonel unconsciously fell into an attitude of fence, with body firmly poised on his left leg, his right foot extended, and his right hand thrust forward, thumb uppermost. In this position he made fierce passes at an imaginary foe, and, as he mechanically fixed his glittering eye upon the man in a direct line opposite, Mr. Macdonald has spent some uncomfortable moments. After his manner, the member for Stafford attempted to hide his embarrassment behind loud cries of "'ear! 'ear!" But the more he cried the more fixed became the Colonel's regard, and the more excited his passes with supple wrist.

A less warlike Colonel, he who represented Southwark, sat two benches behind. For some time prior to his resignation Colonel Beresford's attendance at the House had been rare. He did not often speak, except at periodical occasions, when he had been wound up by a man with a patent, the malversation of which was bringing

untold revenues to somebody else. Then Colonel Beresford showed that he had a soul above party, and that in the name of Truth and Justice he could smite even Mr. W. H. Smith.

It was from a back bench on the opposite side of the House that the greatest warrior of all was wont to swing his battle-axe. Physically and socially the absence of Major O'Gorman will leave a large vacant space in the new Parliament. In an assemblage of 650 gentlemen of all ranks, all classes, all ages, and, being representatives, presumably of a certain measure of individuality, there is certain to be found a rich field of character. But it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find any to equal the Major. With some people the hill of Parliamentary fame is steep climbing. Men who would make a name for themselves in the heat of political warfare must scorn delights and live laborious days. The Major leaped into fame at a single bound. His first speech enchained the House of Commons, and he never lost the ascendancy then acquired. However wearied the House might be, however late the hour, however serious the topic, the Major was always received with a shout of welcome, the more universal as it was known that he would not unduly trespass on public time. From the first, he mastered with the instinct of genius the secret of one of the principal means of Parliamentary success. His speeches varied in eloquence, poetry, or humour; but they were uniformly short. He has been known to make a speech comprised within a couple of sentences—a gem of oratory, little more than five words long, fit to sparkle through ages on the forefinger of Time. His average length was ten minutes. But then, what store of imagery, what reaches of eloquence, what wealth of withering scorn, and what measure of absolute incomprehensibility he compressed within that space! The Major has been at college, and would have the Saxon know that he can upon occasion (and sometimes without) trot out a classical quotation with any one of them. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, he was the only member of the late Parliament accustomed to quote Horace. He trolled forth the hexameters in a voice of thunder, the elegance of the Latin receiving a fresh grace from a slight touch of brogue. The accustomed observer knew to a nicety when the Major was approaching a treasured and carefully copied out quotation. He pulled himself together as if he were about to take confidently, but not without precaution, a difficult hedge. Steadying himself for a moment till he had got all the bearings, he broke into a gallop, and was over with a rush, the thunder of his voice being lost in the roar of hilarious applause that hailed the accomplishment of

the feat. The Major is gone, and the House will know no more his fearsome voice, his colossal figure, his Latin of Dublin-*atte-Liffey*, and the mellifluous muddle of his incomparable mind. As he says in his valedictory address, the electors of Waterford 'have cast into oblivion the un lumbering services of six long years.'

Whilst the general election has deprived us of an illustrious warrior, it has also removed from Westminster the greatest constitutional lawyer of this or any age. Sir George Bowyer has happily droned his last drone in an empty House of Commons, and the British constitution must needs get on as it may in his absence. It would not be difficult for anyone with a turn for figures to show that, since Sir George Bowyer is no longer a member, this Parliament ought, *ceteris paribus*, to rise several days earlier each session, having accomplished as much, or even more, practical work. Perhaps no man who spoke at such length, who displayed such erudition, and who was evidently so deeply impressed with the value of his contribution to debate, received so little attention as Sir George Bowyer. A parallel case in more respects than one was found on the opposite side of the House. Like Sir George Bowyer, Lord Robert Montagu represented an Irish constituency. Like him, he had changed sides; like him, he was deeply versed in the erudition of State policy; like him, he made long speeches; and, like him and elder Wisdom, he cried aloud in the streets and there were none to hear.

Sir George Bowyer had in popular esteem this advantage over Lord Robert Montagu, that he spoke in a low tone of voice, whereas Lord Robert, lashing himself into fury at the fearful shape he had conjured up of Russia stalking hungrily and murderously over the Continent, shouted at the top of an ill-regulated voice. Lord Robert sat on the bench immediately behind the leader of the Opposition, and it was curious to note how rapidly he cleared it when he began to shout. Mr. Samuda would note with peculiar satisfaction the retirement of Lord Robert Montagu if his point of interest were not changed by the fact that he himself has fallen out of the ranks. To Mr. Samuda the third seat behind the front opposition bench was one admirably adapted for purposes of sleep. He was accustomed with great regularity to return thither after dinner, and sleep the sleep of innocence and prosperous shipbuilding. It happened more than once that Lord Robert Montagu broke in upon his slumbers with strident denunciation of the Czar. Now, Mr. Samuda did not like the Czar; but at particular seasons all prejudice and passion were merged in the desire to go to sleep.

Our council on Foreign Affairs loses another distinguished member

in Mr. Baillie Cochrane, though the country is glad to know that in this case what the Commons lose the Lords will gain. Mr. Baillie Cochrane brought to bear upon Foreign Affairs a profound and subtle knowledge which often went beyond the capacity of his hearers. He had a gentle, not to say, feeble way of dealing with great nations and Imperial policies that somehow failed to catch attention, and there was a general inclination to take for granted what he might be saying. He will be much more at home in the House of Lords.

Incomparably the best of Conservative Irish members has been removed in the person of Mr. Kavanagh. Handicapped by disadvantages that would have daunted ordinary men and made them shrink from public life, Mr. Kavanagh boldly grappled with circumstance. He did not often speak, and made no pretensions to oratory. But his essays on the few topics he handled showed a perfect mastery of the subject. From the other side of the House is gone an Irish member who was accustomed to deal with many of the questions familiar to Mr. Kavanagh, and who, not less than he, was accustomed to master a subject before presuming to instruct others thereon. In Mr. John George McCarthy the House has lost a man of gentle manners and cultured intellect, and the Home Rule party have one honest man the less in their ranks. The same party sustain a further loss in the person of Lord Francis Conyngham, a man of great simplicity of character, kindly hearted, earnest, and truly patriotic. He was not a speech-maker; but when the Home Rule party was first formed under the leadership of Mr. Butt, he threw himself heartily into the movement and accepted office as one of the Whips.

Mr. Charley—we had not learned to call him 'Sir William in the House, cut off' as he was by early doom—has shown himself a much wiser man than he was at one time considered. In his early Parliamentary days he was painfully irrepressible. But of late years he had toned down considerably; and since honours have been thrust upon him he has assumed a retiring and judicial manner, worthy of his high position among the conscript fathers. We know why Sir Sydney Waterlow, another City knight, should not appear in the new Parliament. But it remains a matter of marvel why Sir Frederick Perkins should insist upon withdrawing into private life. Elected for Southampton at the head of the poll in 1874, even over such a man as Mr. Russell Gurney, Sir Frederick seemed sure of re-election, a certainty assured by his constant, if unobtrusive, attention to the interests of his constituency.

In an interesting document cited at a trial which took place

in 1874, Mr. Saul Isaac's political principles were brought into strong light. "I am of opinion the Conservatives want to play fast and loose," Mr. Isaac wrote to his electioneering agent; "this I do not intend to stand, and shall no doubt act on my own hook, independent of parties." This fair promise of a distinguished Parliamentary career has scarcely been realised. Mr. Isaac, when he had taken the oaths, took his seat among the rank and file of the Conservatives, and has there obscurely sat during six sessions. Nottingham has not shown permanent gratitude for those "exertions with economy in the distribution of cheap coals to the deserving poor," which Mr. Isaac instructed his agent to take in view of the election of 1874, and in the new Parliament the lambs will have a new shepherd.

From the same side of the House are gone Mr. Hamond, a square peg of Toryism in the round hole of Radicalism which flourishes on the Tyne; Mr. Beckett Denison, pompous and ponderous; Mr. Sampson Lloyd, pink of respectability; Captain Dawson Damer, long ago compulsorily retired; Mr. Arthur Mills, sober as a cathedral city; Mr. Agg-Gardner, a credit to his tailor, a joy to his hairdresser, but not of any apparent use to Cheltenham; Mr. C. S. Read, politically demoralised by the wiles of the Premier; Sir William Fraser, an authority on sanitation and the sacredness of the rank of Baronet; and Sir George Elliott, plump, pleasant, and popular, full of sound sense, keen insight, and wide experience—a living contradiction of his political faith.

Of Conservative members who have fallen out of the ranks there remains only to be noticed Lord Barrington, henceforward to be known as Baron Shute. No one will grudge his Lordship this last mark of royal favour. It has been earned by assiduous and faithful service in a somewhat singular field. Clive was made a peer because he won India. Arthur Wellesley was admitted to the Upper House because he had saved Europe. Lord Barrington has been made a peer because he has faithfully performed the duty of Parliamentary reporter to Her Majesty. According to constitutional usage, established before there was a Press Gallery in the House of Commons, it was the duty of the Prime Minister of the day to communicate to his Sovereign a summary of the debates in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, following the example of Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, did this with his own hand, finding time, amid the exacting business of the nation, to write out for the Queen a *précis* of the more important speeches on either side of the House—all of which the Queen might with greater convenience read in the newspapers the following morning. Mr. Disraeli did this when leader of the

House prior to 1874; but at that epoch he began to find it convenient to perform this important duty by deputy. Lord Barrington undertook the work, and showed such aptitude in it that he was confirmed in the office; and night after night, during debates on the Eastern Question, his lordship might have been seen, with paper awkwardly spread out upon his knee, painfully writing a summary of the debate, presently to be telegraphed to Her Majesty. Now he has been made a peer of the realm, and a branch of journalism not overweighted with recognition has vicariously received a distinguished honour.

Dr. Kenealy had long since sunk into such wholesome depths of obscurity, that his disappearance from Parliament might be passed over without notice, but for the melancholy circumstances of his death. He blazed with a lurid light when Stoke lifted itself into bad eminence by giving him the right to sit in the House of Commons. But in proportion to the magnitude of his opportunity was the swiftness of the discovery of his actual littleness, and the completeness of his fall. The House of Commons unanimously made up its mind about Dr. Kenealy when, having provided him with a splendid opportunity, it listened to him for the space of an hour. It then found out that there was nothing in him—wind and nothing more. It thereafter, with a contempt the more crushing because of its unostentatious spontaneity, severely let him alone. This was the treatment of all others the most successful. Dr. Kenealy collapsed under it; and except on the increasingly rare occasions when he timidly entered from behind the Speaker's chair and seated himself almost under the shadow of the gallery, his very existence had been forgotten.

Mr. Edward Jenkins died hard. Absent from the House during the earlier weeks of the session, he returned when the Dissolution was announced, and gallantly struggled to make up for lost time. He was perpetually on his legs, badgering the peaceful Chancellor of the Exchequer in a way that created a revulsion of feeling in favour of that patient and courteous gentleman. But the infliction was borne uncomplainingly, and even with some feeling of exultation. It was felt that the Member for Dundee was making his last appearance on the Parliamentary stage, and hon. members, wisely hiding present suffering, closed their eyes and gloated over the prospect, almost within reach, of a House of Commons to which entrance might be forbidden to Mr. Jenkins. Others, more generously disposed, thought sadly of the wasted opportunities of a man not without talent, but overweighted with conceit of self, and unendowed with any portion of the essential element to success in life which is known as tact.

From the back seat in the section of benches presumably occupied by members most loyal to ex-ministers has gone forth Mr. Yeaman, the other and scarcely less remarkable member for Dundee. Personal appearance is proverbially deceptive, and it is of small account that no one looking at Mr. Yeaman would imagine him capable of those profound thoughts on foreign policy which have led to his expulsion from Parliament. He said little, but voted the more; and oddly enough, in this heavy-looking, matter-of-fact, uncultured man the flashy policy of Lord Beaconsfield found a faithful supporter. Gone from these benches also is Mr. Cave—Single-Speech Cave he might be called, for only once did he vary meditative and watchful silence by lengthened speech. It befel on an occasion when Mr. Parnell was exceptionally unendurable, and, encouraged by the weakness of Ministers, had wantonly wasted the greater part of a sitting. Mr. Cave, who, after his manner, had sat attentive to events, presently astonished everyone, and temporarily silenced Mr. Parnell, by suddenly springing up, and in well-chosen and pointed language denouncing the outrage on Parliamentary patience. Gone too is Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, whose placid existence was in memorable manner ruffled two sessions ago by the news of his own death. Gone is Mr. Rathbone, a superior sort of vestryman. Gone is rough, ready, and capable Mr. Leeman, who could and he would write a book that would be a priceless contribution to the social and commercial history of the north of England during the last half-century. Gone is Mr. Shiel, too fragile a flower to live amid the new turbulence of Irish politics. Gone is Sir Thomas Bazley, possession of whose corner seat has long stirred the placid bosom of Mr. Monk with a noble ambition. And gone is Sir John Lubbock, meekest of bee-masters and most gentle of bankers.

Here are some half-hundred vacant places which will presently be claimed by new men. There are many fallen out of the ranks of whom the House will think kindly and regretfully. Recalling some, we can await with confidence the development of individuality on the part of their successors, having the sweet certainty that, in respect of those qualities which exalt the character of public life, add dignity to debate, and lift politics to the level of statesmanship, the change cannot well be for the worse.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

SHIRLEY.

IN the writings of James Shirley we have the last fruit from the great Elizabethan tree of dramatic literature. Or, to change the figure and adopt the language of an old writer, Shirley may be described as "the last of those fair clouds that on the bosom of bright honour sailed in long procession, calm and beautiful." He enjoys two distinctions with Shakespeare himself. He has written a couplet which is as frequently quoted, with equal unconsciousness of the authorship, as anything to be found in the wise and philosophic utterances of the mighty master of human emotion; and, with the exception of the world's sovereign poet, he has left behind him a greater number of five-act plays than any other writer of his own illustrious age. Of this latter distinction posterity, perhaps, may be somewhat justly impatient; yet an age which has witnessed so rank a development in another branch of literature as the present—viz. the literature of fiction—may surely afford to revert to the honest and graceful numbers of one whom Hazlitt affectionately addresses as "Old Shirley." He and his brother dramatists were faithful delineators of the life and manners of the age, never mincing their phrases, never keeping back part of the truth, and they were at least devoid of the unworthy vices of affectation and insincerity so characteristic of a later epoch.

It is singular how little is known personally of one whom Wood claimed as "the most noted dramatic poet of his time." His reputation went to sleep for upwards of one hundred years after his death. Shirley's biography—like that of many of the Elizabethan dramatists—might be written in one sentence. Alas, that one sentence should be, indeed, terse enough to describe it! He was born, passed a life marked by strange vicissitudes, and died a miserable and unfortunate death. We are informed that he was descended from the Shirleys of Sussex or Warwickshire, information at once vague and disappointing. As even the county of his progenitors cannot be named with certainty, and we know little or nothing of his family, we are saved the time-honoured assurance that "his ancestors came over with the Conqueror." The First William not only reduced England to subjection—

for that we are philosophical enough at this day to forgive him—but brought over a great number of persons who, with their reputed descendants, might very well have been spared. Passing from this digression, the curious in such matters may, with what appetite and courage they can command, investigate this question of the Shirley pedigree in Berry's learned records of Sussex, and Dugdale's equally learned and veracious records of Warwickshire. There is dubiety, also, as to the date of Shirley's birth. It occurred either on the 13th or 18th of September 1596, in or near the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, London, "where the Stocks-market now is." At the age of twelve the future dramatist was admitted into Merchant Taylors' School. Dyce remarks that the honourable situation of his name in the probation-tables of the entry-book belonging to the school is a proof that, even during boyhood, his superior abilities were displayed. Four years after his entrance, that is in 1612, Shirley was the eighth boy, or last monitor, from which it is concluded that he left the school on the 11th of June following, the annual day of departure for the upper boys. He then proceeded to Oxford, being a scholar of St. John's College, but information respecting his residence here is most meagre. He is not mentioned in any of the public records of the university, nor is it known in what degree or capacity he was entered at his college. We learn, nevertheless, that Laud, who was president of St. John's, "had a very great affection for him, especially for the pregnant parts that were visible in him; but then, having a broad or large mole upon his left cheek, which some esteemed a deformity, that worthy doctor would often tell him that he was an unfit person to take the sacred function upon him, and should never have his consent to do so." Concerning this extraordinary disqualification, another account says that "Laud observed very justly that an audience can scarce help conceiving a prejudice against a man whose appearance shocks them, and were he to preach with the tongue of an angel that prejudice could never be surmounted, . . . as one's fortune in some measure depends upon exterior comeliness." Laud appears to have forgotten that the greatest of all advocates of Christianity, St. Paul himself, was a person ill-favoured, and that this physical uncomeliness militated in no wise against his success. In the portrait of Shirley preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and engraved in Gifford and Dyce's edition of the poet's works published in 1833, this untoward and unlucky mole does not appear. On the contrary, we are presented with a well-favoured countenance—perhaps, however, so posed as to avoid giving prominence to Shirley's physical defect—in which there shines both humour and vivacity.

Unlike Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Fletcher, however, the lower part of his face is very heavy compared with the upper, and the whole aspect of the countenance conveys the impression of a good liver and jovial man of the world, rather than of a man keenly intellectual, or one whose brain was alive with thick-teeming poetic fancies. But, unfortunately for Shirley, the mole was there, and it is conjectured that he left Oxford in consequence of Laud's unreasonable objections, and without taking his degree. One speculates as to what Cromwell would have said had he been taunted with a similar disfigurement—a disfigurement which he enjoined the courtly painter to whom he sat carefully to reproduce, as without it he was no longer Cromwell.

Whether it was owing to Laud's unreasonable prejudices, or because he found no congenial life at Oxford, does not appear, but Shirley migrated from that ancient seat of learning and went to Cambridge, being entered at Catherine Hall. Here he stayed some years, although there is again no record of his career. He became Bachelor of Arts, and must subsequently have graduated for his Master's degree, as he afterwards held Church preferment. On leaving Cambridge he was appointed to a living in or near St. Alban's, Hertfordshire. While here he contracted religious scruples—an odd form of intellectual disease for one of the old dramatists—and, becoming converted to the doctrines of the Church of Rome, threw up his benefice. There was a fine touch of conscientiousness in Shirley: he changed his religion from no interested motives; indeed, it would have been to his worldly interests to have stifled his convictions; so that, however we may regard the faith which he adopted, we must at least do him the justice to admit that he firmly adhered to it through dark and evil days. We next find him pursuing the arduous occupation of tuition in the Grammar School of St. Alban's—a profession totally unsuited to one who possessed a lively imagination and delighted in cheerful converse. Consequently, he was not long ere he exchanged this new occupation for that of a playwright, having doubtless heard much of the dramatic luminaries then flourishing in the metropolis and about the Court. There must have been a strong and irresistible leaning at this period, for any man who felt the stirring of the poetic spirit within him, towards a career in London, the centre of wit, wealth, and prosperity. At any rate, Shirley, finding the drudgery of tuition uneasy to him, "retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and set up for a playmaker." Yet, although he threw himself into the dramatist's life, there are indications that in the outset he did not always contemplate pursuing

the literary art as a profession. He intended to supplement his exertions on behalf of his family by some other occupation ; but, in all probability, Shirley found the influence of his new circumstances and surroundings too much for him, for he was shortly afterwards following the dramatic career with a zest unsurpassed by Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher themselves. Moreover, he must speedily have acquired considerable fame in it, for, according to his biographer, he not only gained a good livelihood thereby (deriving an emolument amply sufficient to satisfy his wishes), "but also very great respect and encouragement from persons of quality, especially from Henrietta Maria, the queen consort, who made him her servant." The fact is not mentioned, but the supposition is more than credible that Shirley's religion had much to do with the favour he speedily acquired in the eyes of Charles's papistical queen. It is one thing, nevertheless, to gain the favour of the great, and quite another to keep it. This our author discovered to his cost, for we find him, on his own confession, lamenting his inability to improve the opportunities which such powerful patronage afforded. "I never affected the ways of flattery," he says in one of his dedications ; "some say I have lost my preferment by not practising that Court sin." We are inclined to respect Shirley the more for his manly and sturdy independence when we remember the fulsome adulation of patrons on the part of even some of the finest poets of the age, and the fact that this adulation was the only "Open Sesame" to literary fame. The details of Shirley's life in London are very meagre ; beyond a record of his plays, and the statement that he was twice married, and was the father of several children, there is scarcely anything known of him—nothing of his mingling with the great wits and writers of that glorious age. Pepys tells of going to see one of Shirley's plays, "Love's Tricke," but he unkindly adds,—"a silly play, only Miss Davis, dancing in a shepherd's clothes, did please us mightily." As the garrulous Pepys took his tone from the prevailing sentiment around him, it is most likely that even in 1677 the play above-named and many others by that dramatist were not held in high regard. There were some passages, however, even in Shirley's earliest writings, of which none of his compeers need have been ashamed ; and these were destined at a later date to be brought forward into the light of a just and too-long-delayed popularity. One such admirable passage was unearthed by Dr. Farmer, the Shakespearean critic, in an essay published in 1766. It will be found in the comedy of "The Brothers," and is as follows :—

"Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but, overweigh'd

With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
 Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
 As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament ;
 After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
 A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
 As if they had gained a victory through grief,
 And with it many beams twisted themselves,
 Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
 To and again from heaven."

This thought is not expressed with the directness and simplicity which Shakespeare would have exhibited in its manipulation, but it is in itself exquisite and highly poetic. Shirley got into trouble with his comedy of "The Ball," owing to a fault which has since crept into other forms of literature, viz. its strong personality. The play was the joint production of Chapman and Shirley, and the opinions of commentators differ greatly as to the relative share each author bore in its composition ; but it is not denied that Shirley's share was a substantial one. However, the Court Censor of the period, moved no doubt by the representations of those whose characters and persons were so palpably reproduced on the stage, made the following official note :—" 18 Nov. 1632. In the play of 'The Ball,' written by Sherley, and acted by the Queen's players, ther were divers personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the Court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play; but that Bilston promiste many things which I found faulte with should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht ; and the first that offends in this kind, of poets or players, shall be sure of publique punishment." It has already been seen that Shirley was no flatterer of the great, and but for the intervention of the authorities he was prepared to become their satirist.

That most high and mighty monarch, King James I., of learned and Quixotic memory, had periodical fits of what he was pleased to call deep religious feeling. It may be surmised that it was in one of these fits he instigated an Act to be passed inflicting a penalty of ten pounds on any individual who should wantonly use "the holy name of God, Christ, Jesus, or the Trinity," in any stage-play, interlude, &c. This idea might be happily improved upon by some bewildered Chancellor of the Exchequer for overtaking his deficits and refilling an exhausted national treasury. We are prepared to hear—not without a smile—that the statute was not sufficient to banish profaneness from the theatre in Shirley's time. The profuse swearing in conversation passed on to the stage, and the

number and variety of the oaths introduced into a play of Ben Jonson's so scandalised the authorities that the actors were summoned before the High Commission Court, and severely censured; whereupon the truculent players adopted a course which has been pursued in human affairs from time immemorial—they endeavoured to fix the blame upon others, laying it first on the poet and next on the Master of the Revels, but afterwards confessing that the offensive passages were interpolated by themselves. Now, at the "Mermaid," over his sack, "rare old Ben" could probably indulge in a good round oath as well as anyone, but he was scarcely likely to incur many penalties of ten pounds each by vicarious stage swearing. It is amusing to note this effort after purity upon the stage, when the habit of profane swearing was very prevalent amongst all classes, and especially the upper. King James himself could have rivalled any Billingsgate fish-wife in this respect, while her august Majesty Queen Elizabeth was addicted to the use of a very coarse and irreverent oath. That the practice of swearing upon the stage threatened to become a nuisance, as well as a great difficulty to the licenser of plays, is proved from the following eulogy passed upon Shirley by Sir Henry Herbert:—"The comedy called 'The Young Admiral,' being free from oaths, profaneness, or obscenity, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the readinge, and may serve for a patterne to other poetts, not only for the bettering of manners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late. When Mr. Sherley hath read this approbation, I know it will encourage him to pursue the beneficial and cleanly way of poetry, and when other poetts heare and see his good success, I am confident they will imitate the original, for their own credit, and make such copies in this harmless way as shall speak them masters in their art at the first sight, to all judicious spectators. It may be acted this 3 July 1633. I have entered this allowance for direction to my successor, and for example to all poetts that shall write after the date hereof." This clean bill of health from so influential a quarter should have been most valuable to Shirley, but it does not appear that he profited much by it. The royal licenser seems to have been peculiarly sensitive on this question of profane language, and was deeply exercised in spirit. "Our most gracious and religious Majesty" himself did not dub certain words, such as *faith*, *death*, *slight*, as oaths; yet his conscientious lieutenant felt compelled to question his master's judgment; amongst the directions to his successor he declared that, under favour, he conceived the aforesaid words to be oaths. One of Shirley's best known plays, "The Gamester," drew an unusual meed of praise from the

pragmatic James. The King would appear to have had something to do with the suggestion of the plot, and this may have partially biased his judgment; for, in his opinion, there were few men so learned, or so full of genius as an egg is full of meat, as King James. He, at any rate, vowed that "The Gamester" was the best play he had seen for seven years. The drama had unquestionably the seeds of vitality in it, and in producing a version of it in 1758 Garrick was perfectly justified in passing a high eulogium upon its author in his prologue.

Before coming to certain critical observations we have to offer upon Shirley's plays, there are several other matters which must be noticed in chronological order. Every reader of English history—or at least those readers familiar with the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and the First Charles—must be aware of the enormous expenditure incurred upon pageants. These displays, which would be impatiently tolerated at the present day, possibly did not a little in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to keep up the popular idea of the dignity that doth hedge a king. The Marquis of Salisbury gave an entertainment at Hatfield which, while it mollified and flattered King James as the vicegerent of a great and impalpable Power unrecognised by Acts of Parliament, did much towards strengthening the stake of Lord Salisbury in the country, although it impoverished him in an almost unparalleled degree. But Shirley had an honour which could fall to few, even the most fortunate of dramatists. He wrote the whole of the literary portion of what has been not unjustly described as "the most magnificent pageant ever, perhaps, exhibited in England," viz. "The Triumph of Peace." Whatever may be said of the literary merits of this production, it certainly demands attention from the very important relation it bears alike to the history of Shirley himself and the history of his time. The spectacle was arranged in connection with the Inns of Court, and we can form no idea of the sensation it would create as a masque produced at Whitehall at an expenditure of twenty thousand pounds, unless we suddenly saw an announcement in the *Times* newspaper that Her Majesty was to be regaled with an entertainment whose writers would be no other than Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, and whose expenditure would amount at least to one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The gallant members of the Four Inns of Court having intimated their intention to present a masque at Whitehall, their Majesties, King Charles I. and his consort, responded to the effect that such a testimony of loyalty would be most agreeable, "and some held it the more seasonable because this action would manifest their difference of opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning,

and serve to confute his 'Histriomastix' against Interludes." But the pageant was not universally viewed in this light. There were those who, contemplating the serious condition of public affairs, looked regretfully upon the display. "Oh, that they would give over these things," wrote a Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Strafford, "or lay them aside for a time, and bend all their endeavours to make the King rich! For it gives me no satisfaction, who am but a looker-on, to see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the Crown poor. God direct them to remedy this quickly." On the committee appointed for carrying out the design were Hyde, Whitelocke, and Selden. The celebrated William Lawes composed some of the airs and songs, and sixteen gentlemen of the Inns of Court were selected to be the grand masquers. Inigo Jones prepared the scenes at the lower end of the Banqueting House; and a gallery behind the State box was reserved for those gentlemen of the Inns of Court who should be present as spectators. On the day fixed, February 3, 1633-4, the masquers assembled at Ely House, Holborn, and towards evening moved in grand procession down Chancery Lane towards Whitehall. The Lord Mayor's annual show forms but a tawdry spectacle when compared with this magnificent display. Shirley has described the dresses and appointments of the masquers, and the pageant seemed all the more brilliant from the light of the torches and the huge flambeaux waved at the side of each chariot. When the procession, which was impeded by the thronging multitudes in the streets, reached the Banqueting House, it was crowded with the nobility and gentry, all glittering in jewels and rich attire. "The King and Queen stood at a window looking straight forward into the street, to see the masque come by; and, being delighted by the noble bravery of it, they sent to the marshal to desire that the whole show might fetch a turn about the Tilt Yard, that their majesties might have a double view of them, which was done accordingly, and then they all alighted at Whitehall Gate, and were conducted to several rooms and places prepared for them." In the dancing which took place the Queen and her ladies joined, and the revelry concluded with a splendid banquet.

In the retinue of Lord Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was one John Ogilby, a most voluminous writer, whose lucubrations roused the satire of Dryden and later writers. Ogilby, being created Master of the Revels in Ireland, built a theatre in Dublin. Exhibitions commenced in this house in 1635, and two years later Shirley, now resident in the Irish capital, was contributing pieces to the theatre. He appears to have early secured the favour of the Lord

Deputy. On returning to England, however, Shirley found his very means of existence threatened by an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for the suppression of stage plays throughout the kingdom, passed in September 1642. The civil war now broke out, and Shirley, like that other sweet singer, Suckling, espoused the cause of the Royalists. He was invited by his patron, the Earl (afterwards Marquis and Duke) of Newcastle, to share the fortunes of war with him. It is stated that Shirley, during his relations with the Duke, did much assist that nobleman "in the composure of certain plays," which were afterwards published. The King having been defeated in the contest with his "faithful" Commons, Shirley retired to London, where he found a valuable and indulgent patron in the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, a scholar who "applied himself to study with the assiduity of the Scaligers." The well-spring of the drama being thoroughly dried up as a source of income, Shirley returned to his old occupation of teaching. In this he was very successful, and not only gained a comfortable subsistence, "but educated many ingenious youths, who afterwards proved most eminent in divers faculties." He also wrote, in 1647, an introduction to a collection of dramas by Beaumont and Fletcher, which had hitherto remained in manuscript. He wrote, moreover, for the same work a set of laudatory verses, in which he demonstrated his lack of political prescience by predicting the speedy return of King Charles to the throne. Two years later his beloved monarch was beheaded. Shirley also published a treatise entitled "*Via ad Latinam Linguam Complanaata*." This rhymed guide to the Latin tongue was a useful if not brilliant publication, and was so successful that it was followed, a few years later, by a work on the Rudiments of Grammar. The restoration of Charles II., which should have done much for Shirley, appears to have had no such happy issue for the dramatist. Some of his plays were acted, while he himself was neglected. He entirely gave up dramatic writing, in accordance with a resolve made in 1659; and, although his plays were much appreciated at the theatres, he continued to seek his bread by tuition. Wood states that he became a drudge for John Ogilby in his translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and some of Virgil's works, into English verse, with the writing of annotations thereon. The manner of the dramatist's melancholy death, which occurred in the year of the Great Fire of London, is thus narrated:—"At length, after Mr. Shirley had lived in various conditions, and had seen much of the world, he, and his second wife, Frances, were driven by the dismal conflagration that happened in London in 1666 from their habitation, near to

Fleet Street, into the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in Middlesex, where, being in a manner overcome with affrightments, disconsolations, and other miseries, occasioned by that fire and their losses, they both died within the compass of a natural day; whereupon their bodies were buried in one grave in the yard belonging to the said church of St. Giles's, on the 29th of Octob. in sixteen hundred sixty and six." Shirley is represented as in his life blameless, of gentle and modest demeanour, and full of sensibility.

Although he has now taken a permanent place amongst English dramatists, it cannot be said that the genius of this writer has received that full recognition which is its due. Mr. Dyce and Mr. Gifford, however, did much to rescue Shirley from an oblivion that was wholly undeserved. Our readers may, perhaps, thank us for again insisting upon his claims after the lapse of almost half a century. Living in the age he did, it would have been a marvel had his compositions not been tinged by the grossness which then characterised both life and literature. Yet there are only two plays which are strongly affected by this prevailing vice, and by the excision of one or two scenes from these, and shorter passages from certain other dramas, Shirley might have preserved himself completely free from the taint. But he differs essentially from the dramatists who revelled in impurity for its own sake. His writings, on the whole, are elevated in tone, and he suffers no doubt to remain upon the reader's mind that he is an ardent upholder of virtue. The dissolute Court of Charles II. could have no charms for him; and bearing in mind that he was a strong advocate of the divine right of kings, and deeply attached to the Stuart dynasty, it says not a little for his strength of mind and purity of conscience that he was able to resist all the temptations which might have resulted in securing him alike fame and fortune. It is not well, even for the purpose of inculcating virtue, to linger lovingly over scenes of vice, and with this literary sin Shirley is distinctly not chargeable.

There is little to be said for his earliest dramas, "Love Tricks" and "The Maid's Revenge," except that they contain strong indications of a poetic genius struggling to find expression and a very considerable knowledge of the world. Touching the latter play the dramatist, at a late period in life, spoke of it as "a poem infirm, through want of age and experience, the mother of strength." In construction there is a rough-and-tumble aspect about it; yet, like all its writer's works, it contains lines and scenes so striking in themselves as to warrant the liveliest anticipations of success in the future. Occasional indecency, nevertheless, of a flagrant type, is a

great blot upon the work. When we come to the comedy of "The Brothers" we are upon more solid ground. This play, though licensed in 1626, was yet among the last of Shirley's dramas put through the press, not having been printed till 1652. It has been alleged against the dramatist that he chiefly fails in character-drawing, but after reading this comedy and other works of our author, we cannot subscribe to a charge which, by constant repetition, has come like many other things to be received as an acknowledged fact. The brothers, Fernando and Francisco, are drawn with no small measure of vigour, and have a distinct and separate individuality—albeit they are given to the delivery of set speeches, which serve only as a vehicle for the author in which to display his power of poetic declamation. We have given one of the beautiful touches in this comedy—the passage so eulogised by Dr. Farmer—and now we pause to cite another. Felisarda, a poor but pure heroine, fears that Fernando is endeavouring to lure her to her ruin, upon which Fernando says :—

" I dare,

With conscience of my pure intent, try what
Rudeness you find upon my life, 'tis chaste
As the desires that breathe upon my language.
I began, Felisarda, to affect thee
By seeing thee at prayers ; thy virtue wing'd
Love's arrow first, and 'twere a sacrilege
To choose thee now for sin, thou hast a power
To make thy place a temple by thy innocence.
I know thy poverty, and came not to
Bribe it against thy chastity ; if thou
Vouchsafe thy fair and honest love, it shall
Adorn my fortunes, which shall stoop to serve it,
In spite of friends or destiny."

There is something noble about this speech ; but the loose virtue of the times, and the indifferent view taken of domestic happiness, may be gathered from a subsequent soliloquy by the son of Don Carlos. "The Brothers" is a comedy intended to test the strength of fraternal affection, and the gods of the piece comport themselves most admirably. Angry fathers have existed from the foundation of the world, and therefore when Don Ramyres, a Spanish hidalgo, disinherits his elder son on behalf of his younger brother, it excites in us no more surprise than when we read the latest details of such a case in the English law-courts. Don Ramyres had taken serious offence at his purposes being crossed by his elder son, whom he had desired to marry Jacinta, but who had fallen a victim, as we have seen, to the beauty of Felisarda. Fernando, finding concealment of

his passion no longer possible, reveals it to his irate father. Thereupon, Fernando is cursed and disinherited for his unwise love-making, and the younger brother Francisco is made his father's heir. A great many complications ensue, and Don Ramyres at one point in the plot feigns death. In the end, however, having tested the piety of his elder son and the virtue of Felisarda, he again appears upon the scene and restores Fernando to his birthright, Francisco marrying Jacinta, and receiving from his father a younger son's portion. The drama is chiefly noticeable for the admirable manner in which it sets forth the strength and tenacity of filial virtue and the power of endurance by woman when inspired by love. Seldom has the love passion been so ardently and poetically defended as in a passage put into the mouth of Francisco when he is told that his affection is but newly-born and must have time to ripen.

The light and airy genius of Wycherley and Farquhar was foreshadowed in "The Witty Fair One," a comedy by Shirley, full of intrigue, too suggestive occasionally in its situations, but charged with a sprightliness far exceeding its author's general style and conception. A comedy like this, fairly prepared for the stage, should be able to hold its own with the matchless productions of Sheridan. As a matter of fact, it does appear to have been more than ordinarily successful upon its original production. The play is full of amusing epigrams. For example, we are told of Sir Nicholas Treedle, a weak and foolish knight, that "he does not much care for heaven, for he's doubtful of any such place; only hell he's sure of, for the devil sticks to his conscience; therefore, he does purpose, when he dies, to turn his sins into almshouses, that prosperity may praise him for his bountiful ordination of hot pottage." The Faculty have for so many centuries furnished food for satire that we are not surprised to find the hero of Shirley's comedy thus advising his friends,—“Do not trust thy body with a physician: he'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a seven-night after.” Yet, amusing as the play is, there are occasionally glimpses of a finer and higher quality. Thus: “Where shame is enforced too much upon the delinquent, it begets rather an audacious defence of the sin than repentance. Soft rain slides to the root and nourishes, where great storms make a noise, wet but the skin of the earth and run away in a channel.” The ingenious turns of plot in this comedy are worthy of any dramatist of the Restoration, but they have this advantage, that astute invention is not employed to bring about an immoral issue, as is so frequently the case with the later writers. Of "The Wedding," a comedy which Dyce

pronounces to be one of Shirley's most perfect productions, we have every desire to speak with such diffidence and respect as so high a verdict demands; but in power of writing, it is to our mind manifestly inferior to its predecessors. At the same time, we cheerfully admit that its scenes hang more closely together, and that the idiosyncrasies of character are more strongly defined. It is concerned with a very old subject—the aspersion of female honour, and its vindication after many trials, which are depicted with genuine pathos. The passions of Beauford and the womanliness of Gratiana are sketched with energetic and graphic touches, though in strictly poetical passages the play is not very prolific. It has, however, much humour, though there is more of the burlesque than the actual in the conception of some of the characters. Lodam, a glutton, is one of these characters, “the pattern of whose belly was the barrel of Heidelberg,” a notorious vat holding upwards of two hundred tuns of wine. “The Grateful Servant,” a comedy which drew forth the highest praise from Randolph, Massinger, and others, has for one of its central ideas the recovery of a heartless libertine to the paths of virtue. The conception is as bold as it is improbable. The characters of the piece are all Italian; but, as in the case of many of the dramas of Shirley, he fails to convey the illusion that we are in the midst of Italian life. The major portion of the plot, from which the play derives its name, is concerned with the gratitude of Leonora, Princess of Milan, to Foscari, a noble of Savoy, in return for the service rendered by him of rescuing her from robbers, when escaping from her uncle in the habit of a page, to avoid being compelled to contract a distasteful marriage. There are many touches of unquestionable poetic beauty in the comedy, yet it fails in strong human individualisation.

This charge cannot be laid against “The Traitor,” a tragedy which is generally, and not unjustly, regarded as exhibiting the high-water mark of Shirley's dramatic powers. In the closing scene we see full of horrors; but the piece, as a whole, is a noble and tragic unity. It exhibits that great if sombre power so strongly developed in the tragedies of Shakespeare and Webster. It cannot, of course, be placed in comparison with “Othello,” a perfectly unique composition in tragic literature, nor yet with “Macbeth;” yet if Shirley had written nothing but this it is possible that, like Marlowe, he might have been talked of as a *lusus naturæ* in literature. Its chief fault is the lack of repose: the great artist never rants, and Shirley not only occasionally rants here, but is essentially commonplace in several scenes where his *dramatis personæ* are supposed to be drawn up to the highest pitch of tension. The piece is concerned with the

conspiracy of Lorenzo de Medici (not the "Magnificent") against his relative, the reigning Duke Alexander. In one essential detail the dramatist differs from the historians of this epoch, and makes the object of the Duke's amorous passion, Amidea, a lady of absolute virtue, and the sister of one Sciarrha, a powerful Florentine, most scrupulous of his own and his sister's honour. Shirley also causes Lorenzo, the traitor, to be killed by Sciarrha soon after the former has consummated his double crime of treason and murder, whereas the real conspirator effected his escape, and did not meet with his just doom until many years afterwards. Lorenzo is one of the few characters in *Shirley* drawn with a master hand. He has the subtlety of Iago, and, combined with that, a power of reading human nature with so keen and accurate a vision that he is able either to play upon its fears or cajole it by flattery. He adapts the weapons with which he intrigues to the characters of those whom it is necessary to press into his service. While he pretends to assist the Duke in accomplishing the ruin of Amidea, he works her brother into a frenzy of passion by expressing the utmost abhorrence of the intended crime, and by assuring him that his (Sciarrha's) assistance will be claimed in the designs against his own sister. Lorenzo, moreover, informs Sciarrha that he is anxious to remove the Duke from the throne in order to restore true liberty to the commonwealth. Animated by these conflicting ideas, Sciarrha invites the Duke to his house—the latter being under the impression that Amidea is to be surrendered to him. The maiden implores her brother not to be guilty of murder, and engages to defend her own honour with a poniard, which she borrows from her younger brother Florio. When the Duke joins her, and she slightly wounds herself—threatening to do so mortally in order to preserve her good name—the libertine is turned from his purpose, and begs his intended victim's forgiveness. Sciarrha is overjoyed at his sister's victory, and, witnessing the penitence of the prince, reveals to him the plot which had been formed for his murder. The Duke's faith in Lorenzo is still so strong that he cannot believe him guilty, whereupon Sciarrha sends for Lorenzo, and conceals the Duke where he may hear what passes on the traitor's being informed of his alleged death. Then follows a touch worthy of Shakespeare himself. Lorenzo arrives just as the Duke hides himself behind the hangings. The double-dyed traitor, suspecting that the prince is not dead, accepts the statement of his murder, in order to win upon the Duke; professes horror at the deed, and thus turns the tables most effectually upon his co-conspirator:—

- Lorenzo.* Whom talk'd he to? [*Aside.*]
- Sciarrha.* 'Tis done.
- Lor.* What, good Sciarrha?
- Sci.* The Duke is dead.
- Lor.* We are not left so miserable!
Heaven is more kind to Florence.
- Sci.* With this hand
I made a passage for his soul.
- Lor.* Defend,
Omnipotence! What! Murder'd? and by noble
Sciarrha? how my ear abuses me!
- Sci.* Did not we plot it too?
- Lor.* How! *We?* Collect,
I fear you are not well: pray, tell me why
You talk thus! Where's the Duke? He hath a guard,
An army of heaven about him; who in Florence
Dares be so black a devil to attempt
His death?
- Sci.* This is fine cunning; why, that devil is
Lorenzo, if he dare deny it; we are in private,
You need appear no stranger to that's done
By your direction.
- Lor.* I in the practice?
Then let me creep into the earth, and rise
A monster to affright mankind. Sciarrha,
I must abhor thee for it.—Oh, my prince,
My dearest kinsman! May thy hand rot off!
Treason, treason!
- Sci.* Then my sword shall fetch
Another witness in thy heart.
[*As they draw, the Duke comes hastily forth, and interposes.*]
- Duke.* Hold!
- Lor.* Tush, let him come,
My royal lord; nay, let me kill him now;
I've so much joy and peace about me, 'twere
A sin to wish my life beyond this minute.
- Duke.* Put up, I say.
- Sci.* My lord, we are both cozen'd:
That very smile's a traitor.
- Duke.* Come, be calm:
You are too passionate, Sciarrha, and
Mistook Lorenzo.
- Lor.* But, I hold him noble;
I see he made this trial of my faith,
And I forgive him.
- Duke.* You shall be friends; you shall, I say.

Though the quarrel is thus apparently healed, Sciarrha abhors Lorenzo, and in the next act proceeds to the latter's residence, in order to execute vengeance upon him. Here follows another admirable scene between the two, in which the artful address of the villain again

triumphs, and he appears in the hypocritical guise of a penitent before Heaven.

Lorenzo professes repentance, but Sciarrha disbelieves him, and attempts to kill him ; whereupon a body of armed gentlemen, summoned by Lorenzo, enter, and prepare to attack Sciarrha. Lorenzo, who has thus demonstrated that the life of his visitor is in his power, arrests their action, and Sciarrha is constrained to confess there is some nobleness in this. The oily tongue of the traitor finally persuades his embittered enemy that he has sincerely repented of the past. Tragic incidents, however, now begin to accumulate. Amidea's lover Pisano breaks faith with her—a result brought about by Lorenzo—and Sciarrha thereupon slays the faithless lover. Sciarrha is arrested, but Lorenzo promises to intercede for him if he will abandon his sister to the Duke, informing him at the same time that if he refuses, Amidea will be compelled to submission after the execution of her brother. Sciarrha feigns assent to this compact, and, being released from prison, he proceeds to his own house, where he puts his sister to death, to avoid her dishonour. This scene is one of marvellous power throughout, and entirely comparable with similar passages in the great classical tragic writers. Amidea's body is borne into one of the Duke's chambers. The prince enters and approaches the bed ; but his blood curdles in his veins as he learns the nature of the deed which has been enacted. While he is gazing upon the corpse, Lorenzo enters with one of his creatures, and together they murder the Duke, the former dealing the fatal stroke :—

Duke. No tears prevail ! oh, whither must I wander !
Thus Cæsar fell by Brutus. I shall tell
News to the world I go to will not be
Believ'd, Lorenzo kill'd me.

Lor. Will it not ?

I'll presently put in security.

[*Stabs him again.*]

Duke. I am coming, Amidea, I am coming.
For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
My blood shall fly to Heaven, and there, inflam'd,
Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life,
And when by some as bloody hand as thine
Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend
In flaming drops upon thee ; oh, I faint !
Thou flattering world, farewell ! Let princes gather
My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
Their hour of state ; that's all they have ; for when
That's out, Time never turns the glass again.

[*Dies.*]

The traitor rejoices too soon in the probable success of his schemes. He is discovered by Sciarrha, and the two engaging in mortal combat,

both are slain. Notwithstanding the prodigality of bloodshed which this tragedy closes, it is a truly fine effort, leaving a feeling of regret that Shirley should too frequently descend to meaner and wrought-out conceptions. The characters of Sciarrha and Lot as separate and distinct from each other as light from darkness, devised and drawn with realistic skill, and teach the same lesson as those still greater creations—with whom, however, they are altogether incomparable—Othello and Iago—the lesson that the higher and unsuspecting mind is subject to be worked upon by the baser and more astute. In the whole of the writings of Shirley are no two characters who so fully attest his capacity for dealing with the profounder human passions as those which form the centre of the tragedy we have just examined.

We now dismiss very briefly several plays, for the reason that they contain no new or striking development of their author's genius, and no characters or scenes which can be regarded as strongly original. The comedies and the tragedy already passed in review. "Cruelty," for example, a tragedy, has little to commend it, except a few isolated passages of excellent writing, which scarcely condone, nevertheless, for the impurities scattered here and there throughout the play. There is much concerning the attractions of life at Court over which we must not linger, nor yet over the very beautiful lines in praise of a wife—which once more serve to show that Shirley's great and steadfast tendency was the exaltation of virtue.

"Love in a Maze," as its title indicates, is a comedy dealing with the divided affections of a lover. He cannot solve the difficulty which he is beset. He regards with equal delight the charms of two maidens, both of whom, unfortunately, return his passion. In the end he abandons one of them, and her grief is assuaged by the appearance of a second lover. Dryden plagiarised from this comedy, and yet, although he had a great contempt for Shirley (which he attempted to conceal), his manipulation, in "The Maiden Queen," a scene taken from the Elizabethan writer, was neither so happy nor so vivacious as that of the elder dramatist. In Shirley's comedy may be found one of his most amusing characters, Caperwit, a poet who thus describes himself:—"Though I were born a poet, I study to be your servant in prose; yet, if now and then my lines do sparkle, I cannot help it, raptures will out; my motto is *Quis conabor*—the midwife wrapped my head up in a sheet of Sir Isaac Newton; that inspired me; and my nurse descended from Old Chatterbox. My conversation has been among the Furies, and if I meet you, Apollo, a pottle of the best ambrosia in the house shall wait."

you." "The Bird in a Cage," another very lively comedy, now derives its chief title to remembrance from the circumstances of its dedication. Prynne, the Puritan, having made an allusion in his "Histriomastix" to the fact that Queen Henrietta Maria had danced in an interlude at Court, was visited with a cruel and abominable sentence—a sentence at which even many Royalists must have revolted. In view of Prynne's sufferings, it is matter for regret that Shirley should have so lightly referred to the victim of Royal tyranny in his satirical dedication of "The Bird in a Cage" to Prynne himself. "I had an early desire to congratulate your early retirement," says Shirley; "but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions, as 'Health's Sickness,' 'The Unloveliness of Lovelocks,' &c.) how aptly I may present you, at this time, with 'The Bird in a Cage,' a comedy which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament which the stage and action lent it, for it comprehending also another *play or interlude, personated by ladies*, I must refer to your imagination the music, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely in the presentment." This is the only undignified and ungenerous incident recorded in Shirley's life. For his reflections upon the Queen, Prynne was sentenced by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of £5,000, to be expelled the University of Oxford and the Society of Lincoln's Inn, degraded, and disabled from his profession of the law, to stand in the pillory, to lose his ears, his book to be publicly burnt, and himself to remain in prison for life. This catalogue of penalties was sufficiently severe, one would have thought, to have preserved Prynne from the taunts in Shirley's dedication; and the fact that Prynne's tenets were distasteful in the last degree to the dramatist is no justification for his triumph over the ill-used Puritan.

As in the comedies of the Restoration, so in Shirley's comedy of "Hyde Park" we have a picture of the manners of the time, but it does not rise to the merit attained in "The Ball," the joint production of Shirley and Chapman. It seems that this latter comedy had its origin in the fact that there was a party of ladies and gentlemen, in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, who met in private at stated periods for the purpose of amusing themselves with masques, dances, &c. Scandalous reports of improper conduct at these assemblies having got into circulation, the comedy was written to rebuke these practices. The presiding beauty of the entertainments wore as an ornament or mark of authority a golden ball, which gave

both are slain. Notwithstanding the prodigality of bloodshed with which this tragedy closes, it is a truly fine effort, leaving a feeling of regret that Shirley should too frequently descend to meaner and ill-wrought-out conceptions. The characters of Sciarrha and Lorenzo, as separate and distinct from each other as light from darkness, are devised and drawn with realistic skill, and teach the same lesson as those still greater creations—with whom, however, they are not altogether incomparable—Othello and Iago—the lesson that the higher and unsuspecting mind is subject to be worked upon by the baser and more astute. In the whole of the writings of Shirley there are no two characters who so fully attest his capacity for dealing with the profounder human passions as those which form the centre of the tragedy we have just examined.

We now dismiss very briefly several plays, for the reason that they contain no new or striking development of their author's genius—no characters or scenes which can be regarded as strongly original, after the comedies and the tragedy already passed in review. "Love's Cruelty," for example, a tragedy, has little to commend it except isolated passages of excellent writing, which scarcely condone, nevertheless, for the impurities scattered here and there throughout the play. There is much concerning the attractions of life at Court over which we must not linger, nor yet over the very beautiful lines in praise of a wife—which once more serve to show that Shirley's great and steadfast tendency was the exaltation of virtue.

"Love in a Maze," as its title indicates, is a comedy dealing with the divided affections of a lover. He cannot solve the difficulty by which he is beset. He regards with equal delight the charms of two maidens, both of whom, unfortunately, return his passion. In the end he abandons one of them, and her grief is assuaged by the appearance of a second lover. Dryden plagiarised from this comedy; and yet, although he had a great contempt for Shirley (which he never attempted to conceal), his manipulation, in "The Maiden Queen," of a scene taken from the Elizabethan writer, was neither so happy nor so vivacious as that of the elder dramatist. In Shirley's comedy is to be found one of his most amusing characters, Caperwit, a poetaster, who thus describes himself:—"Though I were born a poet, I will study to be your servant in prose; yet, if now and then my brains do sparkle, I cannot help it, raptures will out; my motto is *Quicquid conabor*—the midwife wrapped my head up in a sheet of Sir Philip Sidney; that inspired me; and my nurse descended from Old Chaucer. My conversation has been among the Furies, and if I meet you in Apollo, a pottle of the best ambrosia in the house shall wait upon

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dramatic genius. Some mention, however, should be made of "St. Patrick for Ireland," perhaps Shirley's most extraordinary effort—extraordinary, that is, as a hopeless medley of religion, tradition, and buffoonery. This intermeddling with the supernatural, whether it was the author's intention to produce such an effect or not, is certainly the reverse of impressive to the mind of the reader. Archimagus, the chief priest of the false gods, becoming aware of the advent of St. Patrick, informs King Leogarius that he will be destroyed by the infernal powers. A long conflict ensues between the Saint and Archimagus, during which the former shows himself to be possessed of miraculous powers. The chief priest is in the end discomfited, and sinks into the earth with curses; while the King, convinced by many extraordinary events, accepts St. Patrick. The drama is left incomplete, Shirley contemplating a second part, which was never undertaken. For this he deserves the thanks of posterity, who will be unable to discover any valid reason why he ever undertook the first. One effect of the play is assuredly to bring into contempt the system of belief in the magic power of relics so prevalent in the Romish Church. The comedy of "The Gentleman of Venice" is concerned with the fortunes of Giovanni, supposed son of a gardener, but in reality the son of a duke. He had been changed at his birth. Giovanni is a youth of noble sentiments, and there are many entertaining and elevating passages between him and Bellaura, the Duke's niece. They contract a mutual affection even during Giovanni's mean condition. There is a second plot of almost equal interest. "The Politician" does not, as its name might imply, deal with the common schemer in politics, but with the Court conspirator. He is in this case one Gotharus, who, as Shirley describes him to us, is active to serve his pleasures and ambition. He is a great favourite of the Queen of Norway, who has been advanced to the royal condition through his artifices. The king himself is of an easy and credulous disposition—ready to be deceived by any specious courtier. There are other characters in the piece furnishing the minor lights and shades, but the chief interest centres in Gotharus, who, after a career famed for treacheries and bloody deeds, at length meets with his just doom. "The Imposture," a comedy which the dramatist himself said "may march in the first rank of his compositions," has not won this high favour from the critics, although it is not destitute either of dramatic skill or humour. Shirley's assessment of the value of this comedy, nevertheless, may on the whole be taken as another indication that poets frequently misjudge their own labours. But with regard to the tragedy of

"The Cardinal"—also regarded by the author with special feelings of satisfaction and admiration—there is a general consensus of opinion that it deserves equality with his best work. It would be futile for us to quarrel with this estimate, yet for ourselves we regard "The Traitor" as possessing more of the real dignity and grandeur of true tragedy. The characters in "The Cardinal" act as if oppressed with some chronic fever of the brain, and in the Cardinal and Rosaura we do not find the majestic "passion and the nobility" to be found in Sciarra and Amidea. Mr. Dyce says: "There can be little doubt that while composing this tragedy Shirley kept his eye on Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi:' the former, indeed, contains no scenes or passages which can be pointed out as plagiarisms from the latter, yet the general resemblance between the two dramas could scarcely have been accidental. Though 'The Cardinal' is not characterised by the dark terrors, the profound pathos, and the intense passion of 'The Duchess of Malfi,' it is a very powerful and affecting play, and less offensive to correct taste than its sublimer prototype." The leading motives of Shirley's tragedy are easily indicated. We have the powerful cardinal, and his nephew Columbo, to whom the Duchess Rosaura is obliged to plight her troth—although she is in love with the Count d'Alvarez. Columbo having been despatched to the wars, the Duchess obtains from him by stratagem a letter releasing her from her vows. But now the bloody work of the drama begins. Columbo having been murdered, Alvarez is slain in his turn by Hernando, who has been instigated by the Duchess in her mad desire for vengeance, and to whom she has promised her hand as the reward of his work. We know not why petty ends are so frequently assigned to the heads of the Romish Church in their intrigues, but this tragedy of Shirley might surely have had some more lofty leading *motif* than the determination of the Cardinal to marry his nephew with the Duchess. It dwarfs the tragedy of its grandeur, and seems too small an aim to be the basis of so much ambition, intrigue, and bloodshed. The end of the tragedy, however, is extraordinary and ingenious. The Cardinal, hopelessly defeated in his schemes, and wounded as he believes mortally by Hernando, confesses his crimes before the king and his attendants and professes the utmost contrition for them. Amongst other things he confesses that he had mingled a slow but sure poison with the food last partaken of by the Duchess, and he now offers her some powder dissolved in wine as a sovereign antidote thereto. To convince her of the truth of what he is saying he first drinks of the mixture, whereupon the Duchess follows his example,

though a courtier remarks the while, "Strange he should have a good thing in readiness!" As soon as the Duchess has taken the draught, which, of course, is deadly poison, the Cardinal cannot conceal his delight, which breaks forth in extravagant manifestations; but these suffer a bitter revulsion when he discovers that after all he himself need not have taken poison, as his wounds were not mortal. This is a splendid example of "the biter bit." The whole tragedy, if scarcely equal to Shakespeare's and Webster's finest work, can compare favourably with any tragic compositions beneath theirs. As for "The Traitor," it might fairly challenge still higher praise.

There are yet other pieces by Shirley unexamined, as, for example, the very agreeable comedy of "The Sisters," "The Court Secret," the moral of "Honor and Mammon," "The Arcadia" (being Sidney's romance in a dramatic form), the masque of "The Triumph of Peace" (already alluded to), the interlude or moral entitled "A Contention for Honour and Riches," "The Triumph of Beauty," a rendering of the old classic story, in which a character—Bottle the Shepherd—as has been pointed out—is an obvious imitation of Shakespeare's Bottom the Weaver; the masque of "Cupid and Death," and "Ajax and Ulysses," being a contention for the armour of Ulysses. But as these productions—except as regards their lyrical treasures—emit no such rays of genius as those we have seen emanate from his more ambitious compositions, they do not call for extended notice. The tragedy of "Chabot, Admiral of France," would demand our study from its undoubted dramatic power, but although it has for a long time been printed as the joint production of Shirley and Chapman, it is now regarded by nearly every competent critic as almost, if not entirely, the work of the latter. As Mr. Swinburne has observed, in subject, style, manner, metre, construction, and characters, it suggests Chapman. The tragedy bears little witness to Shirley.

The name of Shirley, however, suggests one reflection *à propos* to the whole galaxy of Elizabethan dramatists. Regarding them now for a moment not as writers of tragedy and comedy, but as lyric poets, where shall we find amongst modern writers such exquisite tenderness, such dainty conceits, and such musical numbers? Who has equalled the songs of Shakespeare and Jonson, and the lyrics and madrigals of their brother dramatists? Such writing seems to be a lost art amongst the moderns, who have substituted to a very large extent artificiality for nature and precision for music. To Shirley must be awarded the distinction of having written stanzas equal to anything produced by the dramatists of his time, and stanzas worthy

of Wither and Suckling's best vein. Take this gem, from a scene in "The Imposture," where the nuns are discovered singing:—

“O fly, my soul! what hangs upon
 Thy drooping wings,
 And weighs them down,
 With love of gaudy mortal things?
 The sun is now i' the east; each shade
 As he doth rise,
 Is shorter made,
 That earth may lessen to our eyes:
 Oh, be not careless, then, and play
 Until the star of peace
 Hide all his beams in dark recess;
 Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,
 When all the shadows do increase.”

In a totally distinct but inimitable vein, here is the poet's reply to one who objected that his mistress was old:—

“Tell me not Time hath play'd the thief
 Upon her beauty; my belief
 Might have been mock'd, and I had been
 An heretic, if I had not seen;
 My mistress is still fair to me,
 And now I all those graces see
 That did adorn her virgin brow;
 Her eye hath the same flame in't now,
 To kill or save; the chemist's fire
 Equally burns; so my desire;
 Not any rosebud less within
 Her cheek, the same snow on her chin;
 Her voice, that heavenly music bears,
 First charm'd my soul, and in my ears
 Did leave it trembling; her lips are
 The self-same lovely twins they were:
 After so many years I miss
 No flower in all my paradise.
 Time, I despise thy rage and thee;
 Thieves do not always thrive, I see.”

Again, where was character ever more epigrammatically summed up than that of the notorious Duke of Buckingham in the following stanza? Buckingham, the brilliant courtier, was stabbed by Felton, in 1628, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

“Here lies the best and worst of fate,
 Two kings' delight, the people's hate,
 The courtier's star, the kingdom's eye,
 A man to draw an angel by,
 Fear's despiser, Villiers' glory,
 The great man's volume, all Time's story.”

But the one lyrical composition by Shirley which will ensure him immortality, when everything else he has written may have faded into nothingness, occurs in his "Ajax and Ulysses." It is stated that King Charles II. used often to have this solemn dirge sung to him; and that on the "recital of it Oliver Cromwell was seized with great terror and agitation of mind." The former incident need not be questioned, but we are not astonished to learn that the latter is unauthenticated. Cromwell, who never trembled before kings, was scarcely made of the stuff to be affrighted at the recitation of verses, however grand and sonorous they might be. Nevertheless, there cannot possibly be found in the whole range of poetry stanzas more noble or more striking than these, which conclude with the couplet referred to at the outset of this article:—

" The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.
 The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon Death's purple altar now,
 See, where the victor-victim bleeds :
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

For a single conception such as this, one would exchange a bushel of tragedies, comedies, interludes, and the like.

It is an essay from which we shrink, to speak with confident exactness upon the powers and merits of Shirley. A prose introduction on the subject of Poetry, which he wrote to the collected works of Beaumont and Fletcher, makes us regret that he did not devote himself more to this form of expression, in which he manifested something of the pictorial power of Jeremy Taylor and the stateliness of Bacon.

With regard to his position as a dramatist, critical opinions differ. We have seen the high eulogium passed upon him by Wood, and Langbaine described him as "one of such incomparable parts that he was the chief of the second-rate poets; and by some he has been thought even equal to Fletcher himself." Campbell and Dyce had a high opinion of his talents, but Hallam says: "Shirley has no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos and less perhaps of wit; his dramas produce no deep impression in the reading, and of course can leave none on the memory. But his mind was poetical; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never timid or affected, and very seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes which causes us to read him with some pleasure." The former part of this judgment, with all deference, would really seem to point to a perfunctory reading of Shirley on the part of Hallam, and it cannot altogether command assent. While most of the dramas of the Elizabethan writers owe their conceptions and chief incidents to the novelists, Shirley is almost free from this charge, which is sufficient of itself to prove that he had very considerable originality. Indeed, his fertility in invention is rather striking than otherwise. His writings, moreover, contain much of pathos, fervour, and tenderness; scene after scene could be cited of a moving nature; so that here also Hallam's dictum can scarcely be accepted as sound and just.

A critic writing some fifty years ago did more justice to Shirley's genius in the passage immediately ensuing, though this judgment also cannot be said to be exhaustive or wholly satisfactory. Premising that Shirley's poetic character is by no means so strongly marked as that of most of his predecessors, and that the distinctive peculiarities of genius were pre-occupied, the writer went on to say: "When Shirley came on the stage he might seem to succeed to a mine of which the wealth had been completely exhausted—a land, of which every nook and corner had been explored and cultivated to its utmost height of productiveness. Every source from which dramatic invention had drawn its materials might seem dried up. The history of every country had been dramatised—every distinguished personage in ancient or modern times had appeared on the stage—even the novelists of Italy were well-nigh run to their dregs; human nature itself might almost appear to have been worked out—every shade and modification of character had been variously combined, every incident placed in every possible light. Yet under all these disadvantages Shirley is an original writer; though he per-

perpetually works up materials of the same kind as those of his predecessors, yet his forms are new; though we are constantly reminded of the earlier writers, particularly of Fletcher, his plays are far from servile copies; the manner of composition is the same; yet his lights and shadows are so infinitely varied that the impression is entirely different. Even his style is his own: far inferior in force, in variety, in richness to his master's, it has an ease, a grace, sometimes an elegance, essentially his own. As softened and more delicately pencilled outlines of characters with which we are familiar meet us again in the volumes of Shirley—so his poetry is full of the same images; yet, passing, as it were, through the clear and pellucid medium of his mind, they appear as if they were the new-born creations of his own fancy." With much of this a close reader of Shirley will agree. Yet he will at the same time feel that, though the writer is evidently animated by a desire to do justice to the poet, he might have been less measured in his praise of his originality.

The truth is that too much has been made of the charge that Shirley is but the follower and close imitator of his immediate predecessors. We do not see why his laurels in tragedy should be regarded as being filched from Webster, or his laurels in comedy from Fletcher. Had he written precisely contemporaneously with them his fame would now have been greater. He suffered by comparison with those who had already enraptured the world by their dazzling lustre, and he was charged with having lit the flame of his own genius at their shrine. Literary judgments have been subjected to revision from the earliest ages of the world until now; and it may be that with a future generation the dramatic talents of Shirley will stand much higher than they do at present. His fine lyrical faculty is already universally acknowledged, whereas for upwards of a century it met with little recognition; and his position in the realm of dramatic art may yet come to be equally assured. He is no unworthy companion of the men who filled with noble music "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

G. BARNETT SMITH.

TWO INFANT PHENOMENONS.

THE precocious child is, as a rule, hateful to its fellow-creatures. It begins much too early as a bore of the first (milk and) water, and in nine cases out of ten becomes a prig—and stops there. When it is brought in after dinner to give its recitation, every one but its father and mother follows the example of Charles Lamb, and drinks in secret to the immortal memory of Herod king of the Jews. Though I have a miraculous child or two of my own, I am as deeply penetrated with this fact as anybody, and have as low an opinion of infant phenomenons as Mr. Folair, of the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. In introducing, therefore, the productions of Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale to public notice, so far from being prepossessed in favour of them by reason of their tender years, I have had to surmount a prejudice. I had made up my mind not to like the verses of these two child-poets, but their unlooked-for merit has extorted my admiration. The name of the volume is *Apple-Blossoms*, and the authoresses, when they began their contributions to it, were each nine years old. Another volume has since been issued by the same juvenile firm, but in the present work the poem of greatest maturity was produced, in the case of the elder poetess, in her fifteenth, and in the case of the younger in her twelfth year.

What strikes me as very remarkable about these poems at the outset is that they are not echoes; the subjects are not merely imagined, but have presented themselves to the outward eyes of the writers. The two young people sing of nature; the seasons; the flowers; the cloud and the sunshine (not so much of the cloud, it is worthy of remark, as is usual with young poets); and the birthdays of their parents and their friends. There is nothing about "hearts" and "darts;" there are no dwarfish speculations about death, and no regrets because the authors are gradually growing up and will presently be reasonable beings. The poems, almost without exception, have the air of natural effusion, and possess, in many cases, a melody that has been well described as "the true bird-note." In this respect, indeed, they remind me more of Shelley than of any other full-grown songster. Some of them have even that rare combination of

thought and harmony which causes a line or a verse to stick in the mind :

Pluck the Harebell fading fast,
 Little one !
 Pluck it, for it blooms the last—
 Summer's done.
 For the Harebell comes in June,
 Bright and blue,
 Lasts until October's noon ;
 Blooms for you.

It is not too much to say that the dedication itself of this lilliputian volume is far better than most dedications ; one may even describe it as a very graceful one :—

TO OUR MOTHER.

The lowliest blossom of the spring
 By rain and sunlight fed,
 To limpid blue and pearly cloud
 Uplifts its drooping head.
 Ev'n so, with impulse warm, we bring
 The bloom of infancy,
 The fragrance of our earliest years,
 O mother dear, to thee.
 The love that gave us life and strength,
 That guarded day by day,
 What tenderest words can half express ?
 What answering love repay ?
 Yet take the fresh and simple wreath
 Whose every flower is thine,
 Till riper years their triumphs bring
 To offer at thy shrine.

"Triumphs" is perhaps not quite the word which a more mature poet would have employed in the last stanza, but how good and simple the whole thought is ! Considering that the author was thirteen at most when she wrote it, she has surely some reason to look for triumphs of the laurel-wreath sort. It is greatly to our young friends' credit that the home affections occupy the first place with them ; a poem on their mother's birthday contains what seems to me a very felicitous line, "It is the birthday of us all." The adjectives are far from ill-chosen, or made use of, as is generally the case in early poems, for mere rhyme or rhythm ; in the verses on the "Snowbird," for example—

Quick and round and bright,
 Light he steps across the snow—

there is true description, the result of actual observation.

Imagine this, "My Window Curtain," having been written at thirteen years of age, at most—probably earlier !

Let others round their windows
Loop folds of flimsy lace,
And on the gauzy net-work
Their clumsy patterns trace,
Shut out the glorious sunlight,
The breezy hills and glades,
And o'er the gleaming crystal
Draw down their painted shades.

My own secluded chamber
On mountain slopes apart,
My deftly hidden loophole
Boasts no such studied art ;
'Tis but on windy mornings,
In silver-sheeted rains,
I draw the blinds together,
Replace the tiny panes.

And yet no glare of daylight
My little nest invades,
No curious eye can spy it,
Or pierce its chequered shades.
For I too have a curtain
Of clearest deepest green ;
More fair than satin damask
Its texture and its sheen.

Fresh tendrils, closely clinging,
Its loose light fabric bind ;
A net of twisted branches,
A bower of leaves behind ;
A golden gleam of sunlight,
A breath of cooling air,
A snatch of happy music
Await my presence there.

Between the leafy arches
I gaze on new delight,
On mountain slopes of grandeur,
On meadows daisy-white ;
Let others drape their window
In silks and gauzes fine,
Of all their costly curtains
Not one can rival mine.

These very minor poetesses, living at Sky Farm in Berkshire County—a spot removed from cities, and of great natural beauty—are, of course, exceptionally well situated for the nourishment of their muse ; but there are many young people (and also old ones) equally well placed as regards the picturesque, to whom no poetic thought has ever

occurred. To the sisters Goodale, the fall of night, and the dawn of morning; the coming and going of the months; and the birth and death of the flowers peculiar to them, have all a deep significance.

What vigour and native enjoyment is there in this "Welcome to Spring"!

Hark! the breezes tremble
With the sigh of April—
See her sweeping northward,
Spring, our Spring;
Lingering still we love her,
Still we smile and beckon,
As we hear the rustling
Of her wing.

Nearer, nearer, nearer,
Dearer, dearer, dearer,
Flying ever onward
Comes the Spring.
What though cloud-veils sometime
Dim her eyes of azure?
Ah, the rarest pleasure
Tears may bring.

There is an exuberance of natural joy in this which the mere aspect of Nature, alas! seldom awakens; but the pleasures that lie about their feet are really those which are most enjoyed by these child-poets. There is one verse on the Azalia that Tennyson himself might have written, and the music of which haunts the ear like his own "Echo Song":—

O wild Azalia, rosy red,
In every wooded hollow,
Put out, put out your pretty head,
That I may see and follow;
That I may see and follow, dear;
That I may see and follow.

Instead of writing in one metre, as young poets are wont to do, the sisters Goodale strike every string of the lyre. Here is a poem on "Dead Leaves" which has the whirl of the wind that brought them down in it:—

The leaves in gold and crimson they burnt themselves away,
It left them brown and shrivelled their panoply of flame;
They danced upon the rattling boughs, they carpeted the way,
They flung themselves upon the breeze without a home or name.
We call them dead; they rustle down, and lie beneath our feet,
They cover all the frosty ground, they fill the chilly air;
And though our tread above them seem softer and more sweet,
The trees that erst have borne them stand desolate and bare.
We call them dead; the dying year perchance may think them so,

But a newer year will find them with newer beauties rife;
When the sweet arbutus opens, and the early violets blow,
They draw from last year's leafy mould their sustenance and life.

Our two young poets do not select for their muse brigands or mermaids; they touch no topics that lie out of their own road in life, though in the swing and vigour of their verse they seem at times to be dealing with such matters:—

Bold are its footsteps in loneliest places,
Scaling the steep crag and climbing the height,
Blossoming over with fairest young faces
Up the wild woodlands and far out of sight—

is but a glowing description of the Aster.

Hitherto, though I have spoken of our lilliputian authors in the plural, I have made my selections from the poems of the elder only. It would be unkind and ungenerous to make any comparison between the merits of the two sisters; the talent exhibited by each is very remarkable; but if Elaine excels in description, Dora has a pleasant gift of humour which seems denied to the elder. What precise age she was when she wrote "The Grumbler" is not stated; from "internal evidence" in the way of good fun and good sense she might have been fifty; but she could not in reality have been more than twelve at most.

HIS YOUTH.

His cap was too thick, and his coat was too thin,
He couldn't be quiet, he hated a din;
He hated to write, and he hated to read;
He was certainly very much injured indeed!
He must study and toil over work he detested,
His parents were strict, and he never was rested;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be—
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small, and his barns were too big;
He was selfish and lazy and cross as a pig;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,
And just because he was uncommonly good!
He hadn't got money enough and to spare;
He had nothing at all fit to eat, or to wear.
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be—
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away;
His home and his children, his life's little day;

But alas, 'tis too late ! It is no use to say
 That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too grey ;
 He knows he is wretched as wretched can be—
 There *is* no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

To American children politics come in the papboat, and even into Sky Farm they seem to have intruded. It is plain, indeed, that our youngest child-poet had a leaning towards "Tilding for President," but it is certainly expressed in a very quaint and inoffensive manner.

On a threshold, modest, lowly,
 At a humble cottage door,
 Stood an old man bent and hoary,
 Gazing as we rode before ;
 Glasses on his time-worn eyes,
 In his face a mild surprise—
 Shouting, from his lonely building,
 "'Rah for Tilding ! 'Rah for Tilding !"

Rusty coat and tattered breeches,
 Knowing no *Intimidation*,
 Innocent of *Fraud, Great Crisis,*
 Or *Excitement of a Nation*,
 Short and simple was his creed,
 Noble heart was his indeed,
 Free from vain or shallow gilding—
 All his cry was "'Rah for Tilding !"

If one could imagine William Mackworth Praed in a bib and tucker, or Calverly on a wooden "gee-gee," or Frederick Locker with a rattle (London-made), one could conceive them writing "Our Chickens," by Miss Dora, which space, however, forbids me to quote.

This same funny little rhymester can also be serious, and know how to express herself in a very different manner ; she thus prettily defines the difference between Spring and Summer :—

In Spring we note the breaking
 Of every baby bud,
 In Spring we note the waking
 Of each wild flower of the wood ;
 In Summer's fuller power,
 In Summer's deeper soul,
 We watch no single flower,
 We see, we breathe the whole.

She, too, like her sister, loves the Harebell, of which she writes :—

And all the day long in her rest and her peace
 The birdies are singing her praises,
 And when evening falls and their happy songs cease
 She sinks to repose
 With the kingcup and rose,
 And is nodded "good night" by the daisies.

With that last pretty fancy let us bid a "good day" to the sisters Goodale which must surely be only an *au revoir*. It is impossible to doubt but that we shall see performance grow out of such brilliant promise. What the young ladies may be in actual life, of course, we cannot tell, but on paper their humility is as striking as their endowments. It is thus, in conclusion, that Miss Elaine appeals to the spirit of the future:—

On the bud of promise sweet
Lavish no too fervent heat—
Clearly, purely, softly shine;
Let not childhood lose too soon
All its fresh unconscious bloom;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

Her childish error (and I have noticed, by the by, no similar mistake throughout the volume) in supposing that "Time" rhymes with "shine," and "bloom" with "soon," is surely pardonable in consideration of the modesty and good sense of the aspiration; and for my part I echo it with all my heart.

It is difficult for even grown-up bards, who find their poems in a fifth edition a few months after publication, to keep their equilibrium; and it behoves those who have the guardianship of these little songsters to keep them from the bird-fanciers; to see that they are not lionised, or too much noticed. It would be a pity indeed if Elaine and Dora should grow to be Bluestockings.

JAMES PAYN.

A PILGRIMAGE TO WALSINGHAM.

LAST year, when I was attending the Archæological Congress at Norwich, I received a challenge from a friend in West Norfolk to extend my tour in that direction ; and, if the truth must be told, he baited his invitation with a promise that he would join me in "a pilgrimage to Walsingham." The fates, however, were unpropitious to our joint action ; so, for reasons which I need not explain to the reader, I found myself obliged to make my "pilgrimage" alone. And although, on reaching the Abbey, I found that I had come to Walsingham on a day on which the ruins are not usually "shown to the public," yet my Congress ticket acted so far as an "Open sesame," that the courteous Squire of Walsingham greeted me with a welcome at his door, and allowed me to spend an afternoon in reconnoitring the Abbey ruins at my leisure. Let me here thank him for his kindness to a stranger.

Although there was a time when almost all the roads of the Eastern Counties pointed to Walsingham as their centre, yet, notwithstanding the spread of railways, the place is almost as difficult of access as ever it could have been in the middle ages. It is situated on a branch line about half-way between Fakenham and Wells, from either of which towns the route to London is very circuitous ; so, lying out of the beaten route of tourists, it is comparatively unknown. But once it was not so—far from it. There was a day, less than four hundred years ago, when Walsingham numbered its annual pilgrims by hundreds and thousands ; indeed, it is said that in the fifteenth century there were even more votaries of religion who knelt at the shrine of our Lady here than at the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, equalling, if not outnumbering, the pilgrims who made their way to Loretto, or to San Jago at Compostella. So great, indeed, and so constant was the throng which repaired to the "holy land of Norfolk," that in nearly all the country villages for ten or twelve miles round there were roadside crosses erected to serve at once as resting-places and as guide-posts for the wayfarers ; many of these, especially at Binham, and in the district of the Burnhams, are still standing ; and in the grounds of the old Castle in the neigh-

bouring town of Lynn is a beautiful wayside chapel, which was built especially as a place to which pilgrims from beyond the Wash might repair in order to hear mass before trudging along the five- or six-and-twenty miles of dusty highway which lay between them and their destination.

To use the words of the learned antiquary Mr. J. G. Nichols :—

The principal road by which the pilgrims travelled thither from the south passed by Newmarket, Brandon, and Fakenham, and is still known as the Palmer's Way and the Walsingham Green Way. It may be traced along the principal part of its course for many miles in the diocese of Norwich. Those pilgrims who came from the north crossed the Wash near Long Sutton, and went through Lynn, most probably taking the way which passed by the priories of Flitcham, Roodham, and Cokesford. Another great road led from the east through Norwich and Attleborough, by Bec Hospital, where gratuitous accommodation for thirteen pilgrims was provided every night. At Hilborough, Southacre, Westacre, Stanhoe, Caston, and many other places were chapels at which the pilgrims on their passage offered up their orisons. The most remarkable of these is our Lady's Chapel at Lynn, which contains a beautiful groined roof, and derived much wealth from the oblations of the pilgrims.

Little Walsingham—for so the village is styled, to mark it off from a larger neighbour—lies in a pretty English valley which runs from south to north, following the course of a little river, the Stiffkey, which flows into the sea at Wells, not far from lordly Holkham. The hills rise on either side of it somewhat more abruptly than is often seen in the Eastern districts of England, though scarcely so high as to rob the natives of more than a minute or two of sunlight on a winter afternoon. The village consists of two parallel streets and a market-place, in which there is an ancient central well of stone, telling clearly of the early Tudor times ; and the houses on either side have an air of unmistakable antiquity. Doubtless many of the rooms in them are the same which housed a portion of the crowds who made their way to this sacred spot in the times of our first and second Tudor kings, more than a quarter of a century before our Lady's image was broken down and carried off up to London to be burnt at Chelsea, along with our Lady of Ipswich and sundry other symbols of the old religion.

Erasmus, as is evident from one of his "Colloquies" entitled "Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo," visited Walsingham twice, and he speaks of "our Lady" there as "Diva Parathalassia," the "saint near the sea"; but it must be owned that he was no very accurate geographer, for the sea is not three miles off (as he says), but seven at the least. He is, however, scrupulously minute in his description of the entrance gateway, the chapel of our Lady and her shrine, and

the wells which adjoined it ; and he tells with great spirit the story which I give below of the horseman rescued by the Blessed Virgin's interposition ; but all through his " Colloquy " on the subject there runs such a vein of irony and covert satire that it is difficult to decide how much of what he saw with his eyes, he believed in his heart. It is to be feared that he went to Walsingham as one of the scoffers rather than as a pious worshipper.

We do not enter the village by the old highway, and much less barefoot, as did bluff King Hal, but by the most prosaic of railways. We walk downhill some fifty yards from the station, between high walls on either side ; then, turning sharp to our left, we find ourselves in a narrow street, with a couple of inns, a few shops, but more cottages, on either hand ; and then on our right hand we see a stone gateway, which, if it were not so dilapidated, would very much remind us of the entrance to one of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. We feel sure that this is the Abbey gateway ; we knock and ring, and we are not disappointed. The style of the gateway is " Late Decorated," passing gradually into the Perpendicular ; there are two vacant niches above the gate, and there are side-lights, which show that the upper part was once inhabited, though now it is tenantless. In a quatrefoil at the top is a curious stone head, and two other smaller heads on either side stand out as gurgoyles. They are portions of the original design, and are intended to represent the porter and warders on the look-out to greet strangers. If we may believe the testimony of Erasmus, this gateway five centuries and a half ago was the scene of a widely accepted miracle. He writes :—

On the north side, at which you enter the close of this priory, was a very low and narrow wicket door, through which it was difficult for anyone to pass on foot, being, as an old manuscript says, " not past an elne hye and three-quarters in bredth." And yet a certain Norfolk knight, Sir Ralfe Boutetourt, armed cap-à-pie and on horseback, being in days of old (1314) pursued by a cruel enemy, and in the utmost danger of being taken, made full speed for this gate, and invoking this Lady for deliverance, he immediately found himself and his horse within the close and sanctuary of the priory, in a safe asylum, and so fooled his enemy. A memorial of this miracle was engraved on a plate of copper, whereon was the effigies of the knight, his horse, &c. It was nailed on the gate of the priory, where I saw it with my own eyes.

To return to my story. I entered and sauntered on leisurely, wondering how many thousand pilgrims had passed under that arch, bent on the same errand as myself—some perhaps careless and jaunty, and enjoying the "outing" as we do an "excursion," but others sober, devout, and perhaps even sad ; for did they not come to

pray for an absent husband or wife, son or daughter, or other dear ones, or possibly to abandon, it may be to expiate, some past sin, which had cast a shadow on their life?

But if I am to give a correct idea of the present aspect of the Abbey of Walsingham, I must pass from the pilgrim of the fifteenth to one of the nineteenth century, and return to my own companionship. I walk on along gravel paths between the trimmest of green turf and the darkest of evergreens, bending a little to my right, in which direction I see the ruined arch of a tall window rising high above the foliage of the surrounding trees. This arch, from which all the tracery of the window has departed, is sixty feet in height, and is supposed to have been erected in the time of Henry VII.: it clearly formed the east end of the Abbey church. The buttresses on either side comprise three stages of niches rising one above the other, somewhat like the stone-panelled fronts of St. Osyth's Priory gateway, Essex, and St. John's gateway at Colchester. Above the arch the rose window remains perfect, but is tenanted by pigeons. Near this arch, though still farther to my right, is a group of stone buildings dovetailed into a modern mansion and made to form part of it. This is now Walsingham Abbey, the residence of the Lee-Warners, the lords of the manor, and indeed of nearly all the property round, including most of the broad acres which once called the Prior of Walsingham master. A stone wall, a mile in length, runs round the home part of the estate, crossing the little river twice, and giving an air of seclusion to the mansion, which is still called "the Abbey." I am at once struck by the similarity of the tall window to the eastern end of Glastonbury, where the ruins rise also out of the green turf of a modern gentleman's residence, though built on a larger scale, and carrying one back to an earlier century in their style.

"The remains of this once celebrated place," observes Mr. J. H. Parker in 1847, "are now very small. Of the Chapel of our Lady we have only part of a fine Perpendicular east front, containing two staircases covered with panelling of flint and stone, and rich niches, and fine buttresses connected by the arch and gable over the east window; but the window itself is destroyed. In the gable is a small round window with flowing tracery, set in the middle of a very thick wall." Mr. Parker has followed former writers in calling this a part of the Chapel of our Lady, whereas in reality it belonged to the priory church. The ruins were more extensive when a view of them was published in the "*Vetusta Monumenta*," in 1720. Some part of the mansion is made out of the old refectory: it consists of a range of four Early Decorated windows, with the staircase to a

pulpit in the wall. There is also a doorway and vault of another compartment.

It would seem that the ancient manor of Walsingham belonged in early times to King Harold, and that it derived its name from or gave it to a family of Walsingham, from whom descent was claimed by Sir Francis Walsingham, the well-known Secretary of State under Elizabeth; but it is not known when that house and the manor parted company. The following brief account of its history I gleaned from Dugdale and from Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk.

After the Conquest, if we may trust these authorities, the chief manors around Walsingham fell to the lot of Rainald, the son of Ivo, one of the companions in arms of the Conqueror; but how long this tenure lasted we are not informed. However, we know that the real owner was Walter Giffard, Earl of Bucks, and that his sister carried it in marriage to Richard, Earl of Clare, who in the reign of Henry III. gave a charter for holding a weekly market. The historians tell us that Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloster (*temp.* Edward I.), had here "assize of bread and beer, a gallows, and other royal privileges." These rights and privileges came to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, whose daughter Philippa married Mortimer, Earl of March; and three or four generations subsequently they reverted to Richard, Duke of York, and to his son Edward IV., whose daughter Elizabeth carried the manor to her husband, Henry VII.

At the Restoration, King Edward VI. granted the manor to Thomas Gresham, Esq.; and Queen Mary in the first year of her reign confirmed it, with other neighbouring lordships, to that family. Sir Thomas Gresham possessed it in the reign of Elizabeth; and his crest, a grasshopper, is still to be seen on a document by which he grants out of it an annuity to Edward Flowerdew in consideration of sundry faithful services.

Passing to his coheirs, George Lord Berkeley, Sir William Withpole, and the Earl of Desmond, in all probability the manor was soon afterwards alienated; for in 1637, Blomefield tells us, it was conveyed to Dr. John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, "a prelate famous for his noble acts of charity." On the bishop's death without issue male, the manor passed to his nephew, John Lee-Warner, archdeacon and prebendary of Rochester—a member of the family of Lee, of Lee Hall, Shropshire—as son of the bishop's sister and heiress, from whom the present owner is directly descended.

We now pass to the history of the Priory of Walsingham, the foundation of which dates from before the Conquest; for it was in or about the year of grace 1061 that the widow of Ricold or Richard

de Faverchès, who lived in Little Walsingham, in compliance with a warning which she received in a dream, was led to found there a chapel in honour of the Blessed Virgin, "in all respects like to the Santa Casa at Nazareth," which was so miraculously transported from Palestine to Loretto.

Her son, Sir Geoffrey, soon after the Conquest, endowed the chapel, and granted it to his clerk, Edwin, along with eight acres of land and other possessions, agreeing also to make up twenty shillings of rent out of his manor, in case the yearly offerings to our Lady should not exceed five marks! He also founded a priory close beside it; and the two religious houses ere very long became one—two blossoms on a single stalk. His widow, or possibly his son's widow, appears to have married into the family of Houghton, more than one of whom became a friend of the little chapel and of the priory also.

The Kens, Fritchams, de Beaufoes, the Earls of Warrenne, Clare, and Salisbury (de Longspée), figure in the list of benefactors; as also do the Hales, Felton, Reynham, and Gourney families. The de Clares granted to the brethren of the priory the liberty and right of holding a fair yearly. The prior had from every parishioner in Walsingham a mortuary fee of the second best animal that he possessed, or, if he owned only one, then of that. In 1291 the income of the Abbey is set down as £157 yearly.

Although no serious charges could be substantiated against the inmates of the Abbey before the King's minions who were sent as "visitors" to report upon its internal condition, at the Dissolution of religious houses Walsingham "fell" with the rest in the 30th year of Henry VIII. It was then valued, according to Dugdale, at £391, or, according to Speed, at £446. After the Dissolution the site of the priory was sold by Henry VIII. for the great sum of £90 to one Thomas Sydney, Gentleman, of Little Walsingham, apparently Governor of the Spital, or Spittle, in the town, who, it seems, was employed by his neighbours to buy it for their use, though he cunningly converted it to his own. One of his descendants, a generation or two later, sold or gave the property to Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and from that family it passed to the Rokewoods, from whom it ultimately came to its present owners.

The priory church in the days of its splendour must have been a grand and magnificent edifice. Blomefield gives—from William of Worcester—the length of the nave from the west entrance to the central tower as seventy paces, its breadth as sixteen paces. The choir was fifty paces more in length; and beyond it, he says, was another

building—probably a Lady Chapel, sixteen yards in length and ten in breadth.

But the greatest beauty and glory of the priory was the adjoining Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which nestled under its shadow; not on account of its size, for it is said to have been only eight yards long by nearly five in width. Though its walls were built only of wood, yet its interior was brilliantly coloured, and a shrine which stood within it was as bright as gold, silver, and jewels could make it. Erasmus tells us that it was constantly lit up with waxen tapers, and that the scent of precious odours within it was almost divine.

It is needless to add that this chapel and shrine were constantly enriched with gifts by "the faithful." Thus, for instance, Isabel Countess of Warwick in 1439 bequeathed her "tablet" with an image of our Lady, which had a glass over it, to the church at Walsingham; also to the Lady there "her gown of alyz cloth of gold with wide sleeves and a tabernacle of silver, like in the timbre to that of our Lady of Caversham." King Henry VII., too, mentions in his will that he has ordered an image of silver and gilt to be made and offered up and set before the Lady of Walsingham.

Erasmus—who, as I have already observed, came here twice as a pilgrim, though not a very earnest or devout one—tells us that the chapel was a separate building from the priory church, and that it was not quite finished in his time. "In this building," he writes, "there is a small chapel, all of wood, on each side of which is a little narrow door, where those are admitted who come with their offerings and pay their devotions. They had no light but from the wax candles, the odour of which was delightful; and it glittered with jewels and gold and silver, insomuch that it seemed to be the seat of the gods." According to the same writer, there was a resident priest, the keeper of the chapel, who took care of all the offerings of the faithful, and who showed the other treasures; the chief being a glass phial containing some of the milk of the Blessed Virgin, brought from Constantinople to Paris, and thence to Walsingham, and a finger of gigantic size said to have belonged to the Apostle Peter.

The two wells, full to the brink, which are mentioned by Erasmus, and which are said to have bubbled out of the earth at the bidding of our Lady, are still perfect. I saw them the other day. They are lined with ashlar stone, and near them is what appears to have been a square bath, though its date is uncertain. The wells are now called "The Wishing Wells," the guide-book story running to the effect that in the old days of "superstition" whatever the pilgrims

wished or prayed for at their brink was sure to be granted. For myself I venture to doubt, at all events, this part of the story.

Mr. J. H. Parker, in some notes prepared for the Archæological Institute in 1847, speaks of these wells as "quite plain, round, and uncovered, having on one side of them a square bath, on the other a small Early English doorway." They are still in exactly the same condition. It appears that in early times a roughly-built timber house, its rafters lined with a bearskin, overshadowed these wells. Erasmus saw it *in situ*, and tells us that it was a part of a copy of the house of Loretto.

So great was the fame of the image of the Lady of Walsingham that not only Englishmen but foreigners of all nations came on pilgrimage to her shrine, and the town of Walsingham owed its chief support and maintenance to that cause.

As proof of the wealth of the place it may be mentioned that Roger Ascham, when he visited Cologne in 1550, observes: "The Three Kings be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady of Walsingham."

On March 24 (the eve of our Lady's Day), in his 26th year, Henry III. appears to have made a pilgrimage hither before going on his expedition against Gascoigne. King Edward I. came here, in like manner, in the 9th and 25th years of his reign, on the feast of the Purification; and so did Edward II. in his 9th year, in October. In the 35th year of Edward III. the Dukes of Bretagne and of Anjou, in France, had licences to visit the shrine; and three years later David Bruce, King of Scotland, travelled hither *en pèlerin* with a retinue of thirty horsemen.

Spelman tells us that it was commonly reported that Henry VIII., when quite a youth, walked barefoot hither as a pilgrim from the adjoining village of Barsham, and on reaching the chapel presented our Lady with a necklace of very great value. He came once more thither, certainly again as a pilgrim, in the second year of his reign, shortly after Christmas, for he made an offering at the shrine, the order for which he signed with his own hand. Queen Catharine too, his wife, during her husband's absence in France, came hither *en pèlerin*, and offered up her thanks for the victory of Flodden Field.

So credulous were the good Catholics of the Eastern Counties, that they believed the Milky Way was appointed by Providence as the particular part of the heavens where the Blessed Virgin resided, or, at all events, that it was placed in the heavens specially in order to guide pilgrims in the night-watches on the road to this sacred spot;

hence it was generally known among the lower orders as the "Walsingham Way." Blomefield, writing a century ago, adds that he has heard old people of the neighbourhood use the expression.

Several pilgrimages to Walsingham are mentioned casually in the Paston Letters as having been made by distinguished personages. Thus on one occasion Sir John Falstolfe mentions that "my Lord of Norfolk is removed from Framlingham on foot to go to Walsingham;" and again that the "Duchess [of Norfolk] will be therein in a day or two;" and in 1471, "my Lord and my [Lady of Norfolk] were together on pilgrimage at our Lady, on foot, and so they went to Caister." There was an indulgence of forty days granted by Alcock, Bishop of Ely, to all who should visit our Lady of Walsingham and pray before the tomb of Sir John Cheney, knight, in the priory church.

"The remains of the Abbey now standing" (1775), writes Blomefield, "are a large portal of the west entrance, very entire; the east window of the chapel, a very fine and richly ornamented high arch, built in the reign of Henry VII., the old one having been pulled down. The refectory, very entire, 79 feet long and 27 broad, the walls 26 feet and a half high, the measures taken within side. A good west window and stone pulpit in it; the whole building very entire, with an old very good roof upon it." [Buck in his plate of it, published in 1738, and dedicated to Henry Lee-Warner, Esq., has taken the roof off.] Twelve columns, with entire Gothic arches, part of the cloisters, built long before the last chapel, were also to be seen. The length of the cloister, which was four square, was fifty-four paces. The chapter-house was twenty paces by ten.

The list of priors of Walsingham is recorded regularly from Edwin down to the last, Richard Vowell, who surrendered the house into the hands of the King, and, along with the sub-prior and twenty canons, was induced by force or by fraud to subscribe to the royal supremacy. The prior had a life pension of £100 per year secured to him, and the canons lesser sums. A few, however, remained true to their faith and vows. "I have seen," writes Blomefield, "a note which says, in 1536, 'This yer was Raf Rogers and George Gysborow the sub-prior of Whalsyngham, with others to the number of 15, condemned of treson, whereof 5 suffered.'"

It may be added that the register of Walsingham priory, mentioned by Dugdale as in the possession of Samuel Roper, Esq., was given by that gentleman in 1670 to Sir Robert Cotton, and now is included in the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum.

A paper survey showing the possessions of this monastery in the reign of Henry VIII. is preserved in the Record office.

The seal of the priory much resembled that of Eton. It was an effigy of the Blessed Virgin seated with the Divine Child in her arms; on the reverse being the west front of the priory church. The offerings at the shrine of our Lady, we are told, amounted in one year to above £260, a large sum in those days.

Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury," gives a view of the gateway of the priory. The battlements and upper story are gone; but two niches, empty of the saints who once filled them, stand over the gateway. When Mr. Cotton drew the place, the entrance appears to have had an old pair of gates, with the very wicket which was the scene, or I may say the cause, of the miracle related above. This, however, is now altered, and the gateway is filled up with a sort of wooden panelling, through which the grounds within can be seen. Opposite to the gateway was once a row of cookshops and houses for the entertainment of pilgrims; one of which still retained its old sign, a drinking-pot, carved in stone, when Mr. Gough visited Walsingham in 1763.

The parish church of Little Walsingham, which lies just outside the park wall of the Abbey grounds, is a good Perpendicular structure, with nave, aisles, chancel, and transepts, and its tower is surmounted by a shingled spire. The western doorway, the south porch, with a roof of fan tracery, and the parvise over it, are well worth a visit, to a lover of church architecture; but its chief glory is within, where are open benches with stall desks and poppyheads of the time of Henry VII. or VIII., and a baptismal font which is the glory of Norfolk—a county specially rich in fine fonts—on account of its ornamentation having escaped the ruthless hands of "Will Dowsing" and his crew of "Saints." It is octagonal, and its sides and the steps leading up to it are both richly panelled; the upper panels being adorned with sculptures of the "Seven Sacraments" and the "Crucifixion." It is almost perfect as a specimen of the art which marked what we so contemptuously term the "Dark Ages," and it has often been engraved. The best representation of it is to be seen in Mr. F. A. Paley's "Baptismal Fonts."

The village of Great Walsingham lies about a mile northward from Little Walsingham station, and could formerly boast of possessing two churches, one dedicated to All Saints, of which, however, there are now no remains; and the other, a very ancient building, probably Norman, dedicated to St. Peter. This building, which consists of a

nave and aisles, north and south transepts, and a tower, contains an old brass dated 1593, and a piscina in each of the transepts. Like many other county towns, Great Walsingham was rich in guilds, and Blomefield enumerates no fewer than eight as having their centre in St. Peter's Church ; they were named respectively after St. Catharine, the Purification, the Annunciation, St. John the Baptist, St. Michael, St. Anne, St. George, and the Holy Trinity. In the records of the Chapter House, Westminster, is a record of the objects and religious practices of some of these guilds, their masses, their feasts, their loans, and other helps to poorer members, and their public processions on holy days and days of devotion. There was also in the wall of the churchyard of St. Peter's an image of our Lady.

In the higher part of the town, in some fields near to the railway station, are the remains of another religious house, that of the Grey Friars or Friars Minors, founded in the reign of Edward III. by the Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Clare. These ruins consist of fragments of the walls of domestic buildings, evidently of Perpendicular date, with square-headed windows and buttresses between. The gable of the refectory is standing. The ruins cover a large space, and the ground-plan can be easily made out ; but they are "late and poor work," in the opinion of no less an authority than Mr. J. H. Parker. The hall and chapel, and portions of the dwelling apartments, may still be traced, and a part is converted into a cottage or farmhouse ; but the only thing about it that looks bright and cheerful is an orchard-meadow, which adjoins and surrounds it—for an air of ruin and desolation hangs over the spot.

EDWARD WALFORD.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

THE principles of illustrating works of fiction, whose characters are nearly as familiar to the public gaze as historical personages, are by no means on the surface ; as we can see by the failure of the most capable artists. Who has realised Don Quixote, the Vicar of Wakefield and his charming daughters, Hamlet, Faust, and a host of such well-known beings ? Doré's vast contributions to illustration have done little to help his text, and the costly plates to the "Idylls" have never been much desired by the admirers of the poem. One might fancy that it was impossible for any artist to furnish a concrete embodiment of a poetical character that should give *general* satisfaction, for each person forms a different idea ; yet, as a piece like the "Pinafore" has particular points which satisfy everybody and all tastes, there might be devised a representation which would content "the general." The art would consist in emphasising these, and leaving the rest rather open. There are points, in short, which the public would prefer its favourites to have, and it is conceivable that it might even reject the very original from which the character had been drawn, as not answering to the standard to which it had grown accustomed.

The illustrator of a serial such as "Pickwick" was had an extraordinary advantage. He and his coadjutor worked together much as Scribe and Meyerbeer did in the composition of an opera ; so that each shares in the other's labours, and one is inspired by the other. Further, the public receives both tale and picture in instalments, and gradually assimilates both. No other Mr. Pickwick could be acceptable, and a very acceptable one he is. At the same time, if Seymour had died a year earlier, Hablot Browne would have probably furnished quite a different figure, which would very likely have been just as acceptable. During later years a vast number of new illustrations have been furnished by Barnard and others, not merely to the old tales, but to Dickens's new ones ; and though these have been very elaborate, they seemed to leave an utterly indistinct impression. The new "Pickwick" was discordant with the old, as a matter of course ; but the illustrations of "Our Mutual Friend" and

"Edwin Drood" certainly furnished no individual types at all, though the drawings were admirable and highly finished. The truth is, illustration is an art and mystery—and Hablot Browne had it to a certain extent. Part of this secret consists in emphasising, as we have said, merely the popular portions. Thus, in "Pickwick," if we look closely at Pickwick, Winkle, and Snodgrass, we shall see that their faces are mere bits of grotesque. Mr. Pickwick's mouth and nose are anything but mild—rather harsh, indeed; Snodgrass's face is a mere blank, and we may safely venture to say, that if they had all been drawn large and painted with what is indicated in these tiny sketches, they would have been rejected as misrepresentations. The secret, then, lies in the points which strike us when we are introduced to a person for the first time—say to one like Mr. Pickwick. Such a character we would describe as a little fat bald-headed man, with spectacles and gaiters; the mouth, nose, and eyes, we should not trouble ourselves with. In Snodgrass, too, there is an indescribable something about his shoulders and clothes, conveying the idea of the feeble colourless cypher he was intended to be, but with whose face and features we had little concern. Attitude will more impress "the general" than feature, which is too delicate to impress, unless, indeed, there is an earnest or very original expression which really seizes on us. One of the great illustrated French works is Tony Johannot's "Molière," with which, indeed, the work of the artist now under consideration can be compared.

Mr. Caldecott has attracted the attention of all true connoisseurs from the sort of unique and special flavour attached to his works. Delicacy, originality, variety, and a graceful humour, are his characteristics. A singular life and motion is imparted to his figures, and above all there is dramatic force, showing that he had thoroughly possessed himself of the spirit of his authors. He has been a very diligent workman; and the public which has made special favourites of certain of his works would be astonished to see what abundant claims he could put forward to their favour. As an illustrator he is among the first. Any one of taste will find it easy to estimate him by recalling the effect of his pictures the first time he was fortunate enough to see them. An enthusiastic admirer of Washington Irving had long been casting about for some one to fitly illustrate the charming chapters on "Christmas" in the *Sketch-Book*, and was happy enough to select this artist. The episode is very gracefully written, and the treatment modelled on Addison's in the *Spectator*, and therefore somewhat artificial; but the artist has found separate inspiration of his own. The charm of these illustrations is worthy

of study, from the perfect success that has attended his performance. The first merit that ensured this was the true *feeling* with which it has been worked out; all is in harmony; a kind of sympathetic light suffuses each page. There is not the theatrical air of festivity, of wearing costumes, which we find in so many attempts of the kind, and which are mere masquerades. His figures seem to wear their clothes naturally, to have worn them habitually; their limbs are free. All through the book there is a surprising delicacy and tender suggestiveness; everything is not emphasised or put in downright black and white, a treatment which so limits the reader's imagination. There is, too, high art shown in the selection of the topics for illustration—witness the little glimpse of the interior of the cathedral—as much an allusion as the passage in the text is one. Indeed, in this work there is everything—fancy, humour, archæological knowledge, drawing, sympathy, tenderness, and a kind of poetical grotesque. Witness the figures running after their hats which have been blown off. So with the fragments; as the old-fashioned interior, with a chair thrown down. There is an abundance of these pleasant fancies, showing that our artist entered heartily into the spirit of his author.

In a feeling for landscape—conveyed by a few broken lines, and stretching away so as to open up a far stretch of country—our artist is wonderful. There is a tenderness and significance amazing, considering the means employed. In the "Christmas" we have a few of these choice bits, where the feeling is thrown even into the line of the horizon, and snow is conveyed in the most perfect manner. Hence we might illustrate Mr. Seymour Haden's excellent teaching as to the value of a single line in etching. In a series of hunting sketches done one Christmas season for *The Graphic*, and portraying "The Hunchbatches," a family fond of riding, the open, far-stretching English country is given with the most delightful breeziness and expansiveness, the effect conveyed with great mastery and a surprising economy of touches.

Some of these more ambitious scenes are given with an extraordinary breadth, and really reflect not only the animation of the situation, but have the additional merit of actually transcribing the landscape. The scene of Gilpin's flight along the high-road affects one like a farce. We almost hear the galloping of the horses, the flapping and screaming of the ducks. But any one that has been at Edmonton will recognise the fidelity of the picture—the faint red of houses by the roadside overlaid with dust, the old-fashioned faded tone of the whole, the bare high-road, the curious tone of sleep-

ness. Here, again, is feeling. This and some others, if effectively framed, would adorn the walls of a room.

In the "Mad Dog" (p. 31) there is one of these charming views—a bit of landscape, a sort of fringing to a common, a row of old red-brick houses, half hidden by trees, delicately tinted, as it were, and which opens up in a very suggestive way all the associations which such scenes furnish, and which are so difficult also to describe. The "lie" of the ground is wonderfully given, and offers the rich sinuosities of such places. So, too, in the "Babes" (p. 19), the little church in the distance and the scrap of village.

A good instance of this vivid treatment of even a careless sketch by the writer is the portrait of the mail-coach driver, whose lordly ways at the inn door Irving says all the young stable-boys strive to copy. The capital swagger of the burly man, and the pert air of the young copyist, make up a scene we like to recall. The little sketch of the mail-coach itself, the country house to which the young schoolboys are going home for Christmas—all have, besides being good representations, that sort of feeling appropriate to the situation and season; so that—and we know not how it comes—such things really have a different air to us according to our feelings, and a coach seen rolling along the high-road a few days before Christmas would have a peculiar flavour and aspect, as it were. Now, this seems to me to be one of our artist's main charms. As in acting, so in drawing or painting, there is an art in addition to its actual and accurate performance—in the general air and tone.

One of his happiest expressions is that of motion—swift breezy motion; a fluttering dress, something blown away, a horse galloping, birds flying—this is conveyed with startling effect. I defy the most rigid anchoritish muscles not to relax after gazing for a few moments at the large picture in "John Gilpin," where the geese are fluttering and flapping in the air under the horse's feet in their strange composite motion, half flying, half running, with idiotic plunges. We almost seem to hear their agonising cackling. So, too, with the rout of mounted people in pursuit of Gilpin, the different modes of eager riding, the head bent down, &c., the amused faces, the graceful women rushing to the gates, the natural air of surprise and enjoyment, the general tone of bustle and excitement—all is wonderfully dramatic.

His girls' faces have a singular charm. Many of the most interesting are not pretty in form or outline, but have the strongest force of expression. Take, for instance, the girl in "Old Christmas," the "flame" of the young officer. She is perfectly charming, from

a sort of naïve simplicity and unaffectedness, elegance of shape; and yet it is not one of those "lovely" faces which the average illustrator would give us. This is part of his art, for these superlative idealisms of beauty take us out of the range of probability; whereas in real life we must oftener meet these curious, interesting faces, which have sympathy and innocence, but will not bear much scrutiny as to outline, &c.

Again, too, in this view of fitting representation of an ideal face, nothing more suitable could be conceived than the figure of "The Young Oxonian"—the self-sufficiency, the earnestness, the half sense of comedy, the quaintness—it leaves a deep impression, as of our having seen some living person. The picture of his leading up his maiden aunt in the dance—a delightful fantastic creature, full of antique grace—is a pleasant thing.

He excels in this dramatic power of devising varieties of faces. Here is where the average illustrating artist is deficient, all faces being more or less of a conventional kind. But Caldecott abounds in varieties of most expressive faces. He seems to dip into his mind for curious forms of expression, and has a surprising faculty of furnishing faces that will satisfy our ideal of something where a great deal of finesse is in question. It is easy to express farce or tragedy, but there are innumerable intermediate emotions of a character more difficult to define. In the "Old Christmas" is found a sort of crabbed old bachelor and friend of the family, described by Washington Irving with much quaintness and humour. Now, if one were called to fix the sort of face, the difficulty would be enormous: for the oddities are not always so odd in face as in manner and speech; and, if the grotesqueness be attempted, the result is something like the face-making of a clown. Oddity is really conveyed by an expression of the eye or a curious smile on the lips. But Caldecott has the art of conveying this mental expression without twisting the features. One could never be tired of his "Old Cousin Simon," who exactly answers the ideal we form as we read; and when, after a due familiarity, we have got accustomed to him, we may venture to say that no other would be tolerated.

It is when comparing him with another artist, Mr. Du Maurier, whose girls' faces have a charm of their own, that we see Caldecott's special gift. Du Maurier does not aim at the intellectual or mental; his characters have all the features of a type of the soft English composure and placidity—a fine contour and brilliant eyes. Caldecott's, however, pique from their originality and distinctness, and the lurking expression within.

Dramatic instinct is difficult to discriminate, and still harder to describe. But it can be indicated by an example. Mr. Caldecot was giving an illustration of the Yule Log burning and crackling on the hearth, with its glowing ashes, smoke, &c. Now, the effect of this—the associations of the genial warmth—it would seem to many, could be best conveyed by a vivid picture of the log and blaze itself. But this is not the effective way. Our artist introduces two dogs, seated in front, and with their backs to us, gazing intently on the blaze, and enjoying the warmth in that curiously reflective fashion which can be noted in dogs. Now, this at once imparts a vital interest to what before had been but a mere mechanical effect: we can supply the lazy relish of the creatures—their luxurious delight. This spirit of dramatic conception is carried out in the most abundantly fruitful way. Yet one is puzzled to discover the secret. The result certainly is that the dogs have a curious fascination as of companionship, and we find ourselves looking at them again, as at something living.

Besides the true interpretation of the author's meaning, there is the art, the dramatic one, of seizing on merely what is *essential*; rejecting all that, however pretty, would not express the incident. Let the reader test most of his pictures by this. Not only is there dramatic treatment in the materials of a scene done to his hand, but our artist can devise, and legitimately, out of a hint, a whole dramatic scene. In the "Mad Dog," for instance, the simple linet, "The dog it was that died," becomes a really vivid event—the dog discovered dead on a common, the genial red houses fringing it, and the man in his walk coming on it, and calling to a labourer in the distance. Indeed, the whole, by the surroundings and background, becomes a local village story. And "I vow and declare," as Lady Blarney would say, it will be impossible to think of Goldsmith's lines for the future without calling up this mortuary scene.

Perhaps, however, his most ambitious effort is his last—an elaborate series of illustrations for his friend Mr. Blackburn's most agreeable book of travels, "Breton Folk." This contains no fewer than one hundred and seventy of the artist's sketches, which, as the writer says, "apart from their artistic qualities, have the curious merit of truth." Here again we have Mr. Caldecott's power of giving the tone of a bit of landscape, as in the little sketches of country and sea at pp. 15, 33, 114; we have the sense of a sultry day—hot, glaring, dusty road—and bright, dazzling sea, given us with a few touches. It is curious, too, to note the variety of Breton faces and figures, their attitudes, with a certain sly humour in their stolid bearing, sabots, and high collars, which altogether, when

we reach the close of the volume, leaves us with an admirable idea of the country and its manners. Too often these pictorial travels convey too romantic an idea; the figures and dresses seem like the figures and dresses of persons on the stage. Some of his sketches have a rustic humour, as the woman riding (p. 53); others a dainty delicacy, as in that of the girl sitting at the river-side with her feet in the water (p. 44).

Two years ago, Mrs. Comyns Carr published a volume of pleasant Italian sketches, which Mr. Caldecott's pencil illustrated. Here we have his usual grace and characteristics—the hot glow and glare of the different little bits of landscape being happily touched. The best, perhaps, is a sketch of a number of girls waiting at a church door to see a procession.

Nor should we forget some coloured sketches of Nice or Monaco that appeared some time ago in one of the illustrated weekly papers, and in which the peculiar blue of the Mediterranean illuminated by the gorgeous sunlight has been caught with marvellous truth. The curious reader who turns over the volumes of "London Society" during Mr. Blackburn's editorship will find many sketches by the artist.

Mr. Caldecott, like other artists, can use the modelling tool with skill. I fancy, on the whole, that, with his power and colour, atmospheric effect, and movement, his true domain would be the more enduring one of oils and canvas. Our artist has moreover great strength as a draughtsman. He is fearless and secure in his knowledge, so that his hand obeys his inspiration; nor is he disturbed by any fear that the result may be incorrect. Note particularly the drawing of legs in different positions, when that position is conveyed by the outline—courageous as a skater's curve on the ice—and independent of all aids from shading, which covers up so much bad drawing. Witness those of the godly man and others in the "Mad Dog." I fancy the little outlines, alternated with the vivid coloured sketches, suffer from the contrast, and appear poor. They might be bolder, and with a little shading; the companionship of colour and outline is wrong artistically. Mr. Caldecott's quality is delicacy and colour. However this may be, the public may be as much congratulated on the possession of such an entertainer as on its own good taste and sagacity, which from the first recognised and heartily appreciated so good an artist.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

TABLE TALK.

WATCHING the other day the wholesale demolition of houses that is going on in Drury Lane, I could not resist a feeling of curiosity as to whether the Metropolitan Board of Works would seize an unequalled opportunity of affording London a practicable and seemly thoroughfare from Holborn or Oxford Street to the Strand. It seems incredible that such a thing should not exist. Between Chancery Lane and Regent Street, however, there is no thoroughfare worthy of the name, and those between Holborn and the Strand are simply impassable. For a lady without masculine protection to pass down the Seven Dials, Endell Street, or Drury Lane, is simply inconceivable on the ground of safety as of decorum. In the course of the present spring the amiable and accomplished musician who is now directing "La Fille de Madame Angot," at Drury Lane Theatre, was "garotted" as he was proceeding to the theatre. We have built new Law Courts on a very large scale, to which from the north or the west there is no seemly approach. Lincoln's Inn Fields is one of the most central and frequented spots in London, yet there is practically only one entrance for vehicles, that at the north-west corner from Great Queen Street; while foot-passengers can claim one, or perhaps two, more which are not unsavoury and in every way disgusting. What makes these matters the more remarkable is, that the new streets which are required would be the cheapest, as they are the most desirable, improvements that can be made. In such a state is the property in the immediate vicinity of the Law Courts, that a street connecting them with Holborn could be constructed at a tithe of the expense of alterations now in progress. Such a street, even, would not exhaust the alterations that are absolutely required. A fine open thoroughfare from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross is demanded in the interests of cleanliness and health, as well as in that of convenience.

THE publication of the Essays and Criticisms of Janus Weathercock, otherwise Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, forger and murderer, has an interest extending beyond the circle of collectors of what may be called the literature of the gallows. Concerning

Wainewright himself, all that the average reader cares to know is suggested in Lord Lytton's "Lucretia," and supplied in Walter Thornbury's "Old Stories Retold." Some curiosity, however, to know what is the nature of those essays and sketches that won the strongly expressed admiration of Lamb, and of other less warm-hearted judges, is pardonable. As a rule, these are flimsy, impertinent, affected, and insincere. The hyper-æsthetic school of modern days cannot approach in extravagance such a verdict upon painting as the following: "Correggio's beauteously divine and heart-thawing conception of our Incarnate Lord, whose mortal limbs, exuding the faint-sweat of agony, and dyed in blood from the whistling scourge and the spiny crown, are thrust—staggering with weakness—before that yelling sea of worse than wolfish cruelty." In his attempts at dramatic criticism, Wainewright does little more than obtrude his own absorbing and egregious vanity; demanding, for instance, instead of what he calls the bread-and-cheese and porter of English drama, something French, "something that would suit better with the diamond rings on our fingers, the antique cameos in our breastpins, our cambric pocket-handkerchiefs breathing forth attargal, our pale lemon-coloured kid gloves: some chicken fricasseed white, for instance; a bottle of Hock or Moselle, and a glass of Maraschino." His verdicts upon poetry are better, some of them displaying real insight. By far the best thing in the volume now given to the world is, however, "A Character of the late Elia," which may or may not be Wainewright's. In this the trick of Elia's style is happily caught.

THE life of Wainewright suggests to me some shortcomings in our medical knowledge. I am inclined to believe that the worst crimes of Wainewright are in part attributable to his indulgence in opium. It is true that vanity and love of pleasure develop vile appetites, as fierce and cruel as any by which human nature is shaken. Still, the career of Wainewright is, I think, incomprehensible without the knowledge that he blunted his faculties by the constant consumption of opium. It is to be regretted that the only book concerning opium-eating which finds acceptance is that of De Quincey, which, however brilliant as a romance, is in other respects useless. A very limited indulgence in opium will convince an average man that serious moral danger attends the practice. The moral feelings undergo a process of deadening analogous to that of the physical faculties, and a man who takes opium will find himself capable of contemplating, if not of committing, actions the mere thought of which, under healthier conditions, would fill him with horror.

IF the evidence of Professor Huxley is to be received, the dog, rather than the monkey, must be regarded as the nearest approach to humanity, in physical configuration as in moral gifts. In a lecture at the Royal Institution, Professor Huxley stated that the "unity existing between the dog and man is very striking, not only in relation to the physical nature, but the moral nature of the two animals." By the aid of a diagram he pointed out that, "in internal construction, the only difference between man and dog is one of size and proportion. There is not a bone, not a single constituent in one which does not exist in the other." There is even a rudimentary collar-bone in the dog, and something that may develop into a great toe. "Man and dog," indeed, asserts the Professor, "are constructed on the same plan as two churches built in the same style of architecture, but differing in detail." This information must be regarded as satisfactory. The dog is a more respectable ancestor than the ape, and there are men living who would maintain that, in moral respects at least, a good many specimens of humanity have gone downwards rather than upwards in the scale. That dogs are often bad, except under the corrupting influence of human associations, some with an extensive knowledge of animals are disposed to doubt. A dog which is kept constantly chained grows savage and misanthropical, and is no longer the same being that he was before. So distinctly is this the case, that no one with a real knowledge of animals, or love for them, will ever keep a dog under such conditions. What Professor Huxley says about music causing a dog pain, and at the same time exercising a terrible fascination over him, is scarcely exact. The howl of a dog needs not always be a sign of grief or misery. It is possible that something of admiration may mingle with its feelings when it howls in concert with music, or when it bays the moon: a custom which in the analogous case of wolves is assigned by Massinger to hunger. Sir Giles Overreach, when questioned whether he is not moved by the imprecations of the families he has ruined, answers in memorable lines—

Yes, as rocks are
 When foaming billows split themselves against
 Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
 When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.

Meantime, in consideration of the honours now apparently in store for the dog as the ancestor of man, it seems worth while to notice what has been held of him by the ancients. That dogs were considered responsible creatures we know on the authority of Pliny, who states that in his own time a certain number of them were annually

hanged or crucified as a punishment, because their predecessors failed to give warning that the Gauls were scaling the Capitol. That a dog was known to speak, Pliny only states on hearsay evidence. He supplies, however, some remarkable stories of their fidelity to their masters. Sir Thomas Brown, in an essay "Of the Jew," in which he denies that an unsavoury odour is gentilitious or national unto the Jews, holds, like Professor Huxley, that the power of the dog to find his master in the dark is probably attributable to the fact that every man may have "a proper and peculiar savour."

A PROPOS of stories of dogs which slightly overpass the bounds of credibility or ordinary credulity, I may state that it is a matter of faith with some devotees of the Shakespearian revivals at Sadler's Wells, that a certain dog well known in the neighbourhood was in the habit of attending the revivals, and that if by chance a play of any other author was substituted for Shakespeare, the animal always departed in dudgeon. The legend seems to be derived from the story of the Scotch Shepherd's dog, which attended kirk so regularly with its master that it became a judge of orthodoxy, and never failed to whine or howl a protest against any attempted modification of the doctrines of election, predestination, or eternal punishment. The owner of so well-informed and right-thinking an animal might be expected to share the belief of the Red Indian, and

Think, admitted to yon equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

A STORY concerning duelling on horseback, which has come from Morocco, unites to the extravagance of the Irish narratives concerning duels of Sir Jonah Barrington the grimness characteristic of Indian legends of personal conflict. A woman was, of course, the cause in dispute, though whether two shepherds contended for the same nymph, or a new Menelaus sought to be avenged upon a modern Paris, was not stated. I am not going to be the poet of the conflict, or to attempt to describe its varying phases. It is enough to say that the two Moors, each armed with a carbine, a revolver, and a hunting-knife, were placed by the seconds like knights in a list, only at a hundred yards' distance. They charged each other in due form, and, as might be expected, the horses were the first to suffer, both being killed by the discharge of the carbines. Trusting to their revolvers, the warriors then approached, and seriously wounded each other, after which they closed and killed each other about the same moment with their knives. Duelling like this

is different from what goes by the name in Germany and France. It should act as a discouragement to those who follow out this barbarous form of adjusting wrong, that the savage, in affairs of this kind, always contrives to leave the civilised man nowhere. The combatants, in this instance, are not without a certain measure of kinship with Othello.

THERE will be a saving of time and temper to a good many busy men if the lead of Vienna is followed in London as it has been in Paris, and pneumatic clocks are established all over the capital. How wide a diversity of opinion concerning the hour prevails among those clocks which by their size and other advantages are supposed to direct a district, is at once apparent to anyone who, at an hour of the night when the traffic is still, listens from a commanding position to their chimes. A divergence of two to three minutes—in these days of railway travelling, quite sufficient to be of serious consequence—is then perceivable. It would, of course, be a great advantage to have the clocks all alike and all infallible. The benefit, moreover, will not be confined to those who are within sight of a public dial, since, by payment of a small sum, the time can be “turned on” from the central establishment. While admitting the ingenuity of the scheme now propounded, I cannot resist a conviction that electricity is the proper method by which to establish uniformity of action in clocks.

IT is a curious coincidence that, immediately after I had drawn attention in last month's Table Talk to the two plays upon the subject of Robert Macaire, which gave that character its remarkable popularity, the two pieces in question should be, so to speak, rolled into one and produced at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique. That the information I supplied is not generally known is shown in the fact that a Paris correspondent of an evening journal assigns to Frédéric Lemaître the authorship of the piece known as Robert Macaire, which, as I stated, is, in fact, by MM. Antier, Saint-Amand, and Alhoy. The cause of this mistake is, that the name of Lemaître was advanced as the author of the piece; the three dramatists being content to remain incognito, and reap the popularity and success which the name of the audacious comedian who, in the indulgence of a whim, had enacted Robert Macaire, was sure to bring.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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QUEEN COPHETUA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER XIV.

Traveller : Show me my path, fair star : to right ? to left ?

Ignis Fatuus : To left.

Traveller : Whereunto sha'l I reach this road to-night ?

Ignis Fatuus : To-night.

Traveller : I seek no night, good star : I seek a rest.

Ignis Fatuus : Arrest !

Traveller : Nay, but not here ?—which turn doth point a way ?

Ignis Fatuus : Away !

Traveller : Thou'rt Echo's Sister. Lead where go I will.

Ignis Fatuus : I will.

Traveller : Now hath she answered me—I'll trust this Elf.

Ignis Fatuus : Thyself.

ALAN had seen nothing new in his sister before he set off for Versailles. He had no reason to look for anything, and was much too full of hurry, and of a long forgotten glow of what—had he thought about them—he must, in the face of hopeless love, have been compelled to call high spirits, to set down Helen's manner to anything but sympathy with his own excitement, tempered by whatever sadness his sudden departure might bring upon her during the hour of good-bye. Men cannot love without living ; and there are not many—happily for something a great deal better than romance—who can keep themselves up to broken-hearted point every day and all day long. At any rate, Alan Reid was not a lover of that kind, and the prospect of an escape from the stagnant pond in which he had been living all these months into the stormiest of seas was

more than enough, at the first burst, to thrust even Bertha a good way back into a rather dark corner of the heart of any healthy-bodied man. After all, a thing is not thrust out by being pushed farther in.

But Helen, reading his clear nature by her own clouded twilight, saw in his perfectly frank and natural pleasure at finding himself alive again only the excitement of despair, driving her brother to any sort of false excitement—sending him to the whirl of war as a substitute for the bottle, the dice-box, or any like lunacies which their meanness closed to him. Of course she did not, even by a look, so far as she could control her looks, give him the least hint of the new knowledge she had learned from Gideon Skull. That had come to divide them, not indeed in heart, but in soul. Their ways and their thoughts could be the same no more.

To her mother she was just as silent, and any change in her, coming with Alan's departure, seemed just as natural. Indeed, Mrs. Reid, like her son, had a good deal more to think about than Helen's looks and words, which could matter nothing. Thus far, the course of her plan had proved a disappointment to her. But even the nature of her disappointment only proved to her more clearly how very right she had been. Alan, to her anxious and impatient eyes, had displayed all the faults and weaknesses that she had feared; only, they seemed more ingrained and developed than she had feared. Knowing nothing of what he had lost or of what he believed, she could only wonder, with an aching heart, at the unlooked-for manner in which a seemingly healthy-minded and strong-bodied young man, a gentleman too and with her own blood in him, had taken the mere loss of a fortune. He had been patient: and she had looked for the eager spirit of the soldier who hears the sound of the trumpet sounding the charge. He had plodded and tramped about London in search of daily bread, when she had looked for the birth of the spirit which knows of no choice but that between death and victory. He had been proud and sensitive, instead of covering himself with steel: passively kind and tender when he should have been wilful and strong. And now, instead of making some far-reaching plan to lead him to some great goal, he had thankfully picked up the first bone with a scrap or two of meat for the day upon it which had been thrown him by a stranger as a useless thing. No, thought she, he is not like his father, after all. His father would have done all things, if he had had them to do. It looks as if he had left nothing to his son but his one weak side. And so, rendered doubly obstinate by disappointment, she hardened herself in her scheme—certainly

none the less because of a secret doubt that it was an error from the beginning. How could she go to him and say, "You have proved to me that you deserve nothing—so take the fortune that you do not deserve, and could never have made?" It would be insulting her own son, who had all her living love and his dead father in him. He had the one virtue of pride, and that would make him refuse to take what only her half-scornful pity tossed back to him. Perhaps he would only feel that she had been wronging him, and playing with him as if he had been a child. Only the success of her scheme could make him understand her and thank her: and if he failed to understand her—better than such an end as that would be loss and poverty to the very end.

In short, if her plan for Alan did not win by itself, it must be made to win. She was most assuredly not playing to lose. If dice happen to be so made that nothing but the double ace turns up however they are thrown, the weight must be shifted to the other side if one means to win. What error had she committed? Absolutely none, that she could see. While Alan was on his way to Versailles, and Helen was thinking her own thoughts, their mother sat reviewing from the beginning a situation of which nobody could dream but the curate of Hillswick, and he only as a phase of thought which mental humility, a natural lowliness and reverence of self-ordering to all his betters, and the hope of a living, might make him accept, but could not help him to understand. She could find no error. There had been no difficulty, even. She had looked for many, and had found none. Without any sort of legal fuss or form her co-executors had found her a steward and trustee for Copleston, willing to act as owner: for Waldron's entry upon the estate meant nothing more to her. The curate himself could not undeceive her, even had he been willing: for that very same good office of finding the ostensible owner and secret trustee which she believed he had done for her, he believed that his nephew Gideon had done for him. Without Gideon's help he could not have done it at all; while he was the last man on earth to lessen his importance in Mrs. Reid's eyes—admitting the most necessary breach of confidence—by confessing to a deputy; and Gideon was no less the last man, when he saw a misunderstanding going, to cut off any possibility of using it by clearing it away prematurely. So, reviewing all she could possibly know, Copleston, without any trouble, was as secure as if it had been in Alan's own hands. The will, too, was as safe as Copleston, in a box in the strong-room of the bank at Hillswick, where no one would dream of looking for what nobody thought existed, and where no accident could bring it

to light until she pleased. Not that she intended any accident in seeming, to bring it to light even when the time came. She felt, would blame her now if by any impossible chance she discovered the method she had chosen for his education. When the time came, whether at the end of seven years or later, it would be given up to him without any mystery, and she would show him with pride in him and for him, "See what I have done and borne for you!" and he would thank her, not for giving him fortune, but for having made him a man. Surely, after an appointment was all too soon. It came from over-appointment, perhaps, nothing more. What were a few months, beginning in, out of seven years? No doubt his beginning was a bad one. All the more need to stand by a plan which would out to ensure a good end. Providence itself must be puzzled now and then at the immediate effect of its plans. All the more reason for not changing them. A cloudy day the surest sign of a clear noon.

So once more the poor lady let her warm Welsh head and sharp Welsh wits twist themselves into a web from which a more nature and a blunter mind would surely have saved her. She came to the world from her cradle, born and bred among our mountains, and matured and completed in the self-sufficiency of four at Copleston, her husband and her son had been her teachers, in which she had studied with far more love and zeal than in any school. She had learned only the romance of the world's battle, which had fired her mind with barren ambition for them. She had known Copleston as a stranger, and a stranger she had lived in the world for many days, looking at life, both within and without the park park, with different eyes from those who really felt it to be their home. She could not make them understand what she saw and knew, with all her wit and all her will. When all she read and heard came down to the Reverend Christopher Skull's Sunday sermon, that life was so great and death so awful, how sane men content themselves with catching fish and peddling over parish county matters, and breeding foxes to be worried by dogs, she never been able to comprehend. The common lot of wisdom was accepted, for she had never heard of the new school: what was right, as a matter of course, for Helen and her. But it was a burden on her own conscience that one whom love, as a matter of course, accepted as made by nature for a great poet or statesman—perhaps the greatest of his age and country—was not, or rather rust, as if life were nothing to him: as if the

accident of having a few thousands a year had set him outside the largest issues and above the highest and worthiest ambitions. She felt the full weight of Copleston when, after a few efforts to strike fire out of old Harry, she had to own that, not even to please her, could he become anything but what nature—or, as she put it, as Copleston—had made him. He would have gone to the block for her sake, she knew, and she was proud of the knowledge—but she wanted him to go to a throne: and to that wish he seemed simply deaf and blind, as happy and content in ignoring it, and as much taking her share in his own content and happiness for granted, as if they had only one soul between them, and that his own. No wonder that, when he died, the common household happiness with which he had filled her life oppressed her like a sense of sin. Into what might not his ten talents have grown if she herself had not fallen short in strength of purpose and will? What sort of wife is she who does not supply all that is wanting in her husband to make the best and utmost of him? What else should marriage mean? Well—motherhood might mean that too, and more. Alan had none of his father's genius—as she termed the little tastes and turns that had blossomed so brightly at Copleston and round Hillswick: that is to say, where there were neither critics nor rivals. But it is better to use one talent than bury ten—and where would her conscience be if Alan's one went to swell the hoard that had been buried in Copleston?

Much of all this she had already put into words, when she was unwillingly obliged to take into her confidence the man who had the temporary cure of her soul, and who, under her husband's will, shared her temporal responsibilities. But the better half had been left unspoken, even to herself: impulse and instinct, in this quiet, slow-moving woman, were at the root of it all, and these are without language. They have to go to reason for words: reason finds words of a sort fast enough, but never quite the right ones, and, more often than not, exactly the wrong. Her text to-day was a small packet of bank-notes which Alan had bargained to receive beforehand from the *Argus*, so that he might feel at ease about his mother and sister. They were to receive for him all except what he was to be paid for his expenses, and, thanks to the atmosphere of Gideon's dinner, with its lord and its champagne, the payment in advance had been more generous than it might have been had Alan's engagement been made in cold blood in the Fleet Street office, and with Mr. Sims to watch the proceedings. Mrs. Reid looked down upon their source—a newspaper, and not even an English one—but her fingers could not feel quite unmoved at the touch of the first gold that Alan had earned.

As she felt now, even a reporter's wages were more honourable, and promised more, than the whole income of Copleston. If it had only been a barrister's or physician's first fee! It would have justified her whole plan for him, instead of only encouraging her to go on to the end, and to put doubt and impatience once for all under lock and key, hide them with the will, and never look at them again. Without the notes, she and Helen had enough left for immediate needs; and she had taken care to provide for a long day of waiting better than she had let her children suppose. She put the notes into her desk, locked them up, and all misgivings with them. "We will pay them back in less than seven years, please God," said she.

But meanwhile somebody else was putting his thoughts in order—and this was Gideon Skull.

When he parted from Helen, it must be owned that his mind had been, for him, strangely confused. He knew his new purpose, and had justified it to reason and sanity by making worldly wisdom approve of a seemingly most irrational passion. He also knew that he was on some sort of road towards it; but he was in a new and strange country, and he suspected that, even if he were on the best and straightest road, he might come to a dozen unexpected and bewildering turnings before he had advanced a mile. Love is by no means a simple matter when it comes, for the first time, to a man of forty. Gideon was quite sure that he would not take Helen—at least, for a wife—without either Copleston itself as a dowry or with some near approach to its money value. He was certain of this, because he was quite sure that he was not insane. On the other hand, he could not bring himself to feel, as a sane man ought, that he would take two Coplestons as the price of giving up Helen; not even if by taking them and leaving her he could inflict a just and righteous vengeance upon Victor Waldron. He thought, as he went about his immediate financial business, of her lips, her voice, her waist, the light in her eyes and the blood in her cheeks, and the thrill of her fingers in a way which women who like to catch what they call love at first sight from men with plenty of body about them must, we must suppose, find flattering to them and pleasant to imagine. Perhaps if Helen had not gathered all her notions of love at first sight from story-books, which deal with it as if it were an ethereal film of most delicate spiritual subtlety, most unlikely to catch its usual victims, she would have been less elated by the discovery that, in a reckless and desperate mood, she had some power over mankind as represented by Gideon Skull. But not even his particular way of thinking about Helen, engrossing as it was, nor

the farther-reaching but equally engrossing thought of how he could make its satisfaction profitable to himself at the expense of Victor Waldron, made him inattentive to the demands of the hour. Instead of mooning about and trying to turn his feelings into rhyme as well as reason, as a weaker-minded lover might have done, he went straight to the office of Messrs. Aristides and Sinon, where he had met Alan Reid.

Mr. Sinon, who had returned from Birmingham, received Gideon in a comfortable and not very business-like little office where the immediate affair on hand was a bottle of sherry and a pâté de Strasbourg. The merchant might have been a Jew, and was often thought so by those who knew no better. But he was very far indeed from being a Jew. The most typical and conventional of Jews would soon have found himself the most innocent of babies in the hands of a Gentile like Mr. Sinon—for it is a profound mistake to suppose that the Jews, who are supreme in Music and in all the pleasure-giving arts, crafts, and trades, and are better in spending than in getting, stand anywhere near first in Business, and such really important things. Why are there no Jews in Scotland? Why are they so shy of returning to the Promised Land, and why do they become mere nobodies where Greeks and Armenians flourish and do well? Mr. Sinon was a pure-blooded Gentile and a most orthodox Christian of historic descent, in spite of his nose and his eyes. The Sinons are a very old Greek family, as every schoolboy used to know: and are at any rate well known in Smyrna.

No greater contrast in looks can be, than that between Mr. Sinon and his friend—in a strictly business sense—Gideon Skull: or in manner, either. And yet one can be greater—that between the two men as they looked and the two men as they were. Gideon looked the typical Englishman—bluff, close, silent, heavy, slow, with the honesty which is born of stupidity. Mr. Sinon, besides being hook-nosed, sallow-faced, and sharp-eyed, was small, restless, and so given to brag and to chatter, that even the cunning were taken in, and set him down as a conceited fool, or, at best or worst, as a very harmless sort of knave. In short, Gideon's stupidity and Mr. Sinon's folly were very much on a par, and neither had any cause to be ashamed of his ally or very much reason to be afraid of him. For that matter, Gideon Skull was afraid of nobody.

He made no remark on entering: his "Good-day" was to pour himself out a glass of wine, over which he sat ruminating.

"You have the melancholy air!" said Mr. Sinon gaily. He spoke English with a perfect accent, but occasionally used eccentric

idioms when he was in a good humour and in sympathy with—as she had been. “Ah, if you were me—if your head was gnawed by all the rats—I am one fool, Mr. Skull. Would believe? I come late from Birmingham: I tire: I must myself in whatever way. I go to the Juliette. I meet of *je chez elle*—eight, nine, ten. We drink all the champagne. We the grand treize. I lose—I win—I lose. I lose my head: the ache for him. I take the hairs of the dog—one dozen three. No question, in the cup I tell everything. I—”

“Whatever you told, it was the right thing to the right your cups or out of it,” said Gideon. “The question is, what in Birmingham?” He could not help the slightest possible the idea of the vulture-faced, sallow little man, looking like between a usurer and a conspirator, making a night of it in fashion, and having nothing but a headache to show for it morning.

“In Birmingham? Ah, I forget. What does one like Birmingham? Ah, I remember. I go to the theatre. I see ballet one pretty girl. I laugh to see her pirouette—it was English crocodile. But her hair—my friend, it was all go silk, like an angel at the bar. Direct, I fall into the love. her my friend. I— Ah, I am one other fool. There: two sorts of men, my friend. One sort is the women, the other is the fools. *Voilà la vie.*”

“Hm!” growled Gideon, for he was not yet sure how Sinon’s philosophy might not be true.

“On my word of honour as a gentleman,” said Mr. Sinon, “I have but one little house, and that costs me twelve thousand every year. I shall never be rich, like you. Monsieur Aristide has one whole wife and children—five, six, seven. They cost me the half what my one little house cost me. It is true he plays then it is true he wins. I do not play so much; but then I lose every night I lose one thousand pounds. You shall play with me to-morrow with my friend; and you shall win.”

“Hm!” growled Gideon again, but in another tone. “It is a rule never to play with people who always lose; someone who never gets up the winner. I suppose you found time, in the middle of your business, to amuse yourself for five minutes with attention to what you went for?”

“You English! Always the business, the business, the business. That makes you so rich. But what means business but to please the pleasure, eh? One hour to work—twenty-three hours to

That is right. You go to the sleep for the ten, and to the business for the fourteen hour, and not to the play for none. Yes, I find one little minute. He is slow—he take fifty-nine second; I am quick—I take one second. It is done."

"I supposed so. Well?"

"I order the rifles for the Sultan of Cashgar, you comprehend. They ask no questions; they are men of business; Cashgar is a good place of business, the first part of him. I pay more down than they would ask, to begin; and, in fine, Sinon and Aristides are good names on a bill. They will make the guns so cheap to look like guns, and to be good for at the least one bang. Then you run them to Cashgar by the route of Morlaix, and you deliver them to the consignee, and when they have done, with the franc-tireurs they shall go to Cashgar, or to Jericho, or to the pieces, if they burst not before. And you?"

"I've spent the price of a dinner in buying the use of a newspaper, only a backwoods sort of rag, but with a strong name for war news just now. I prefer an American paper to work with: war news that has crossed the Atlantic twice is, of course, ten times the value of what only comes once over the Straits of Dover. You see if we don't get earlier and better French news from Spraggville than anybody else does from Versailles."

"Ah! If you had bought the *Times* but we shall do what we can. And the Rentes?"

"I've not done badly there, but it wasn't by flirting with ballet-girls, I can tell you. By good hard work, I've got hold of a quarter of a million without raising the market a sou. One way and another, we ought to get them up to twice the price before settling day. If we don't clear fifty thousand at least, you'll be about right about our belonging to the fools."

"Fifty thousand? It is not much, but is better than nothing at all."

"Would you like to see the memoranda?"

"Oh no, my friend. My poor head is all one ache of champagne. I do not need—I could not comprehend one penny from one pound, and I should add it up all wrong. There is no need of the detail when one deals with the Englishman. If you were a rascal of a Greek—but, in fine, you are Gideon Skull, and not a Greek at all."

"Then there's nothing more to be said to-day? About the news?"

"We shall leave that to you. You will know what the sort of American duck you English will like the best to swallow and to pay.

I have to take the sherry all the afternoon, for I play to-night, and I must not lose quite so much what I win. You will come? No? It is strange, you so rich——”

“That’s just what I’m not, Sinon. I don’t play because I can’t afford to play. I’ve played across the water, but that’s a different thing.”

“I see. It is that you like to win. Now, as for me, I like to lose. It is that I have the good fortune, you comprehend, in the other way. Oh, you shall win much, if you play with me.”

“That’s tempting. I do like to win.”

“Come with me to-night to Juliette, then. She is charming: and you shall find the jolidogs there once more. What have you to do?”

“Nothing,” said Gideon. “Well, as you say, one must amuse themselves sometimes. I’ll come for an hour or two, if you’ll lend me a few pounds. One mustn’t go with empty pockets to ladies whose names end in *ette* or *ine*: and I have a particular objection to be thought anything short of a millionaire among people that don’t know me. I won’t win more than two hundred of you, and you shall pay me a hundred on account, now.”

How Gideon Skull never failed to impress everybody, even Greeks from Asia, with a sense of wealth and prosperity, is the only mystery which this book contains. He never failed to have money for the needs of the day, which he never met in a niggardly fashion: but that was nothing—that feat is constantly achieved, and kept up through a long life, by men who notoriously have not a penny of their own, and who never earn one, and whom nobody would trust with one. Perhaps it was partly that he never bragged of wealth, and at the same time never fell into the grand blunder with which mere cunning so often defeats itself, of making a parade of his poverty. The days are gone by when everybody who called himself poor in and out of season was instantly suspected of being a millionaire—the trick became too stale. No doubt his business look and manner, and his natural and genuine genius for easy-going and open-speaking honesty, went very far in helping him, and his reserved manner and absence of every sort of affectation went farther still. But even as one may have every detail and attribute of beauty and yet not be beautiful, so one may have every one of these gifts and yet fail to be a Gideon Skull. The reputation for being rich, which sticks to one even when one asks a friend for the fatal loan of half-a-crown, must be inborn, and belong to the harmony of the whole man. Even to Mr. Sinon from Smyrna, Gideon’s request for a hundred

pounds seemed the most natural thing in the world, oddly as it must have come from any other man. It is true that Gideon, in the most natural way, had given an excellent reason—that it was after banking hours, and that he would willingly have paid down a thousand pounds if they were the straw that would turn the scale of Gideon's mind in favour of going to Mademoiselle Juliette's on that or any other evening. His satisfaction with having got an ally like Gideon to play into the hands of his house had hitherto been a good deal modified by his friend's almost over-respectable aversion to winning and losing except at the great game of which all Europe was the board. Gideon may or may not have known, by reason or instinct, what was passing in Mr. Sinon's mind: the most wonderful thing about genius is the way in which it reaches its ends blindfold, without being able to remember or even to perceive a single step of the road, like the cat who may be carried in a bag to the utmost ends of the earth, and yet will find the quickest and straightest way back again to those who flattered themselves that they were rid of her for ever.

Most certainly Gideon did know this—that Mr. Sinon, had he known the true state of things, would not only have refused him the hundred pounds, but would have had absolutely nothing to do with him, even as a jackal. He knew perfectly well that they were laughing at him behind his back, as a rich amateur in business whom they could use and fleece, and who could be made to pay for everything that went wrong until all he possessed had passed into their hands or into those of friendly creditors of their own religion. But he by no means, when he left the office, turned the tables by laughing at the backs of Messrs. Sinon and Aristides. It was all much too serious, and at the same time too simple and natural, for laughter even in one's sleeve. It was in the fitness of things that Greek merchants and American editors and German statesmen should unite and combine to make the fortune of Gideon Skull. For what had the Americans fought one another but to institute a profitable blockade, or at least a blockade that should have been profitable except for subsequent circumstances that genius itself could not foresee? Such mistakes were not likely to happen again. And now, as if he himself had arranged the board, there was a great war in France, an admirable system of neutrality laws in England, and a clever Greek firm at his disposal to make his fortune for him—really his fortune, at last—out of straw. If the speculation in news and Rentes failed, *he* could not lose; for he had nothing to lose. But it could not fail. It must succeed; and he would be a capitalist at

once, and in due time a millionaire ; and—who knows?—squire of Copleston, and husband of Helen Reid.

Victor Waldron had once called him a sanguine man. And certainly it had happened only too often that his plans, since he had given up pleasure as the great purpose of life, had failed. Otherwise, he would not have been living from hand to mouth on a barren reputation for success at forty years old. But it would be hard to say that there was anything over-sanguine here. Everybody was playing into his hands.

Even some happy instinct had led him to get rid of Helen's brother, or at least to get him out of the way before he could guess, not having yet seen Helen, how important it was about to become that she should have no brother for a while. "No," he thought, "I must not produce that will, even if I could lay my hand on it this minute, till there's occasion. I should make her grateful to me all her days, and I should lose her for all mine. As long as the Reids go down and Rentes go up, I have the whip hand : but the will must be in nobody's hands but mine. I wish I could imagine what it all means ; but I must do without imagining. If there's a will, and there's any flaw about it, such as the Reids and the Waldrons seem to have been in the habit of making, I shall know pretty well what to do. If there's one—I shall know any way what to do with Waldron. I think he'll be sorry not to have paid his debts, one of these days—and the longer I hold it back, the better for me and the worse for him. Helen married—out comes the will at any time ; out of any old lumber-room, or wherever it might be. Let me see—I told her I'd take three days. Considering what sort of an uncle I've got, one ought to do ; and a run down to Copleston won't run away with much of a hundred pounds—I shall have almost enough left to last me till it's time to send Rentes up as high as the sky. Three days ! I'm hanged if I make it two."

So he turned into the next telegraph office and despatched this message :—"Skull to Sinon.—Can't come to-night. Must go and see an old uncle in the country. Back day after to-morrow if all goes well." Without putting a false word into the message, his instinct felt that Mr. Sinon would translate it into a summons to a rich death-bed. In what other sense could the word "must" and "an old uncle in the country" be possibly employed by Gideon—or by anybody else for that matter, according to Mr. Sinon's knowledge of the world? Nor would the legatee-like extravagance and haste of putting more than twenty words into the despatch be wholly thrown away.

CHAPTER XV.

In Matters Politic, better it is that we trust them that be over-bold than them that be over-wise For the Complexion of *Mars* his Virtue, saith in his Book *Barochus of Florens*, is to guard with Heat and to be glad in his Guarding : but of wise old *Saturn* it is to guard with more of Heed, but yet to be sad and sorrowful therein. Wherefore if thou take a Soldier for thine Heart-fellow, it may be he will lodge thy Secrets on *Caucasus* his Peak where none dare climb albeit some may see them twinkle afar. But if thou take some clerkly Wight, then will he, by divers cunning Shifts and crafty Turnings, bury them as *Daedalus* his Man-Bull where none may see, yet shall Sir *Theseus* coming with his Clew find and gain the same. . . . For the Seeker of Men's Devices climbeth not *Atlas* after them. But the Maze twisteth not whereof thine Enemy, though he halt never so, gathereth not the Clew hard by.

GIDEON SKULL had his share of human weaknesses, and he was far too honest a man to deny them. But Romance was not one of them. His home was not Hillswick, but the world ; so his rare visits to his uncle were most healthily free from those sentimental passages in which the tumble-down church tower of the little country town in which he had played as a boy and done a great deal worse as a young man might have been expected to take part more or less prominently. Nevertheless, when he left his fly in the George Yard, there was a sort of atmosphere about Hillswick which seemed half new to him and yet half old, as if he were remembering something that had never happened. After all, there must have been some scrap of heart somewhere about his very first flirtation ; and something had happened within the last eight-and-forty hours to put a ghost of life into that long-forgotten atom. As he passed down the lane that led to the rectory, he remembered how, in that very lane, nearly five-and-twenty years ago, his uncle Christopher had caught him arm-in-arm with Sally Green the carpenter's daughter, and what a storm there had been in Hillswick for a whole week after. To-night was just such a starry evening ; and he wondered, as he half smiled at the thought of that scene, what might or might not have happened if Uncle Christopher had not been quite so much shocked at the sight of a young man's first evening walk with a girl, even though she was by no means pretty, and though her father was but a carpenter. Perhaps, he thought, if he and she had been well laughed at instead of preached at and scolded and made the town-talk of, things might be rather different with him now, and decidedly better for her. But, after a moment, he shrugged his shoulders at himself, and went back upon the double track of Helen Reid, almost within reach of one hand, and a good share of at least fifty thousand pounds within grasp

of the other. He had not gone near enough to a reverie to prevent him from noticing even such a common object of Hillswick as old Grimes.

"Is parson at home?" he asked, as the clerk and sexton pulled his cap to him.

"Yes, Mr. Skull," said old Grimes, whom experience and tact had taught never to be deaf with Gideon. "He'll be at home."

"Any news?"

"None but a burying to-morrow, Mr. Gideon, and a wedding next day but two."

"How do you like the Yankee squire?" asked Gideon, in the bitter tone that never failed to come when he spoke of his old friend. "I suppose he's managed to come over you all pretty well by this time, eh?"

"Come over, is it, Mr. Gideon? Oh yes, that's it, if gone off's come over. I'm nigh seventy, and I never see nor hear tell of such a squire. I don't see him at all, for that matter. He's been up in Lun'on all the time he's been here. He's not pulled a bell-rope in this church ever since he's been away; and as for spending a penny in the place, he's not done it, Mr. Gideon. That's bad for trade, I say, though he can't stop the folk from marrying nor from burying. He may call himself Waldron, but it's plain Waldron aren't Reid. Old Harry Reid that I rang into the world and tolled out of it was worth twenty of Squire Waldron."

"Do you mean to tell me he doesn't live at Copleston? I came across the—him, up in town; but I never supposed he wasn't living here So that's what wanting Copleston for the sake of the people means," thought Gideon.

"Ah, I thought when he first came grubbing and anti-quiting and perigreeing up in the steeple, *he* warn't writing a county history. I've halft a mind to write a county history myself out of the ratholes, to try and pick up a fortune too. There's lots more papers, if a man'd only care to go through, and could pay me my fee—and I'd live in the place, and spend my money on it like a gentleman."

Gideon was duly welcomed by his aunts as a rich and flourishing nephew who did credit to the family, and, having relieved their minds of the terrors of hospitality by telling them he should put up at the George as usual for the few days he intended to be in Hillswick, went to look for his uncle in the study. His arrival was always governed by the same forms, down to the same precise words about their having dined early, the larder being just unluckily

empty, and the spare bed-room being just in a state of full scour. The curate was always deep in accounts, which he kept with the regularity of clock-work, and with as much inaccuracy as regularity; so, as he had perpetual arrears of the most complicated errors in shillings and halfpence to rectify, and was seldom seen but in the profoundest depths of long-division and rule-of-three, no wonder he got the character of being an excellent man of business for a clergyman.

Gideon had not seen his uncle for a considerable time, and noticed that he was looking either worried or unwell. His general air of being a sketch in outline had been increased by the addition of lines and the subtraction of such colour as he had to lose.

"And six is three-and-fivepence-halfpenny. Ah, Gideon! I'm very glad to see you, indeed. You've seen your aunts, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. I'm taking a day or two's holiday, but I shall give no trouble: I'm at the George, as usual. Hillswick's looking much the same. One doesn't see much sign of the new state of things. Why, I expected to see the High Street turned into another Broadway, and an Athenæum, and a new Church, and an Opera House, under the Yankee rule—or a new town pump, any way. I don't see a spark of enterprise; and the George fly was decidedly not new."

"I am happy to tell you, Gideon, that the exceedingly unpleasant and uncourteous American person who broke my reading lamp and nearly fractured my skull chooses to be non-resident. It is very much for the best that it should be so. It reconciles me to your choice of an American."

"Ah, yes, old Grimes, whom I met in the lane, told me he hasn't been taking much advantage of his spell of Copleston. But, as you say, all the better for a warming-pan. It's a most extraordinary story, and the more I think of it the more extraordinary it seems to be."

"Yes," said Uncle Christopher nervously, "it is very extraordinary—very strange. Mrs. Reid is a good, well-meaning woman, but I do not think she has been very considerate of Me. It is true that she has considered my flock in the future, and that ought to be enough for me; and doubtless that is the first thing to be thought of, but it is not the only thing, Gideon. It is a heavy thing for a man at my age to be made responsible for responsibilities which—which are, in fact, heavy ones. I wish she had taken you into her counsel instead of me."

"Yes," said Gideon, "no doubt it would have been better. But she did not know me, you see, and she did know you."

"She relied upon my judgment: but—well, it will be a relief to me when everything is put straight again. Excuse me a moment, I must see about getting you a glass of wine after your drive."

"I'm hanged if I know what to make of it at all!" thought Gideon, as he stood with his back to the empty fireplace in the usual attitude of concentrated meditation. "That miserable old idiot, Uncle Christopher, has got something on his mind—bah, on his liver—I'll swear. I'd swear that, if it was only because he's gone to get me a glass of wine. When did he ever think of a glass of wine between meals in his life before? He wants the wine, and he wants an excuse for it to the aunts, and the excuse is Me. It can't be that he's got to keep secret that mad crotchet of Mother Reid: a secret of hers would have made him a happy man. I wonder if he murdered old Harry? By Jove! not a bad notion. What a sight it would be to see Uncle Christopher hanged! It's like enough he's taken to drink, and he looks as if he had a bad touch of the nerves; but he's not the sort of man to spend good money on bad drink for nothing. You are a murderer, Uncle Christopher. You are a second Eugene Aram, scholar and murderer. Or, perhaps you're a madman? No; a man can't go out of his mind without a mind to go out of. So you must be a sane and a cold-blooded murderer. I'm beginning to get proud of you. I wonder what you'd take to dispose of the Yankee Squire, with young Alan to follow. Not much, I dare say. I wonder what you do the trick with," Gideon's thoughts ran on, too tired with the long journey and too slackened by the sudden plunge from the strain of London into the almost painful quiet of Hillswick for anything but jesting in their own peculiar way. "Slow poison or a sudden blow? You look most like a poisoner. I shouldn't wonder, if I opened that bureau, to see a few dozen of *aqua tofana*; or perhaps you invite your victims to dinner, and are clever enough to get them to take a second glass of your wine. I must look out when that wine comes." His eyes rested idly on the bureau, and his hands took a book from the table no less idly. "I wonder what you're mixing with the wine that you're so long, or if you're only making it on the premises, or trying to persuade Aunt Sarah to part with the cellar key? A law-book? Well, I never saw a law-book here before, any more than I ever saw wine between meals—or wine at any time, for that matter. Now what can you have been spending money on law-books for—or borrowing them? 'Pleading and Evidence in Criminal Cases,' eh? And with a marker in it, too; stuck in at 'Poison,' I suppose. Ah, I'm on your traces now, Uncle Christopher. This ought to be worth ten pounds a year to me—

'Whosoever shall, either during the life of the Testator or after his Death, steal, or for any fraudulent purpose destroy, cancel, obliterate, or conceal any Will——' By Jupiter Ammon!" cried Gideon aloud, as he slammed back the book on the table, "I've got it now!"

He thought on, without any more jesting, until his uncle returned with the wine. "By the way," he said, "talking of what you were saying, I've seen the Reids in town. Do you ever hear from them—from Mrs. Reid?"

"Not often. I hear from Mrs. Reid now and then. I hope they are well."

"Then, if you've not heard lately, I suppose you don't know that young Reid has taken a place on a newspaper and gone to Versailles?"

"It is all very extraordinary, Gideon."

"It's more than that, Uncle Christopher. I hope you and the old lady know very well what you're both about, and have got lawyer's advice about the matter. I shouldn't like to be in your shoes if young Reid gets a stray bullet in him. There was a war correspondent killed only the other day. . . . Look here, Uncle Christopher; I've been thinking a good deal about the Reids since I met them, and I naturally take an interest in my own relations. I'm not a lawyer, but I'm a business man, and to know business is much the same as to know law. You mustn't let a madwoman like Mrs. Reid lead you by the nose. I wish——"

"She would not think of such a thing. I have never been led by the nose since I was born. I have always been remarkable for an exceptional degree of moral resolution."

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Christopher. Of course I know that a man like you would never allow himself to be led by the nose. But, I was going to say, I wish you'd let me see the will. That's all."

"The—*what*, Gideon?"

"Old Harry Reid's will. You needn't look so scared, Uncle Christopher. I'm not likely to get my own uncle sent to gaol. I only want to see that everything will be safe for you if anything happens to young Reid. Of course the mother will be safe from everything but a lunatic asylum, if the story of Copleston ever comes to be known."

"You've seen the Reids? Mrs. Reid *has* been consulting you?"

Gideon thought for a moment whether it might not be advisable to claim Mrs. Reid's authority for his information and for his right to

advise. But his natural honesty prevailed. "No, Uncle She has said nothing to me. But in business we learn putting things together, that's all. Concealing will you know; and a madwoman's sure to be cunning manage so as to throw the responsibility on you. might be merciful to his mother's infirmities; but I don't ever be able to make him understand that a clergyman, clear-sighted like you, who kept him out of his rights seven years of his life, ought to be easily forgiven. I should feel, or any man."

"Gideon," said his uncle eagerly, "you are wrong—I've examined the statute over and over again, and enquiries I could, and it is clear—quite clear—that in a where there is no fraudulent intent—those are the very words, you see. You can't call it a fraudulent help a woman to—to—carry out the best intentions through it over and over again."

"Yes—I see the words—'Penal servitude'—'Not less than seven years'—'Fraudulent purpose'—'presumed.' I wish I could see the law. But if you think the law will acquit you on the ground that you have done else meant well, I feel pretty sure you're wrong."

"But my own intentions are good too, Gideon; they are good intentions. In undertaking this responsibility, most un-avoidably—"

"Uncle Christopher! You will never make this evil-scandalous world believe that an elderly clergyman, of small private means, concealed a will merely because so-and-so told him to do so, and without a view to his own advantage in the world. You may get the Attorney-General to argue it for you, but you won't change the nature of the world. You know the law of the other world, Uncle Christopher—there's a common saying about what use they make of good intentions there. Anybody who goes to the other world, they pave a good many goals with them."

"You—you think—that?" faltered Uncle Christopher, and he drank down the rest of his wine.

"Well—I can't mince matters—I do. But I can't be sure of seeing the will. I hope it's safe, wherever it may be. Things have a knack of turning up where they're least expected. And if young Reid, who's no fool, ever gets a hint from his mother—who is, and a woman into the bargain—well, the

devil to pay. Of course it leaves everything to him, and something to Helen—Miss Reid. Old Harry would have only one idea of will-making. I don't suppose he's made me a legatee—I don't suppose you've been defrauding your own flesh and blood, uncle Christopher. Who are the executors?"

"Mrs. Reid and I——"

"The devil you are! I beg your pardon, but it's enough to make the nephew of an angel swear. Well, it's too late for anything now but to keep you safe, and to manage that the will, when it's wanted, shall be by the merest chance in the world—where is it, this will?"

"I have pledged my solemn word, Gideon——"

"Come, uncle—be a man; I declare it's monstrous, the way in which Mrs. Reid has been treating you. Upon my soul, I shouldn't wonder if you'd got it put away in that very bureau. You've kept whatever promise she got you to make only too well—it's not your fault that a man of the commonest common sense has been able to see through a pane of glass—for it's been nothing more. What's the good of keeping a secret in a box with a glass lid, I'm hanged if I can see. Alan Reid isn't your nephew, you know. Any way, I supposed you never promised not to tell the terms. I don't like to see a man like you the slave of any woman, Uncle Christopher."

What man, unless he be the strongest in a thousand, can bear to be told that he is a woman's slave? Gideon nearly succeeded in striking a spark of anger out of Uncle Christopher. "Slave—eh? What's that? Slave? Ah, I suppose because you think I give way to your aunts for the sake of peace and quietness, I couldn't take my own way if I pleased? They are aware of it, too. They know, if I really wanted to do a thing, I'd do it—only, you see, those great occasions very seldom occur, and, whenever they don't, why should a man throw away his superior strength in trivial contentions about such domestic matters as—as—the cellar-key? If Mrs. Reid thinks she can order me about and make me liable for her consequences, then I say she is taking a most unwarrantable liberty which I, for one, will not allow."

"Ah, that's speaking like a man, now. Let me see—nobody's so young as to count on living out the next seven years, or the next six years, even. It would be a pretty affair if Alan Reid were to die without a will from not knowing that he had anything to leave. Who'd get Copleston then?—if he died unmarried, I mean?"

Uncle Christopher nearly choked himself with another gulp of wine, as a protest against the accusation of being a victim to petticoat tyranny. He seemed growing reckless in his old age, and it must

have been an intense relief to him to unburden himself of one more fragment of the secret to which the bare letter of his loyalty to his hopes of the living did not bind him. "Miss Reid. Most unquestionably Miss Reid. She would be his heir-at-law."

"By Jupiter Ammon, Uncle Christopher, I wouldn't be in your best boots for ten thousand pounds if you ever get into hot water with Miss Helen. That young woman's got devil enough in her for ten; and she's as sharp as a million needles. Why, if there's a secret within a hundred miles of her, she'll work it out—I'm saying what she *has* done. And if there's anything to be got by it, she'll do it again. She's hard on the track as it is; and though she might spare her own mother, I'll eat my own worst boots if she'll spare you. She's not a girl of the Reid pattern, I can tell you. I hope you don't keep that will on the premises, Uncle Christopher. If you do, she'll ferret it out, as sure as you're a living man. Now, if I had it, I could keep it in my own office safe, which is just the last place anybody would look for it in."

"Eh? You?" Gideon somehow felt that his offer had been made the slightest shade of a degree too soon, and that he had, by the same amount, overrated his uncle's confidence in him. It does not answer to treat any man as if he were wholly imbecile. His uncle could not and did not suspect him; but this sudden generous offer to take the chances of all sorts of trouble upon his own shoulders did not seem quite characteristic of Gideon. He had just enough ear for harmony of character to feel that a false note had jarred him, though he had not enough to tell how or why. "You? I am much obliged to you, Gideon. But it is quite safe in the bank here. Nobody will look for it there."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not, uncle," said Gideon, more vexed that the will was not in the house than that his offer had been refused. "Banks *are* safe—unless they happen to smash, or get broken into, or burn: or unless Miss Helen finds out where it is from her mother, and comes down to Copleston and fascinates the bank manager. Or unless—but, well, none of these things *may* happen in the next seven years. I wouldn't choose a county bank for a hiding-hole myself—but then, of course, your experience is greater than mine you old idiot!" thought Gideon. "But, well—things are found when one knows where they are."

CHAPTER XVI.

Oh whaur's the tune o' heather bells?
 An' whaur's the gowd o' broom?
 An' whaur's the glee the lavrock tells
 When hearts are leir an' toom?
 'Tis then sae brawly frae the flure
 The nettle pouks her sting
 As a' the flowers the muirlan' bure
 When love was wed wi' Spring.
 The nettle decks hersel' wi' green
 An' thinks her Queen ower a':
 Quo' she, nae lady e'er was seen
 Sae sheensome an' sae braw.
 Oh, whaur's the guid when Hearts fa' wrang?
 An' when the lavrock's fain
 To lilt aboon his soarin' sang,
 She gars him croon her ain.

THE end of Helen's thoughts was to sit down and write a letter :

"DEAREST BERTHA,—It is so long since you heard from me that you must have forgotten that there is anybody named Helen in the world. The fact is, I forget it myself, sometimes ; but, whenever I remember it, I am selfish enough to hope that she is not quite forgotten by everybody within a drive from her old home. As I don't want you to skip the whole of my letter, I'll begin at the end, so you'll have no excuse for not reading what comes afterwards. So, in the first and last place, I am, dearest Bertha, your most loving Helen. In the last place but one, I fancy you will still care a little to know that Alan has left us, and gone to Paris, or, at least, as near to Paris as the Parisians will let him. But don't think he has done anything so romantically desperate as to turn soldier. His duties are, first and foremost, to keep out of harm's way, and, secondly, either to find adventures or make them. He has gone out to write letters for an American newspaper, and I am glad of it, for he needs any sort of man's life, and I'm sure was being bored and worried to death with us two useless women. I know wild steam-engines wouldn't drag that out of him, but *I* have felt it, 'and have been hating myself for being one of them. He is very patient and very kind and very brave, but he has given up telling any of his thoughts and feelings even to me. But I know, dear Bertha, a great deal of what he *does* feel. I was very much surprised and hurt, too, that he left Copleston without wishing you good-bye. I could not understand it at all; and I dare say you think of my brother—whatever you may think of me, and if you think of him at all—only as a light-

brained, ill-mannered nobody not worth remembering. Well, you know my flighty ways, and how I never could see anything go crooked without trying to put it straight, and, in short, all about Helen Reid, and above all how she cares for nobody on earth as she does for her brother and her old friend. By all means forget him, but let it be in a just way. I have found out why he did not say good-bye to you; and though I can't tell you why, I *can* tell you that if I were a girl he cared for, I don't know whether I should have been angry with him: I think I should; but I should have honoured him. Men's reasons are almost always absurd, but they can't help their nature, and we must be content with their meaning well. All by myself I have found out that he most deliberately avoided even seeing you for what he thought was for honour's sake and out of respect for you. You know I would not ask you to think kindly of him if I did not know that you may, and if you didn't know you might trust me in this as I would trust you. Don't make things more bitter for me by making me feel that there are misunderstandings and misjudgments between the only two people for whom—except, of course, myself—I care. And please don't answer me by saying 'What in the world are you making such a fuss about? I'm sure I never thought about it at all.' For I'm sure you must have thought a little about one who *you know* liked you as Alan did, and who left you *because* he loved you, and because he *does*, as I know.

"How I should like to see you again! I don't suppose you'd make me feel that things were so very much changed. Mamma is a miracle of content: and I have no particular wish for myself, except that I could turn myself into a young man. I should make a better one than Alan, a long way. I should go straight to the girl I loved, and say, 'Here I am, penniless, useless, nameless, everythingless. Marry me.' And then I'd go to my enemy, with her glove in my hat, and smite him hip and thigh. But I can't do it; and in these days Rosalind and the Spanish Nun and Joan of Arc and Imogen would be misunderstood, and set down as being sadly improper. Something, of course, I must do; but I am in the hardest position a girl was ever in. Whatever I do, it must be what Alan would approve of, and that would not oblige me to leave mamma, especially now that Alan is away. I'm no companion to her, but it would not do to leave her all alone. Why can't I sing, or play the piano, or draw, or act, or sew, or turn pirouettes, or write novels, or cook, or do a single thing that other girls can? Why, I don't know enough of such things even to teach them; so, from what I see in London, my

knowledge must be small indeed. I'm a downright plebeian in my notions, but both mamma and Alan are so terribly proud that I believe they'd rather see me elope than trying to teach other girls how to behave themselves. What should you do?

"And, please, I should like to hear something about Copleston. We never talk of it in our new home, or hear of it from anybody. What sort of a man is Mr. Waldron? Have you yet become acquainted with him? Has he given any parties yet, and have you been to them? If you have, how odd it must have seemed to you, who knew the old place in the old times! I do really want to know all you can tell me about Mr. Waldron. Who have they said is to be Mrs. Waldron? Somebody, of course, and not Miss Bolt, I suppose. Or is he to bring you a nasal lady from beyond the sea?

"I suppose nobody asks after us, not even old Grimes? If you come across him when you chance to be shopping in Hillswick, remember me to him. Do let me have a line at once, dear Bertha, to let me know what you are doing and how you all are, and all about everything. I forgive you for not writing sooner, because you didn't know our address, and I was ashamed to let you know it for Alan's behaviour's sake. But I'm not now. This is a terribly long letter--too many words and too little sense in them: but there is *some* sense near the top of the first page. Do write soon, and believe me—as I said before—your most loving HELEN.

"Do tell me all about Copleston."

It was a very mixed letter indeed. Helen had been seized with an impulse to do something exceedingly politic, had then forgotten herself in her earnestness about Alan, and had so gone on, alternating between impulsive policy and politic impulse to the end, when she remembered her first intention and put it into a postscript of just six words. The letter was very unintentionally sincere, and yet Bertha might look in vain for what was written between the lines. However, it was safe to be answered, and something of Bertha's mind Helen must needs know before setting to work in earnest for Alan. She did not think that the woman lived who could be faithless in her heart to Alan; but still she had been wrong in so many things that she might be wrong again—and if Bertha was lost, she felt that Copleston might just as well be lost too, so far as any good to Alan was concerned. And as Victor Waldron must be the centre of all her plans, whatever they might be, she must study the force and nature of the enemy and his country from more trustworthy sources than the reports of Gideon Skull, whose views were coloured by enmity and were only a man's. If Bertha would act as her innocent

spy, she would learn a thousand little things, infinitely more important than great ones, which only a woman can tell because only a woman would dream of seeing them.

And what could an answer from Bertha Meyrick to Helen Reid prove but the warmest of invitations to spend the time of Alan's absence at Thorp End, where the Meyricks lived, within an easy drive of Hillswick and Copleston? Alan would not have permitted such a visit for an instant, but he was away, and could not object for months to come. Mrs. Reid would no doubt be more than unwilling to accept, and to return in such a manner to the neighbourhood of her old home; but, thought Helen, she will hardly have the heart to say No to the first piece of pleasure that has come to me; and she will herself be glad, in her heart, to escape from this useless life in London, which means nothing, now that Alan has gone. And, once in the enemy's country, though but on its outskirts, many chances might come—some must come—and it would be her own fault if she lost one. It would clearly be her own fault if she never came across Victor Waldron again, either at Thorp End, where he would of course be an occasional visitor, or in Hillswick, or at any rate somewhere. And then, with the effect of her unintentional experiment upon Gideon Skull fresh upon her, it would be scarcely less her fault if Victor Waldron himself did not end the war by suing at her feet for leave to make any sort of terms.

It was all for Alan. What did it signify what happened to her, whatever the terms might be? She had ceased to respect herself enough to feel any hurt or harm about selling herself into downright slavery, had that been in question, for the sake of Alan. Of what use was she in the whole world except to do all things and suffer all things for him? Of vanity and presumption, her plan had no more than Cleopatra's when she sailed down the Nile to conquer Antony. She knew her power, and knowledge can never be vain. Gideon Skull had taught Helen the first letters of a new alphabet, and the most universal and natural of instincts, forced by desperate necessity, had taught her the rest from the beginning to the end. There was as much presumption in her as in creatures that have suddenly found out the use of their bright skins or plumes and their sharp claws, and no more vanity than in a falcon, who hunts not for herself but for her master. She was feeling towards Waldron just then as a falcon to a kite. What girl needs age or experience to learn, with knowledge, the exact measure of her own power? Only, most happily learn it from actual or possible love, and not from hate and its needs.

Mrs. Reid's plan for her children's welfare was certainly working well enough to some sort of end.

The letter was hardly off Helen's mind when one came from Alan, who had not yet reached the point between Dover and Versailles where private correspondence would have to cease for a time. It came from the Fleet Street office for Mrs. Reid, and had been written in pencil on the road, full of haste and good spirits. Helen chose to consider the spirits forced. Mrs. Reid would have been better pleased had he written less like a schoolboy on a holiday. He had not yet seen more than the merest outskirts of a country with an enemy in its heart, and he had as yet found no adventures worth recording except a few difficulties about getting forward. He had never been out of England in his life before, nor ever had occasion to speak in French to a Frenchman, so that his difficulties would have proved real adventures—so he wrote—had it not been for his luck in having for travelling companion a capital fellow named Grey, who knew a good deal about France and French ways, and who was going to the siege for fun, and who had helped him through his first *Argus* letter in splendid style. The weather was splendid. And Helen decidedly made up her mind not to make a single extract from her brother's letter for the benefit of Bertha. It is to be hoped that Alan's first letter to the *Argus* gave more satisfaction than his first letter home.

Nothing of real consequence had happened when, well within the three days after his first visit, Gideon Skull called again. People always assume that the forms of such visits will repeat themselves for ever after the precedent of the first, and Gideon was put out by not finding Helen alone. It had not occurred to him that seeing Helen except in her mother's presence was not to be counted on; and, when he found the two ladies together, he also found himself unprepared with an excuse for calling. Mrs. Reid, too, looked by no means encouraging, and received him with the stiffest of bows and a look of surprise at his appearance which meant anything but welcome. But he noticed also that Helen coloured when he entered, and that was even better than he had looked for. She, vexed at such an accident, was ashamed of the shame which the sight of Gideon, for no cause of which she could possibly be conscious, made her feel. Well, it should be for the last time. She would take good care not to change colour in that way again, or without good practical reason. What shame should or could there be in seeing Gideon Skull when—seeing it was all for Alan—there was none in feeling and thinking what he had made her think and feel during these two nights and days?

"I—I suppose you are surprised to see me here, Mrs. Reid," said Gideon, with uncharacteristic discomposure, while he tried to study Helen's looks without appearing to pay any special heed to her. Some men, and all women, can do that very cleverly; but then all women have tact and some men have cunning, and Gideon was without either. So he looked and stammered like a big, rough man who has fallen into first love, and does not know how to behave himself under such new conditions. "The fact is—well, I was passing, and I thought perhaps— Have you heard from young—from your son?"

And, no doubt, the fact was, that he had been passing, and he had been thinking, and his question was natural, and neither logically nor grammatically connected with his passing and thinking. But, with the usual perversity of all Gideon's words and ways, what was simple, literal, grammatical truth gave Mrs. Reid the impression of meaning what a lie could not have made them seem to mean half so well. It was perfectly natural that the man who had got Alan his place should have some polite curiosity as to how Alan was faring. She ceased to be surprised at the impudence implied by a morning call made by Gideon Skull upon the widow and daughter of Mr. Reid of Copleston, but she was anything but unobservant with her quick Welsh eyes, and something about the set of Gideon's neck as he spoke to her, but only half towards her, made her doubly determined that this call, at least, should be his last. Nor had she been quite blind to Helen's look when Gideon first came in. She did not forget that long interview of the day before yesterday, nor what Helen had said about him afterwards. Side looks and sudden flushes, however meaningless and accidental, should not pass between Gideon Skull and the sister of Alan.

"He is very well, I thank you," said Mrs. Reid, in her most icily graceful way.

"You've heard from him, then?" said Gideon, more like himself, for her high-and-mightiness was certainly not the way to put him down. "That's well. I'll see that you get the *Argus* regularly——"

"Thanks. But I won't give you so much trouble. I dare say Mr. ——, the man in the office, will let me buy it. I believe Miss Reid has already thanked you for all the trouble you have taken for my son?"

"Yes. More than enough. A great deal more. It's not worth mentioning."

The talk, such as it was, broke down. Helen, having planned out her own campaign on her own account, seemed to have no wish for a private talk with Gideon. Mrs. Reid was very certain that such

a thing should not happen, and Gideon did not know how to bring one about, while he had made up his mind very distinctly that he was not going to leave the house without one. It can only seem odd that a man who was playing chess with such large pieces on so great a board should be unable to manage a couple of inexperienced women in so small a matter ; but so it was, strange or no : and perhaps, after all, it was very far from strange. Other men than the Reverend Christopher Skull have found that the force of great minds and iron wills has its limits where the question of a five minutes' *tête-à-tête* or the control of a cellar-key comes into question.

"I have just come from Hillswick," at last said Gideon to Mrs. Reid, but at Helen, so that she might understand how he had not been letting the grass grow in her cause.

"Indeed?" said Helen.

"Yes," said Gideon.

Mrs. Reid said nothing. And down went the talk again.

At last even Gideon had to own himself beaten, and rose. Mrs. Reid gave him her hand coldly and stiffly, and rang the bell. He lingered a little and then went to the door. "Is there any way I can be of use to you now your son is gone?" he asked.

"None, thank you," said Mrs. Reid. He began to feel like an injured man, who was being treated ungratefully. But holding the door-handle was only waste of time.

"I'm on my way to the *Argus*," he tried again. "I will let you know anything I hear there." And before Mrs. Reid could say "No, thank you," again, he was gone. At any rate he had established a basis for calling, and he had made up his mind that Helen was worth even being patient for.

Mrs. Reid sighed with relief as she heard the street-door slam, rather more loudly and fiercely than the latch required.

"Helen," she said, "I shall certainly give orders that we are not at home whenever that horrid man calls again. Your father would never have let him enter his door. I am not grateful to him for sending Alan abroad, and I will have nothing to do with him."

"I suppose he has meant to be kind," said Helen.

"I'm afraid, unless he has changed very much, that a great many people have thought that, and have found themselves wrong. There is no right reason, absolutely none, for his taking an interest in us. Indeed I am not wrong, Helen, nor uncharitable. I dislike him and I distrust him, and the less reason one can give for such feelings the more there is sure to be. This is the first time I have seen him for twenty years, and the moment he came in—I felt——"

"What could you possibly feel about Mr. Skull, mamma? If he was not so big and so slow, he would be like any other common-place fellow-creature."

"I can't put just what I felt into words. But there is no need. We could not take help from him even if we needed it; and, as we could not take his help, or use him, or repay him, or endure him, I do not choose to be at the mercy of visits which he would not make without a motive. I know what I mean very well. Under no circumstances will I allow you to have anything whatever to do with Gideon Skull."

Helen had by no means the same impression about Gideon. She had already made all the use of him she required, and by no means wished to embarrass her movements with such an ally. Perhaps it was as well that her mother should take this view of him, for she no longer attached a sense of awe, mystery, and destiny to the name of Gideon Skull. He had turned out a very manageable piece of mere common clay after all, who had entered her life with a tremendous flourish of trumpets merely for the purpose of answering a question.

But, in the course of the evening, and precisely in the course of a particular five minutes when her mother happened to be out of the room, the maid-servant brought her a pencil note in an unknown hand, which, she was told, had just been left at the door.

"DEAR MISS REID,—Of course you understood when I called this afternoon that it was to see *you*, and *alone*. I have been acting on the persuasion that you meant, with all your soul and strength, every word you said when you told me there was nothing you were not prepared to do for your brother. I told you I would see you again in three days. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you—and I *must* say it to you *alone*. You understand. I have taken care that this shall be delivered to you when you are by yourself. For your sake, as I choose to put it, for your brother's sake if you prefer it, you will give me an interview, so that we may speak for at least five minutes without being disturbed. I will call on you if you will name an hour. You can send me word to care of Messrs. Aristides and Sinon, Woodenhorse Yard. If you are never sure of being by yourself indoors, I will meet you elsewhere—you can easily call at the *Argus* office for news of your brother, and I will be there at any hour to-morrow you name. I have to say what I cannot write, but which it is needful you should know.—G. S."

Helen did not merely flush this time. She turned hot all over. Whatever was to be known she *must* know, and whatever it might

cost her. What could it be that could not be written, and which required so much mystery? Yes—she must see Gideon Skull, and learn what might possibly change all her plans of action. Had he used the time to such good purpose as to have discovered the nature of Waldron's fraud, or learn that the law was, after all, on the side of the right instead of the wrong? When she, perhaps, already had it in her power to do all things for Alan at one stroke, who was she that she should let prudish instincts and technical obedience to an unreasonable command keep her from meeting the man who had been forging her armour? Of course her mother must not be allowed to guess at what was going on for her sake and for Alan's. She knew well enough that her mother would rather lose Copleston for Alan than let his sister steal out on a false pretence to meet Gideon Skull alone. Of any danger but her mother's knowledge she had absolutely no fear. But—in spite of all things—her cheeks and forehead flamed, as if she were doing a mean thing, and not for Alan, as she wrote her answer for the post:—

“At the *Argus* to-morrow at 12.—H. R.”

(To be continued.)

THE "GALATEA" OF CERVANTES

"**B**UT what book is this which stands hard by?" parson Pedro Perez, that learned man, and a g Siguenza to boot, of the barber, in the wondrous and pleasa of Don Quixote's library. Quoth the barber, "It is the of Miguel de Cervantes." "For many years," then said t "has this Cervantes been a great friend of mine, and h more versed in mishaps than verses. His book has a spi invention ; it proposes something, but concludes nothing. wait for the second part he promises ; maybe, with his a he will obtain entire the mercy which is now denied him ; while, Master Gossip, do you keep him locked up at he the second part of the "Galatea," which the parson's g Cervantes promised, never appeared. In the dedicat "Persiles and Sigismunda" to his patron, the Conde de dedication written after receiving extreme unction, and days before his death—his last printed thoughts are bu hope of seeing published the remaining books of the which constituted his first. If Heaven by some miracle, a should continue his life, not only would the "Galatea" be but the "Bernardo" and the "Weeks of the Garden" be to the world—works which it has now lost in all probabilit Cervantes wrote the "Galatea" soon after his return from hi captivity. It gives the earliest sample of his prose compo book of which little more is known than the name "File tioned by him, in his "Voyage to Parnassus," as "resour Phyllis through the woods," and some sonnets—both writt his captivity—preceded the "Galatea;" but as nothing is u of the nature, object, or importance of the former, and as are comparatively trifles, they cannot interfere with the cla "Galatea" to be the first considerable work of Cervantes. self speaks of it, in its dedication to some illustrious magna day, as the first fruits of his scanty wit. And on another oc thinks it necessary to defend the poetical part of his work by to his readers his age when he wrote it. "The fact," he

my having hardly passed the limits of youth seems to give license to such an occupation."

The "Galatea" is a pastoral novel or romance, called by its author, in an affectation of antiquity, an eclogue, written in six books of intermingled verse and prose. The "Arcadia" of Lope, written soon after, bears no great resemblance to it. There are, indeed, so many learned terms in Lope's work, that the author thought it judicious to affix an exposition of them. The fashion of these romances appears to have been introduced into Europe by the success of the "Arcadia" of the Neapolitan Sanazzaro. This work is represented in England by Sir Philip Sidney's famous composition of the same name, or, as it is more correctly called, the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia;" in France, by the tedious "Astrée" of Honoré d'Urfé, of which Cardinal de Richelieu is reported to have said that no man was to be admitted into the Academy of Wit who had not read it; in Portugal, if represented at all, by that intricate fragment the "Menina e Moça," or "Little and Young," the first words of a somewhat homogeneous romance of Bernardim Ribeiro, who has been named the Ennius of Camoens; and in Spain by the "Diana" of Jorje de Montemayor, continued, under the title of the "Second Diana," by the Salamancan Alonso Perez, and under the title of the "Enamoured Diana" by the Valentian Gil Polo, of which last three works any one who desires a concise estimate may find it in the well-known chapter touching Don Quixote's library. It is sufficient here to say that the taste for them was once so universal as to suggest to the excellent friar Bartholome Ponce the idea of writing "La Clara Diana," a zealous panegyric of the Holy Virgin. Of the other works mentioned, those of the Italian and the Portuguese were published about the same time in the middle of the sixteenth century. They seem, with the exception of the eleven eclogues of Calphurnius, to have been the first remarkable revivals of pastoral poetry since the time of Virgil, who, we know, modelled more than one of his "Bucolics" on the "Idyls of Theocritus." Both the Portuguese and the Italian pastorals are short, and, though the one has very little pastoral and the other very much classical allusion, comparatively natural. The former has scarcely any metrical arrangement, though Ribeiro may be considered, as Sidney in Cowper's estimation, a warbler of poetic prose. The latter is compart of twelve portions, each containing one piece of prose and one of verse, called an eclogue. It commences with a conversation between Ergasto and Selvagio, just as the "Galatea" with one between Elicio and Erastro, and some of the names in the two romances are alike. Other

resemblances will be remarked farther on. The Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia" and D'Urfé's "Astrée" both appeared after the "Galatea." It is curious that neither of these, though of considerable length—the latter contains over a thousand closely-printed pages—nor the "Menina e Moça," like the "Galatea," were ever completed.

Only a little while before the appearance of Cervantes' own work, was published, of course unfinished, "that precious jewel," as he calls it in "Don Quixote," the "Shepherd of Filida," by Luis Galvez de Montalvo, one of his friends, whom he has not omitted to compliment at the conclusion of the "Galatea" as a shepherd the best among the best. The success of the "Galatea" was probably not great; the supply of pastoral novels, instead of being rare, was in Spain becoming more than the demand—the public were growing fastidious, the fashion was dying out. To this result extravagance of treatment in search of surprise, and oblivion of the modesty of Nature, no doubt contributed; but the chief cause of the decay of the popular enthusiasm in pastoral story, which had flourished so luxuriantly in Spain and elsewhere, was doubtless that absence of novelty which is alike the ruin of raiment and romance.

Pastoral novels possessed at least one interest more for the contemporaries of their writers than for readers of a later age. The fictitious characters mostly represented real personages. Calphurnius appears to have figured as Tityrus and Corydon alternately. Both Ribeiro and Sanazzaro introduced themselves into their works. In the former, Bimnarder and Narbindel are of course anagrams of Bernardim, Arima of Maria his wife, and Aonia of Juana. D'Urfé's *Astrée* was probably his wife Diane de Châteaumorand, and D'Urfé certainly Celadon. Sidney painted himself as Pyrocles, and his Stella as Philoclea. Cecropia is without doubt Catherine de Medici. Keys have been forged for every name in the book, but this lock has grown far too rusty for any modern artist to open it.

The custom of introducing real personages under feigned names into fictitious literature is of course nothing rare. In Spain, Lope de Vega sang of his first wife, Isabel, by the assistance, like Ribeiro, of an anagram as Belisa; and Luis Galvez, by the same figure, celebrated two famous ladies, Maria and Juana, as Armia and Viana. In the "Galatea" Luis Galvez goes by the name which he himself adopted in his "Filida," Siralvo, a slight deviation from his real appellation, Montalvo; Damon stands for Francisco de Figueroa; Elicio, a form of Felicio, or Tirsi (Thyrsis), it seems uncertain which, for Cervantes, who is called Tirsi in the "Filida;" and Larsileo for the famous author of the "Araucana," Alonso de Ercilla. It may be that the majority

of the numerous characters in the story, both male and female, had their equivalents in actual life; but the veil of Time which has fallen between is too dense for us to guess at any but the most resplendent names. The heroine Galatea seems certainly intended for the author's future bride, Catalina de Palacios; and the Lusitanian, with exceeding many flocks and herds, introduced anonymously at the conclusion of the book, for a rich Portuguese rival of Cervantes.

The characters of the "Galatea," when not flustered with love, fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world. Living securely and at ease, they sing everywhere and at all times. On going out and on coming home, on the green grass and on the hard stone of a hermitage, on board ship or in a shady garden, under a tufted myrtle at noonday, or leaning against an olive by moonlight; on hills and in valleys, in a horrid forest, or a fair meadow under a village wall; in joy and sorrow, at funeral obsequies and marriage ceremonies they sing. Men and women, as a rule, they do it without asking; and, when asked, on no occasion become obnoxious to that censure which Horace, in one of his satires, has recorded against the capricious Sardinian Tigellius. Some of their songs are over a hundred lines in length, but none are ever sung from a book; they are either composed extemporaneously, or, being once composed, repeated without any apparent labour, and simply prefaced by "If I remember rightly," by heart. The subject of their songs is invariably some one of the many phases of love; their form perpetually changes like the pictures in a kaleidoscope. Now a villancico is heard with its simple burden, now a redondilla, and now a sonnet. Here are samples of the iambic, and there of the trochaic, or old Castilian cancion. On one occasion we listen to the tercets of Dante, on another to the sextains of Petrarch, and on another to the octaves of Ariosto. If we reach the sixth book, we meet with a composition called by the author an eclogue—a term less improperly applied to this song than to the whole story, sung by four shepherds, and occupying no less than thirty octavo pages. As many as the kinds of songs are the kinds of the musical instruments by which they are generally accompanied. All those which are mentioned by the prophet Daniel, as introducing the adoration of the golden image set up by Nebuchadnezzar in that mystic plain of Dura—to wit, the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer—may be found in the possession of one or other of the shepherds of the "Galatea." The names of the instruments in the Spanish are marked with that precision of meaning with which they are well known to be characterised in the Chaldee. Further, Cervantes has added to the list the Pandean pipe and the castanets.

In their songs the shepherds, it must be confessed, like Don Adriano de Armado in the estimate of Holofernes, draw out the thread of their verbosity far finer than the staple of their argument. There is too much in them of Hamlet's reading—words, words, words. But this may be forgiven when we reflect upon the dire necessity which compels every shepherd and shepherdess to sing continually some new song.

In other respects as in this Cervantes' shepherds are like the shepherds generally of pastoral romancers. If the lady of their love be kind, angel and goddess are terms not too good for her; if unkind, she is at once degraded into a hyena, a serpent, or a devil. Every person is ready and willing to narrate the most intimate events of his or her life to an utter stranger. The first man met is invariably the judge of all disputes. Not a male soul in the book but is in love with some woman. As for the women, sometimes they wash their faces, at others weave garlands for their hair, at others admire themselves in the mirror of a fountain.

Though the "Galatea" contains the beginning of several stories, he who asks for an account of the main narrative or framework may chance to meet with the same reply as that given, according to Canning, by the Knife-grinder to the Friend of Humanity: "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." The heroine, to whom is accorded the title *rôle*, plays but a poor part in the piece. She listens often, and sometimes, of course, she sings. The river Tagus, on the banks of which she was born, is, the reader learns, more celebrated for her beauty than for its golden sands. The green meadows grow happier in her sight, and the flowers touched by her feet give a greater fragrance. Therefore, the majority of the shepherds are in love with her, but Elicio most of all. Meanwhile the action of the drama is, as far as she is concerned, at a standstill; only at the conclusion of the last book is she induced, to avoid the Lusitanian lover favoured of her father, to write to Elicio. With this exception, the reader leaves her in precisely the same condition in which he found her.

If the disconsolate Elicio dares to complain of this adamant beauty, Tirsi is at hand to defend her in a sort of sorites. "Galatea," he says, addressing the unhappy Elicio, "is certainly more fair than cruel; she is, above all, discreet; and of discretion is born self-knowledge, and of self-knowledge self-esteem, and of self-esteem unwillingness to injure herself, and of unwillingness to injure herself absence of desire to satisfy you." It is only fair to mention that there seems some doubt about the interpretation of this passage, since it has been rendered, in a version of which we may again avail ourselves farther

on, with equal liveliness and lucidity thus : "Galatea has more fame for beauty than for cruelty ; but, above all, there is no question as to her discretion, and if that, as it should be, is true, from discretion arises knowledge ; hence esteem, and that precludes all compromise, and this too awakens restlessness."

Here follow a few samples of the incomplete stories of which the "Galatea" is chiefly composed.

In the anecdote of Grisaldo and Rosaura, the hero, after many fruitless attempts to secure the hand of the heroine, and after being for some time the geck and scorn of her derision, at last, at the lady's own request, makes love to another woman. As soon as the first lady discovers that he has done so, she very naturally and consistently abuses him as a traitor, and, after adding many other injurious expressions, declares she will do her best to destroy his satisfaction while she is alive, and torment his deceitful eyes with terrible sights, as often as possible, after her death. Finally she is for fixing a naked dagger in her bosom. Grisaldo unwisely prevents her ; still more unwisely, after this display of her temper, promises to marry her. The last chapter leaves her in the power of a rival of Grisaldo's, who has carried her away by force. This episode, like others, is tied by a very slender cord of connection to what main interest the tale possesses. The introductory complaints of Rosaura are heard by Galatea, who has hid herself behind a bush for that purpose. This instance of eaves-dropping is far from exceptional in the narrative, and was doubtless as consistent with the good faith and honour of Cervantes' time as those robberies of parents by their children which we wot of in his novels, impudent and impious robberies rendered illustrious by the example of the Jew's daughter in the "Merchant of Venice." Like the others, too, this episode is remarkable for the sudden and totally unexpected appearance and disappearance of its characters, and the meandering flow of its incidents through the somewhat barren plain of the main story. Certainly, if, as one of the author's panegyrists said, Cervantes is indebted in the "Galatea" to Pan for his shepherds, to Apollo for his songs, to Jove for his vivacity, and to Diana for the chastity of his style, no small sacrifice ought to be offered by him to Mercury for the intricate windings of his ancillary anecdotes. Chiefly are these observable in the narrative of Silerio and Timbrio. Timbrio is in love with a Neapolitan lady, Nisida, in whom nature has summed up all moral and physical perfection. Afterwards Silerio sees her. "I saw Nisida," he says ; "Nisida I saw to see nothing further ; nor, in sooth, having seen her, is there aught else to see." Silerio conceals his affections, and nobly, however sillily, pleads the cause of his

friend. Nisida is apparently unconscious of Silerio's amiable disinterestedness. To her the words in which he pleaded another's love did not on any occasion interpret his own; or, if they did, she had no stomach for it. Therefore Silerio, disgusted with the ways of the world, seeks consolation in religious retirement, and becomes a hermit. Timbrio meets with many adventures, in some of which, as in an attack by Turks on land and by Algerian galleys on sea, under command of Arnaut Mami, are evident traces of the author's own experience. The final fates of both are enwrapped in much painful uncertainty. Silerio is, however, in the concluding chapter made acquainted, as a sort of sop, with the love which Blanca, Nisida's sister, secretly entertains for him. For aught we know, she makes him an excellent wife in that sequel which never reached the public, but—she was not Rachel.

The sole remaining episode of importance reminds the reader in its gross improbability of the "Comedy of Errors." Not only in it are there two sisters so alike in face, figure, and deportment, that their parents themselves can only distinguish between them by the difference of their dresses, but they fall in love with the common form of two brothers in so similar a predicament, that voice constitutes between them the single variation. The names of the brothers are Artidoro and Galercio, of the sisters Teolinda and Leonarda. Their adventures are intricate but amusing. Some of the sweetest language in the book is in this episode. What an eloquent description of the effects of love is to be found in the original Castilian, of which the following is a faint shadow: "Love," says Teolinda, "my love for Artidoro has made me another: I live no longer in myself but in him; his form I see whithersoever I turn my eyes; to whatever I may listen, it is the soft music and harmony of his voice that sounds within my ears; there is no place to which I direct my feet but I would give my life if he desired it to meet him there; my hands touch no longer what they wish; my meals lack their wonted flavour for my tongue." Telling us of her impatience during a summer night to meet Artidoro, she says: "The lingering nights of rugged December never gave so much weariness to the lover waiting for his contentment with the coming dawn, as that night, albeit one of summer's short ones, gave misery to me, so yearned I for the new light in order to go and see that light by which alone my eyes saw. Therefore, while the stars yet glimmered in the sky, in doubt still whether it were day or night, driven by my desire, I left my village under the pretext of feeding my sheep." . . . Here is a short sample of the lovers' dialogue. She has given him her hand in the dance, and asks: "In what has my hand offended

you, O Artidoro! that you press it thus?" To which he replies, in a voice which none may hear, "Nay, what has my soul done unto you, O Teolinda! that you so ill-treat it?" "The mischief I suffer," says the lady softly, "is manifest, but yours I see not, nor is it to be seen." "Which, indeed, is the worst of it," replies her lover, "for you have eyes to inflict an evil, but rest without them for its remedy." Soon after, to the assembled company of shepherds and shepherdesses reposing from the fatigue of dancing on the green grass, Artidoro sings some verses to the accompaniment of a bagpipe and rebeck played by two of the party. These verses, in the highly artificial form of the sextain which is especially familiar to the readers of Petrarch, Teolinda, having heard only once, with that excellent memory common to all this pastoral folk—a folk as exceptionally endowed in this particular as the lady in the stage-coach, who tells the story of the Unfortunate Jilt in "Joseph Andrews"—repeats for the gratification or instruction of those to whom she is telling her tale. They are represented in the only English translation—the only translation into any language—of the "Galatea" of Cervantes in the following manner:—

1. In a sharp closed dark night,
Without ever seeing the wished-for day,
Bitter complaints increase continual;
From pleasure far, smile or content,
Deserveth he to be, in living death,
Who loveless passes life.
2. What can be the most cheerful life,
Without a shadow of brief thought—
Oh semblance natural of death—
If in these so many hours the day but lasts—
Then silence to the grief of anguish full,
Love's sweet smile admits not?
3. Where blind love dwells, dwell smiles;
Where it dies, dies our very existence
To wails converts the sapid pleasure,
And in the ever-during darksome night
Of peaceable day the clear night,
To live without, why that is bitterness!

Bitterness indeed, as every reader not devoid of the common passions of humanity will confess. It would have soothed the last hours, supposing them to have wanted soothing, of the Castilian poet, to know that his favourite verses would be thus ably and feelingly transfigured for the admiration of posterity. The following lines are inserted simply to show the form of the poem. They may,

however, supplement the meaning of the matter, which in the above version has perhaps been now and again obscured by too great fidelity to the text, or by the Pindaric fervour of the exegetist.

In dark, unlovely, and imprisoned night,
Without all hope of gracious sight of day,
And in unceasing increase of salt tears,
Far from content and pleasurable smiles,
Should he be prisoned, and in living death,
The man who without love would pass his life.

For what can be the most delightful life
Save a poor shadow of a dull short night,
Save nature's own sad effigy of death,
If he, through all the hours of cheerful day,
Never to silence gives afflictive tears,
Never admits the light of love's sweet smile?

Where in the world love lives, there many a smile
Lives; and where love dies, there too dies our life,
And savoury pleasure turns itself to tears,
And into dark and ever-during night
Turns the fair splendour of the tranquil day,
And life without love is but bitter death.

In the midst of so much bucolic love-making as may be found in the "Galatea," the surfeited reader lights with a certain sense of relief upon the *desamorado* Lenio, a shepherd in whose breast love was never allowed to dwell, and who passed all his leisure time—which, like that of Don Quixote and of every character in the present narrative, constituted by far the greater portion of his existence—in abusing lovers. If he had a hundred thousand tongues, he would occupy them all in this undertaking. A man of little sense, he says on one occasion, addressing a love-sick swain not over-courteously, may very easily lose that little. It behoves him, therefore, to beware how he becomes enamoured. They who follow Cupid's banner are perhaps not the wisest in the world; and, if they ever were, they certainly ceased to be so the moment they fell in love. This heretic cannot understand the love songs of his companions; nay, he goes so far as to doubt whether they can understand them themselves. He is, however, quite prepared to sing a song himself, when the occasion may seem—and it frequently seems—to him to exact it. The reader has not, indeed, long made the acquaintance of this acolyte of Anteros before he bursts out, without any apparent provocation, with the succeeding sonnet:

A wanton fancy of uncertain kind,
A mad and foolish thought, an idle play,
An airy dream, I know not what to say,

Of memory, where none may substance find,
A hope which hangs the sport of every wind,
A sorrow vainly seeming to be gay,
A night of dark confusion without day,
A sightless error of the dotting mind,
Such are the proper roots from which was made
Ages ago this well-known monstrous birth,
Which bears the name of Love through all the world,
And he who with this love is well appaid
Merits no mansion here upon the earth,
And should in ruin lie from Heaven's gates hurled.

A great part of one of the books of the "Galatea" is taken up by the relation of an animated dispute between Lenio and Tirsi with regard to love's merits. The discussion is maintained in such set form and with so many able arguments as would be more suitably placed in the mouths of two students of Valladolid or Salamanca, than in those of a pair of village shepherds. Lenio, for example, begins, like Socrates in the "Phædrus," by defining love as the desire of beauty. He divides beauty into corporeal and incorporeal, and corporeal beauty again into that of the living person or the artificial representation; incorporeal beauty into that of science or virtue. He then contrasts the desire of the beauty of the living person, which this philosophical shepherd supposes is what is commonly understood by love, with that other desire of incorporeal beauty. He compares the fading glimmer which diverts the purblind eye of the body with that eternal splendour which occupies the clear eye of the soul. He shows in melancholy succession the ill's which possess the Pandemian love. It sets a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. It makes, like Christianity, a man's foes those of his own household, and confuses generally the more intimate relations of life. It is the origin of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, the fountain of discord, desolation, and death. It is a sour sweet, a deadly poison hidden in a golden pill; a lovely flower which rounds into no fruit, save that bitter one of too late repentance. And the lover? He, poor wight, is suspended between hope and fear as Tantalus between the fruits and the waters; his labours are the labours of the daughter of Danaus; no eagle can gnaw the entrails of Tityus so constantly as jealousy those of the jealous suitor; no stone weigh so heavily on the shoulders of Sisyphus as love's burden weighs upon the ever-striving lover. What a wealth of illustration does Lenio now let loose upon his rustic audience! He recalls the fate of Samson; he inspires them with renewed aversion

for Ammon and for Lot; he lightly alludes to David and Solomon, he glances on Herod and Hercules, he spares not Arachne and Sophonisba. He concludes all with a song of near a hundred lines, which he composed some time ago, and now quotes from memory as suitable to the present emergency. The affluence of the imagination of Cervantes is attested by the following prose translation of two stanzas of it. The whole song is all compact of similar imagery. "Love," says Lenio, "is an unseen thief which is our ruin, robbing our best from us, and stealing at every step our soul. It is a lightness of foot which overtakes the fastest runaway; a riddle which none can answer; a life in death; a chosen war born at the hazard of a die; a truce lasting but a little while; a cherished evil; a conception of wind; a soul's sickness; a coward rushing confidently against his ill; a debtor ever denying the debt which beyond all doubt he owes. It is an enclosed labyrinth, holding the lair of a fierce wild beast which feeds on human hearts; a snare in which life is snared; a lord asking account from his steward of thought, word, and deed; a desire of a thousand different demands; a silkworm weaving itself a resting-place, poor or rich, where it lives a little while and then dies—a longing never knowing for what it longs; a cloud darkening the senses; a dagger wounding the heart."

In the preceding stanzas Love is spoken of as a fierce and flattering tyrant; a fire consuming the soul; a yoke bowing the loftiest neck; a stormy sea never at rest; a giver of little good, but of ill heaped up in full measure; a shaft opening the bosom of all who live secure of his deceit; a treacherous Circe turning men into monsters without any hope of being restored by human aid to their pristine form. Such, says the eloquent Lenio in conclusion, is Love. Follow him if you will.

Well may Cervantes declare that all who heard him were astonished at this exuberance of the pastoral intellect. And yet, as the contest takes place in the fourth book, they ought long ago to have lost the capacity of being astonished at anything of this nature. To every count in Lenio's speech a categorical reply is given by Tirsi. He finds fault with Lenio's definition, and gives one which he conceives more logical, but which is certainly more lengthy. He divides love into that of the good, the profitable, and the pleasant. He shows that it includes all the virtues, as his antagonist had made it include all the vices. He asserts that good is not ill because it may become so. He compares—for he, too, can compare—love to a rill of fresh water born of a limpid well, which, little by little, polluted by various unclean affluents in its course, loses its crystal sweetness, and

becomes a black and bitter river ere it reach the sea. As well not build houses because they may fall in and bury their inhabitants, as refuse to love because many a love has turned out badly. Men still continue to increase and multiply, though *Œdipus* slew his father, and though his mother was murdered by *Orestes*. Shall we condemn the elements because every one of them may become an occasion of offence? *Lenio* had declared *Cupid* was represented as a child because of his caprice. *Tirsi* maintains he is so pictured because of his purity. The wings which the former found expressive of inconstancy, to the latter signified willing obedience; and while the one discovers in the blindness of the god an emblem of his audacity, the other refuses to recognise therein aught but an implication of his faith.

The speeches of *Lenio* and *Tirsi* are so far superior to what the reader might expect of them—rather, says *Cervantes*, arguments of wits trained in colleges and courts than of homely understandings bred in cottages and hovels of thatch—that the author felt himself obliged to assign to each of the orators an early education, to mitigate in some measure the public amazement. He has, however, omitted this expedient on another occasion which seems equally to require it, where the rhetoric of a rustic who compares the *Tagus* to the rivers *Xanthus*, *Amphrysus*, and *Alpheus*, and the gardens on its banks to those of *Alcinous*, the *Hesperides*, and the *Elysian fields*, can only be explained on the supposition of a sudden classical inspiration. Here, indeed, is something more than the mere natural philosophy of *Corin* in "As You Like It." *Lenio*, however, the arrogant *Lenio*, is not allowed to escape. The goddess who holds the happy *Cyprus* and *Memphis* void of *Sithonian snow*, touches him with her sublime whip. A certain *Gelasia*, a girl of tender years, who had dedicated herself to *Diana* from her infancy, appears on the scene. Incontinently the luckless *Lenio* becomes her victim. He is represented in a deplorable condition in the fifth book. There we find him stretched on the ground hard by the fountain of slates, in a swoon, his face covered with a cold sweat, and his general appearance betokening a careless desolation. But a few more pages and he, in his turn, is throwing himself at the foot of a green willow, heaving heavy sighs from the bottom of his breast, tearing his coat collar, tuning his pipe, singing love songs, and begging pardon of *Tirsi*, who, seeing his sorrow, generously forgives him, assuring him that it is the condition only of devils never to repent them of their sins. To the reader's last sight he is represented sitting forlorn on the top of a rock, where *Gelasia* had lately sat, cursing his ill-luck in desperate

language, and alternately blessing and blaspheming his own eyes. His concluding feats are to sing some Spenserian stanzas, in which he calls his love harder than marble, and asserts that his soul is hanging by the least of her hairs, and to cast his crook and his coat into the waters of the Tagus.

In this last act something ludicrous may perhaps be discovered. Little, however, of the humour for which Cervantes a few years afterwards became so eminent is to be perceived in the "Galatea." There is, indeed, in the last chapter a somewhat curious scene. A certain Galercio, the course of whose true love, like that of many of his companions, had run anything^gbut smooth, seeks to drown himself in the Tagus in a fit of despair. He is represented with his head and half his body in the river, while two shepherdesses of gentle mien, who must have arrived in the very nick of time, which we know is the first of all things, hold fast by the skirts of his woollen jacket to prevent his fulfilling his fell design. Like Hippocleides, on the table of the supper room of Cleisthenes, he gesticulates violently with his legs. His object is to defeat the solicitude of the ladies, who are for saving his life. But the maidens, never minding his kicks, continue to hold him with all their might and main, till, by the arrival of male assistance, he is ultimately restored to the upper air. Cervantes describes this incident in the story as the most extraordinary thing imaginable. It may have been intended for a pathetic circumstance; but more than one reader will look upon it as a sort of lively pæan, sung in the style of Charles Sorel, at the conclusion of a book which probably nothing but the fashionable taste of his time had induced him to commence.

The sixth book introduces the reader to the funeral ceremonies of a certain shepherd, Meliso, probably intended for the old soldier and statesman Hurtado de Mendoza. As no previous mention has been made of him, the circumstance of his obsequies excites but a lukewarm interest. This part of the "Galatea" reminds us of Sanazzar. Meliso corresponds with Androgeo, and Opico with the ancient priest, Thelesio, who summons to the valley of cypresses, where is the sepulchre of Meliso's honoured ashes, all the company of the story in order to celebrate his funeral with solemn rites, and with sad songs and pious sacrifices to alleviate the pain, if any, suffered by his immortal soul. To preserve a suitable decorum, and to ensure purity of intention, the old priest orders that the males of the party shall be wholly separated from the females—an arrangement with which, the author says, the minority rested content, but the majority were not over well satisfied. Then follows a pretty description of this pastoral

God's acre, in which the chosen among the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. Between the cypresses in the valley a thousand jasmines and rose-bushes grow luxuriant, close and intertangled as the thorns and brambles in the hedge about a vineyard. Round about the burial-ground runs a little river. The tombs are of jasper and marble, each with its appropriate name; that of Meliso is, however, distinguished with the same good taste and sense of Christian humility which marks some of the gorgeous mausoleums railed off from the resting-places of the vulgar rabble in our own churchyards. It is constructed of broad slabs of smooth black slate inlaid with polished blocks of white alabaster. It is set far apart from the other sepulchres. So good an opportunity for the singing of an elegy is of course not overlooked, and the sad words of the shepherds are accompanied by the music of larks, linnets, and nightingales. Then Thelesio advises the company to set silence on their tender tears and give truce to their dolorous sighs, since neither the one nor the other can ever recall the loss they lament. Though, says this rustic philosopher, it be natural to weep, yet must regret be restrained by reason, a remark which recalls the Friar's counsel to Capulet. "Sobs, indeed," adds the astute priest, "are the signs of the love we bore him; but his soul will obtain far more profit by your pious sacrifices and devout oblations than if all ocean were turned into tears." *Vray moyne si onques en feut depuis que le moyne moynant moyne de moynerie.* The mourners take up their rest, by the parson's advice, in the vicinity of the tomb, but in the noon of night a surprise awaits them. In the midst of a pyramidal column of flame, rising from the summit of the sepulchre of the favoured shepherd, appears Calliope. Wonderfully well, considering the opposition of their religious opinions, do the Pagan goddess and Christian priest agree. As for the people, she graciously thanks them for their polite memory of Meliso; then, singing to her harp a song of some thousand verses, to which those assembled listen with a singular and patient courtesy, the muse mentions with eulogy the names of many poets, the contemporaries of Cervantes. Mute and inglorious, alas! are most of them now! But some few we recognise, and among these Ercilla and Luis de Leon, Gongora and Gracian, de Vargas Argensola and Maldonado. The introduction of this song of Calliope was probably suggested to the author by a similar occurrence in the "Diana Enamorada" of Gil Polo, a book which, the reader will remember, Cervantes, in the person of the parson, asks the barber, not perhaps without a pun, to preserve as piously as if written by Apollo himself. That Cervantes had a high opinion of it seems probable from his frequent

imitation of it. Not only is his general treatment the same, not only, like Calliope, does the River Turia, in a song almost equally long, utter prophetic praises of the most famous men in Valencia, but in the concluding chapters of Gil Polo's romance society asks riddles to amuse itself, just as in the last pages of the "Galatea," after Calliope has vanished with the dawn. These riddles, which treat of wine, snuffers, coals, fetters, and so forth, are, like those of Gil Polo, exceedingly obscure, and mostly obnoxious to the stigma attached by the learned theologian, Dr. Adam Clarke, to the riddle put forth by Samson to his wedding guests. Dr. Clarke considered it unfair on the ground, clearly a strong one, that, unless the fact to which it referred was known, there was no rule of interpretation whereby it could be determined. The end of the romance, if end it may be called that end has none, leaves the majority of the characters in the very noontide of their adventures, and the hero Elicio—well described by the dog Berganza as more enamoured than audacious, and more mindful of other's business than of his own particular loves and lambs—reading the first letter he has ever received from the too coy Galatea by the light of a pine torch in his poor cottage.

Of the many shadows occasioned probably at different times by this work, one only is now associated with its original. The "Galatea" of Florian, said to be not the least successful of his writings, was produced towards the end of the last century. It is an abridged imitation of the romance of Cervantes. The six books are reduced to three, and a fourth is added of entirely original matter, so far as the Spanish author is concerned, to wind up the various adventures which he left, at least for public eyes, unwound. Florian seems to have recognised the justice of the parson's dictum in "Don Quixote" concerning the "Galatea": "It proposes something, but concludes nothing;" and his genial nature yearned, by substituting a second part of his own for the missing second part of Cervantes, to redeem the little book from the duress of the barber's home. Save the general outlines and the name, the French has little or nothing in common with the Spanish pastoral. The incidents are frequently changed; in the verses there is no resemblance. Some scenes Florian added, some he took away. Of the former he has given a list in his preface. Doubtless his modesty feared they might discredit Cervantes. One is concerned with a pair of turtle-doves, another touches on an exchange of crooks. There are who consider them charming episodes. He has been studiously attentive on all occasions to what is demanded of him by the delicacy of the French taste. In this respect his con-

scientiousness is remarkable, even in apparent trifles. Silveria, for example, one of the many shepherdesses, is gracious in the original with green eyes. Florian has, without hesitation, turned them into blue. On another occasion he has piously substituted for a pagan sonnet a short prayer. The chastity of Cervantes' female characters recalls that of the ladies of Richardson or Heliodorus. Florian's women are less stony-hearted. *Presque nulle part je n'ai traduit*, he says in his preface. This is scarcely true; but the wonder is that he undertook the work at all, after the publication, chiefly directed against the "Astrée" of D'Urfé, of that anti-romance of Sorel, *Le Berger extravagant*. But the taste for pastoral, after falling with the false shepherds of Fontenelle, and the be-ribboned sheep of Mdme. Deshoulières, had been again revived by that disciple of Longus, Solomon Gesner.

In one respect, at least, the French artist deserves the reader's hearty thanks. During all this singing, and playing, and dancing, and love-making, and story-telling among the shepherds and shepherdesses, a mind anxious for information may naturally inquire what becomes of the sheep. Cervantes, indeed, carelessly left them to their own devices. Only on one occasion is a shepherd troubled apparently with some conscientious compunction on their account. That enamoured shepherd says: "We have now left our flocks for ten days, and maybe they feel our absence more than we theirs." He puts this doubtingly, but the matter will seem a certainty to any one who recalls the butchering teeth of the hungry wolves which are mentioned in an early part of the romance. Considerable credit is here due to Florian. His keen sagacity comprehended and solved the difficulty at one and the same time. Happily he bethought him of the dogs—*Ces bons animaux semblaient deviner que leur maître était trop amoureux pour s'occuper de ses brebis, et ils faisaient à la fois leur devoir et celui du berger.*

When we remember that the "Galatea" was never finished, and also recollect the common license allowed in this kind of fable, there seems in the present labour of Cervantes little to find fault with. It is observable that, though the author talks, in the "Library Investigation of Don Quixote," of some amendment in it, he, as a matter of fact, points out nothing to amend. All that he commits himself to in the way of condemnation is that the work promises much and is without a conclusion. He was probably, however, not content with it in its incomplete condition, or some of those praises would, it may be presumed, have fallen to its share, which he was not, as the reader knows, always unwilling or too modest to bestow on the children of his intel-

ligence. Its official censor, one Dantisco, who was commissioned to review it by the Royal Council in 1584, speaks of it as, in his opinion, an agreeable treatise and of much ingenuity, without prejudice of any one either in its prose or in its verse. He praises it as a profitable volume written in a chaste style, in clear language, of noble invention, and void of all matters ill-sounding, dishonest, or contrary to good manners. The judgment of this censor has not been in any important particular satisfactorily reversed by that of succeeding ages.

The stereotyped charges against the "Galatea" may be made against most pieces of pastoral romance. Such is the series of disconnected events which weaken the story and embarrass the reader. Such are the multiplicity of episodes, their entangled and inartificial texture, their frequent interruptions inevitable as the black bars in Bradshaw, their involution as a wheel within a wheel, the introduction of shepherd after shepherd and shepherdess after shepherdess, till they seem, like Banquo's line, to stretch out to the crack of doom, the complexity of relation of the several characters, and their long intervals of absence. It has already been observed that there is in the "Galatea" an almost total neglect of the heroine; but there is equally little regard of Diana in Montemayor's story, nor have his successors made her much more active. Montemayor's heroine has, by the way, the additional disadvantage of being a married woman. Against all these charges may be set the graphic delineation of his characters in the episodes, the lively interest of his incidents, and, above all, that "spice of good invention" allowed him by the parson. The immense quantity of verses in the "Galatea," showing his early poetic bent, never entirely straightened, which induced a German critic to imagine that Cervantes intended his prose narrative merely as a framework for his poetry, seems to have been a necessity of the *genre*. Concerning the merits of his verses, of which we have in the "Galatea" the best lyric specimens, Spanish critics disagree; but whatever opinion may be entertained of them, his prose is certainly something more than a mere string for his pearls, a mere thread for his lilac flowers. If he has paid small heed in his own work to the one part of the sentence pronounced by the parson on that of Montemayor, "Let the majority of the larger verses be cut out, and let the prose remain in a happy hour," he has at all events faithfully remembered the other part, and introduced into his narrative nothing in any way corresponding with the wise woman Felicia and her magic water. The legend of Cervantes is less unnatural and more interesting.

To the style of the "Galatea" an eminent Spanish critic has made

this objection. The words, he says, are natural, but their collocation is perturbed. By this probably he intended to denote such verbal affectations and mannerisms of antique phraseology as Cervantes himself afterwards ridiculed in the compositions of Feliciano de Silva. It is somewhat remarkable that, as in "Don Quixote" he ridiculed the style, so both in "Don Quixote" and in one of his novels he has laughed at the matter, of his earliest prose composition.

More than once, as the reader will remember, Don Quixote proposes to become a shepherd; on the concluding occasion much to the horror of his housekeeper, who, having regard probably to his advanced age as well as to the inclemencies of the season and the howling of the wolves, thinks her master would be leaping from the frying-pan into the fire, and declares his last state would be worse than his first. Yet only a day or two before his death Don Quixote is for buying the amount of sheep necessary to carry out his idea, with their appurtenances, pastoral trimmings or siftings, as Sancho calls them, and is for rechristening—a matter, as he says, of the utmost importance—all his friends. He himself will be the Shepherd Quijotiz, the parson the Shepherd Culiambro, an appellation of no great reverence in Spanish ears; Sancho the Shepherd Pancino, the barber the Shepherd Niculoso, and the Bachelor Sanson the Shepherd Carrascon. Their several mistresses shall also possess appropriate names, which their lovers will cut continually on trees however hard. Dulcinea, a name equally suitable for pastoral or chivalric romance, will remain unaltered. Sancho's wife shall be Teresaina, though he himself, having an eye to her plumpness, prefers Teresona. As to the Parson Culiambro, he had better, says Sancho, be without a mistress, in order to set the rest of the society a good example. If other ladies' names are required, they are common enough to be bought in the market. The Bachelor will compose songs corresponding to their different characters. He himself will sing as a lover disdained, Don Quixote as a lover in absence, Sancho as a lover full of constancy, and the Parson as a lover—how he may like best. And, adds the prudent Sancho, "my daughter Sanchica shall bring our dinner to the fold." Thus, all things being got ready, we will, says Don Quixote, wander through mountains, woods, and meadows, singing love songs here and dirges there, and drinking the liquid crystal of the fountain, the limpid rivulet, or the rapid river. The oaks with no sparing hand shall give us of their sweetest fruits for our food, the hardest cork trees their trunks for our repose, the willows our shade, the roses our perfume, the wide lawns our carpets spangled with a thousand colours, [the pure bright air our breath, and the

moon and stars, in spite of night's darkness, our light. Song shall give us our happiness, tears our enjoyment, Apollo our verses, and love our conceits, wherewithal we will make our names for ever famous, not only now but in the future time.

If Cervantes' satire is not here sufficiently apparent, at least it is so in his novel of the "Dialogue of the Dogs." Berganza, in one of his solitary musings of an afternoon, begins, from his own experience and observation, to doubt the accuracy of the exhibitions of country life in pastoral romance. He, for his part, has never met with any Galateas or Dianas, Phyllises or Amaryllises, nor with any Lisardos, Lausos, Jacintos, or Riselos, but, on the contrary, with nought but a poor Paul, or Tony, or Dominic, common country names, the equivalents of Philips' Hobbinol and Cuddy and Colin Clout. Neither do his shepherds play on the flute or the pipe, the rebeck or the horn; but all their music is the clanking together of a couple of crooks, or two little tiles between their fingers. So far are their voices from being delicate or sonorous, that they seem to his ear hoarse and distempered, a grunt or a scream. Their songs, instead of elegant lyric compositions, are "Ware the Wolf," or "Where Jenny wanders." They fleet their time, not in sitting at the foot of the trunk of every tree in Arcady, and carolling from the hour in which the sun rises from the arms of Aurora to that in which he sinks into those of Tethys, but in cobbling their old shoon and in catching their fleas. In fine, Berganza is led to believe, as he fancies every one else must believe, that pastoral romances are mere dreams, written for the entertainment of the idle, without an atom of truth. If not, surely some relic had remained to the shepherds of the present of that most happy life of the shepherds of the past, some of their pleasant meadows or their spacious woods, their sacred mountains or their fair gardens, their clear streams or their crystal fountains; some one at least of their gallantries, as honourable as delicately worded, some single fainting of a shepherd here or a shepherdess there, some solitary echo of the pipe of the one or of the flageolet of the other.

Although such sentiments as these are put by Cervantes into the mouth of that critical dog of the Hospital of Valladolid, he knew perfectly well that all the most famous pastorals, at least of the moderns, have been written less in accordance with nature than with an ideal state of moral and religious perfection, and social and individual innocence, only to be found in the golden age. The author, in his address to the curious readers, is well aware that fault may be found by some one of them with the admixture of metaphysical among the amorous talk of his characters. But this objection is done

away with by the remark that many of his disguised shepherds are shepherds in their dress only. Thus he paves his way for the introduction of those elegances of diction and refinements of thought which, whether justly or not, are, to borrow an expression from Mrs. Riot, the Fine Lady in Garrick's dramatic satire "Lethe," the lineal ancestor of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop, the "quinsetence and emptity" of the best modern idyls. What without them would become of the Aminta of Tasso or the Pastor Fido of Guarini? Cervantes well knew the danger of that rustic simplicity of manner, that Doric plainness of speech, which exposed the wretched Philips, in his imitation of nature, to the amiable ridicule of Pope. The particular treatment in which poor Ambrose, according to his antagonist, plainly excelled both Virgil and Theocritus, was little likely to attract the author of the "Galatea." It is not Cervantes who is afraid of deviating into downright poetry. Though Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo take no active part in the tale, he has not hesitated, as we know, in his consideration of general effect, to produce Calliope in the company of a Christian priest. Purity of sentiment, simplicity of situation, innocence of idea, are, he was well aware, very proper to a pastoral; but they are not equally suited to excite interest, to arouse the imagination, and to awaken the passions. Therefore he has taken care to spice his composition with jealousy, and with envy, hatred, and malice, which are her children, and no less than three successive murders are recorded in the first few opening pages. To this degradation of the dignity of the eclogue his book owes the main interest it now possesses. Still, he has so far followed his predecessors in this kind of writing, as to entitle his work to be called a pastoral. With regard to his hero and heroine, he has made their characters almost spotless and so utterly uninteresting. He displays fully their excellences, and hides as far as possible their defects. He insists on the poetic indolence of their life, and that of the other shepherds and shepherdesses on the banks of the Tagus, where his scene is laid, all of them as like one another as any two drops of the river's waters; he recalls their dances and their songs, but he forgets, as his predecessors forgot, the duties of their office, and clean gone out of mind is all its prosaic monotony.

There is no sort of conformity between the conditions and customs of his characters. The subtle metaphysics of love are explained *ex cathedra* in a most masterly manner. There is a very satisfactory tractate on the passion of jealousy, its causes and its effects. Pagan allusions are not infrequent, and poetry is shown to be, as Don Quixote's niece describes it, an incurable and catching sickness. Mean-

time, if any curious person asks, as the author of the "Filida" supposes himself to be asked, Amidst these loves and disdains, these tears and songs, these amorous elegies resounding over the waters, how is it there is so little bleating of goats, barking of dogs, and howling of wolves, in mountain or in meadow? Where feed your sheep? At what hour are they milked? Who anoints them for the scab? and how are the lambs taken care of? If any person should be curious enough to ask all this, he may meet with a suitable reply in the pages of "Montalvo." The action of the disconsolate Lenio, who throws his crook at the last into the Tagus, might have been imitated at the first by every other shepherd, of so little use to them is this or any other pastoral appurtenance. The sheep which ought to interest the good shepherd are seldom mentioned. Now and then they are introduced as a suitable background to an amatory scene; but they are never sold, or bought, or sheared, or washed, or dis-tempered, or doctored, or devoured. All in the "Galatea," save for the storms occasioned by love and lurid lightning of the episodes, is like a long and happy day of summer in the golden age. Scene after scene of sylvan innocence passes before us, no more dimmed by any blur of mortal imperfection than Spenser's faery realm, Shakespeare's forest of Arden, or that ideal land flowing with milk and honey, the offspring of the inspired imagination of the ancient Hebrew. We meet with a concurrence of happy circumstances which puts sober probability out of countenance. Our ears are soothed with all varieties of vocal and instrumental music, with the murmuring lapse of waters, with the rustling of leaves, and with the matins and vespers of many birds; our eyes are enchanted with flowers which never fade, and young women exceptionally fair. The episodes affect us like the hoarse and busy murmur of a distant town, their bitterness serves only to heighten our taste of country happiness, their turmoil to season our idea of Arcadian rest.

JAMES MEW.

THE LAWS OF SPEECH.

AMONGST the many and diverse problems which the modern tendencies of science have evolved, few possess for us a deeper interest than those which deal with the origin and beginnings of language. It is little to be wondered at that in early days the power of "wedding thought to speech," to parody the Laureate's well-known expression, should be regarded as, of all gifts, that for which man was directly indebted to the goodness of the gods. Nor is it a subject for surprise to find the legendary punishment for presumptive enterprise at Babel taking the form of a confusion of tongues—thus rendering impossible the further prosecution of that famous erection. Of late years, the problem concerning the beginnings of speech has acquired a special importance from its obvious relationship to other questions intimately connected with the early condition of mankind. There exists hardly a single phase of the evolution hypothesis, as applied to the explanation of humanity's ways and life, which does not in some fashion or other touch upon the origin of speech and the beginnings of that faculty whereby man has learned to express the ideas of his mind—or, contrariwise, as some philosophers would insist, to conceal his thoughts. To the moral philosopher, the power of speech is the central pivot on which man's personality hangs. His opinion of speech as related to thought is usually that of Plutarch, who, in the "Life of Themistocles," tells us that "speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." It is not our intention in the present paper to discuss those larger issues which arise from the consideration of the later developments of speech as related to the progress of human kind. Our special field of study lies rather in the direction of the first beginnings of language, and in its early growth and origin as viewed from the biological standpoint. We need concern ourselves, therefore, with little speculation of purely metaphysical kind, taking our stand primarily within the domain of life-science, where, indeed, all legitimate research into man's early history may be said to begin.

Through language, then, man maintains his personality, and

provides for the extension of his own influence, whilst the reciprocates the influence of others. This power of communication with his fellows constitutes the basis of the language-fa broadly regarded, is not necessarily associated with savagely in his contact with the civilised man, or one civilised man in his relations with his equals, may employ the language and be perfectly understood, as one may daily prove by English Channel and watching our unsophisticated neighbours converse with the foreigner. In lower life, there is abundant that communication of a very distinct kind by means of which is a common practice. Some species of ants, for instance aphides, or plant-lice, of our gardens in their nests much cows in dairies, or seek the plant-lice in their native bushes and flowers, where, to the gardener's disgust, they score. Approaching its aphid-cow, the ant proceeds to stroking the tail of the insect with its antennæ or feelers. the "cow" emits a drop of a sweet secretion which the ant drinks, and then hurries off in search of a fresh subject. evidently been induced and perfected in this case a close relationship between ants and aphides; since we note that the latter are protected in many ways by the ants, and exhibit a perfect demeanour under the treatment to which they are subjected. impersonations of insect wisdom. One species of ant (*Lasius*), indeed, is known to live chiefly upon the honey of the aphides which feed upon the roots of grasses. In this instance, the aphides are kept in the ants' nest, their very eggs being tended with an evident desire of securing future favours; "an aphid-cow," as John Lubbock, "which one is much tempted to refer to as a cow, and which in such a case implies a degree of prudence that of some savages." But that the mere touch of the ant possesses all the significance of a sign-language is evident from the spontaneous response which the plant-lice make to the ant, likewise from the impossibility of imitating the ant's procedure. Darwin tells us that on one occasion he "removed all the aphides from a group of about a dozen aphides on a dock-plant, and prevented their attendance during several hours. After this interval I returned, and continues Mr. Darwin, "that the aphides would want to be watched them for some time through a lens, but not on the next day I then tickled and stroked them with a hair in the same manner as well as I could, as the ants do with their antennæ; I then excreted. Afterwards I allowed an ant to visit them, and immediately seemed by its eager way of running about to be

what a rich flock it had discovered ; it then began to play with its antennæ on the abdomen first of one aphid and then of another ; and each, as soon as it felt the antennæ, immediately lifted up its abdomen and excreted a limpid drop of sweet juice, which was eagerly devoured by the ant. Even the quite young aphides," adds Mr. Darwin, "behaved in this manner, showing that the action was instinctive, and not the result of experience." Here there has been developed a series of responsive acts indicating a degree of relationship of a highly intimate character, and illustrating the fact that communication by touch in lower life may be of very perfect kind. The consideration of the utilitarian and instinctive nature of the act in no sense invalidates the inference that a language of touch exists and perfectly fulfils the requirements of the lower life which has developed it.

The problem of the communication of lower animals by signs or touch is of course of difficult nature, and in many of its phases impossible of solution. But that means for communicating intelligence do exist, is an unquestionable fact. No doubt exists that ants recognise their neighbours belonging to the same nest ; yet, considering that in some nests the number of inhabitants may amount to one hundred thousand, it seems well-nigh hopeless to undertake the explanation of their means of communication, or their grounds of recognition. Nor are these grounds rendered clearer by the facts related by Sir John Lubbock concerning the recognition of friends and strangers, even in the young state. "If the recognition," says this author, "were effected by means of some signal or password, then, as it can hardly be supposed that the larvæ or pupæ would be sufficiently intelligent to appreciate, still less to remember it, the pupæ which were entrusted to ants from another nest would have the password, if any, of that nest, and not of the one from which they had been taken. Hence, if the recognition were effected by some password, or sign with the antennæ, they would be amicably received in the nest from which their nurses had been taken, but not in their own"—unless, indeed, the knowledge of their own password be regarded as a matter of inherited instinct like the chief acts and details of ant, wasp, or bee life. A number of pupæ were taken by Sir John Lubbock from nests tenanted by two different species, and placed in small glasses, "some with ants from their own nest, some with ants from another nest of the same species. The result was, that thirty-two ants of the two species taken from their nests in the pupa (or chrysalis) state, "attended by friends, and restored to their own nest, were all amicably received." In another case of twenty-two ants which, as pupæ, had been brought up by strangers and afterwards returned to their own nest, "twenty

were amicably received, though in several cases after some hesitation." The result of such experiments seems to show that ants of the same family circle do not recognise each other by any password; whilst, in some cases, ants brought up by strangers, and then restored to their friends, may be received by some of their relatives with hesitation. It is, however, equally notable, that strangers placed in a nest under such circumstances would be unhesitatingly and invariably attacked.

That ants undoubtedly possess a substitute for the language of higher life, appears to be well-nigh certain. Possessing a power of recognition, they exercise such a power in some fashion unknown to us; and they are able to communicate important and necessary intelligence, say of the proximity of food, to their neighbours. Such intelligence may be merely the result of the exercise of scent or smell, as in some cases Sir John Lubbock's experiments seem clearly to prove. But in other instances, it is as clearly proved that these insects transmit ideas. This latter fact was shown by an experiment in which ants having access to many larvæ brought 257 friends to assist in conveying their infants home; whilst those which were placed to few larvæ only brought eighty-two coadjutors. The inarticulate language of the ant is, however, paralleled by the audible language of many of its insect brethren, in a form of communication which may to all intents and purposes be named "the language of love," since most of the distinctive sounds emitted by insects are intended as "calls" from the male to the female, and as a means of determining the locality of the callers. The fact that the female insects are as a rule mute, was made the occasion of a remark by Xenarchus, to the effect that the male cicadas should be extremely happy, because they had voiceless wives. The click of the "death watch" is thus but a call to its mate; and it is a very noteworthy fact that, in the insect group (that of the locusts, crickets, &c.) in which the power of producing sounds has been most highly developed, an organ of hearing—unknown in other insect orders—has become developed; whilst the varying pitch of the sounds of insect-life, well illustrated by the buzzing of the fly, corresponds to as many different states of insect-emotion. That the language of insects, then, is an inarticulate form of speech no one may deny. Its purport, however, is not only clearly understood, but the development of specialised powers of hearing has occurred *pari passu* with that of the plainest form of this insect-voice.

Passing now to higher animals, we find that the beginnings of a system of communication with their fellows, more nearly approaching

that exercised by man, occurs in those animals which most nearly approach the human type of structure. The forms of vocalisation which are to be noted amongst our familiar animals are many and varied, and are plainly recognisable as indicating different phases of feeling. The angry neigh or scream of a horse in pain, or under the influence of terror, is very different from the ordinary cry of the animal; and the howl of a suffering dog is as eloquent in its demonstration of pain as are the interjections of his master. But the range of voice and expression in certain animals—a subject to which our attention has not been sufficiently drawn—is not by any means of limited nature. One monkey, the *Cebus azaræ*, is known to utter at least six different sounds, expressive of as many distinct states of feeling and of as many varied emotions; and this animal is by no means singular in his modulation of voice to express the moods and tenses of his life. The dog, according to Darwin, has learned to bark in four or five different tones, and has thus unquestionably evinced a decided advance upon his wild progenitors. There can be no doubt that in early human existence a striking likeness to the habitual modes of expression of lower animals exists. The infantile “crow” of pleasure is analogous to the bark of the pleased canine, or the “purr” of his feline neighbour; just as the cry of the young child is paralleled by the pained yelp of the dog. And if we only consider it, there exists perhaps a still closer resemblance betwixt the inarticulate, spasmodic, and long-continued “cry” of the infant, and the long-drawn-out howling in which a young puppy indulges, as compared with the shorter and less demonstrative cry of the dog. Between the early life of the man and the infancy of his faithful follower, there is a closer likeness in respect of the expression of the emotions than between the human infantile demonstrations and those of the adult dog. This much every one admits, of course. The difficulties of the question, however, really commence with the attainment of the power of “articulation”—the joining of simple sounds to form words, which in their turn are the outcome, firstly of “ideas,” and secondly of special powers of brain and nerve action. Archbishop Whately long ago owned that man “is not the only animal that can make use of language to express what is passing in his mind, and can understand, more or less, what is so expressed by another.” Here it is clear the idea of “language” intended to be conveyed is simply that of the audible expression of emotions or ideas, and, thus defined, an intelligent dog may be said to possess a language of his own, equally with man himself. “Articulate speech” is, however, the highest form of this common faculty we name language, and it is the origin and

development of the power of forming words, and of stringing words together to express ideas, which form the chief problem awaiting solution at the hands of the theorists and investigators of the present and future. The philologist, pure and simple, will naturally approach the subject from his own special side by a comparison of existing and extinct tongues, and by the endeavour to show their points of resemblance, and to detect the causes on which their differences depend. The mental basis of language does not form a controversial ground, save, indeed, in so far as one authority may be held to differ from another respecting the exact amount or kind of mental power which is requisite to evolve ideas. On such a subject, as connected with the differences or likenesses between the human and lower intelligences, there may be considerable difference of opinion, it is true. But all are agreed that language has arisen out of the demand for expression, and the real battle-field lies within the territory where the origin of such demand is discussed.

The "understanding ear" is not of course the exclusive property of mankind, otherwise an intelligent collie must be presumed to receive and obey the complex order of his master by some other channel than that of hearing and consequent appreciation of his master's commands—a supposition so absurd that no further mention need be made of the fact that many lower animals hear and understand what is said to them. Here, again, the analogy between the infant's appreciation of what is said to it, in the absence of any power of speech, and the understanding of the speechless dog, is too close to escape even casual notice. As respects the mere power of articulation, an intelligent parrot, magpie, or starling will speak with a clearness which often deceives humanity into the belief that a "brother man" is addressing it. To say that such a power is merely that of accurate imitation, neither explains the acquirement of this faculty by the bird, nor elucidates what is an undeniable fact, namely, that a well-trained parrot will frequently ask questions, give replies, or make remarks in a fashion as appropriate as if its words were dictated by a human understanding. Numerous verified accounts of such faculties are to be found in the records of natural history. The writer remembers seeing an old gentleman much perturbed, whilst in the act of wiping a bald head with a banana handkerchief, by hearing a gruff voice exclaim, "My! what a head!" The remark proceeded from a parrot sitting on a perch close by. The owner of the bird being duly interrogated, declared that the expression was one by no means frequently used by the bird, but which had of course been suggested by the sight of the hairless cranium. This bird was

also accustomed to discriminate in a highly remarkable fashion between its other remarks, producing, as a rule, from its *répertoire*, which was of a highly extensive nature, suitable answers for each occasion. Mr. Darwin tells us that a parrot, of which he had a verified account, was accustomed to call certain members of its household and visitors by their names, and to say "Good morning" and "Good night" at the proper times without confusing the occasion and the expression. After the death of his owner, a short sentence invariably spoken after the salutation "Good morning" was never once repeated. Of a starling, nearly the same remarks hold good, this bird saying "Good morning" and saluting its visitors on leaving with unvarying correctness. In the case of these birds, there must exist the power of associating sounds with ideas, a power which in its highest development may be said to confer upon man all the peculiarities and special features of the human mastery of speech. If, as has been remarked, "the language which expresses discrimination and judgment is a testimony for mind," a parrot judged by this standard cannot be regarded as destitute of mental powers. As "an index of mental procedure," the language of the parrot is indicative of a stage in the use of that procedure far behind the development of the average human intellect, it is true, but comparable, in certain of its phases, with the low developments of association, discrimination, and speech met with in the most primitive races of men.

As we have already remarked, with the mental processes, intricate or otherwise, involved in the exercise of language we have nothing at present to do. Admitting that, as is highly probable, the exercise of speech implies and means the possession of an intricate power of muscular co-ordination, with the transformation of ideas into words—itsself an intricate and inexplicable process—we may more profitably inquire if general biology, aided by physiology and incidentally by philology, can direct us toward the probable beginnings of the language-faculty in man. We have seen that emotional states in lower life become visible and audible through corresponding sounds and expressions. Professor Whitney remarks that man possesses a natural desire to communicate with his fellows, and that in such a desire is to be found the chief condition which, in the development of language, "works both unconsciously and consciously; consciously as regards the immediate end to be attained; unconsciously as regards the further consequences of the act." Max Müller, in his "Lectures on Mr. Darwin's Philosophy of Language," lays down the axiom that "there is no thought without words, as little as there

are words without thoughts ;" but the great philologist must surely in such a case be using the term "words" as implying the mental images or concepts which stand as the unexpressed result of thinking, and which the act of speech enables us to convey to the hearers. Otherwise the aphorism hinges on a very special and peculiar idea of the term "thoughts," the nature and discussion of which term fortunately lies beyond our present aim. Whitney, remarking Bleak's views respecting the impossibility of the existence of thought without speech, says : "Because on the grand scale language is the necessary auxiliary of thought, indispensable to the development of the power of thinking, to the distinctness and variety and complexity of cognitions, to the full mastery of consciousness ; therefore he would fain make thought absolutely impossible without speech, identifying the faculty with its (human) instrument. He might just as reasonably assert that the human hand cannot act without a tool. With such a doctrine to start from," adds Professor Whitney, "he cannot stop short of Müller's worst paradoxes, that an infant (*in fans*, not speaking) is not a human being, and that deaf mutes do not become possessed by reason until they learn to twist their fingers into imitations of spoken words." The truth of the idea that, without words to think, thought becomes impossible, has been a little overstrained. We do not deny the power of thought to a dog, but we admit he does not possess language—in which case we are simply arguing concerning a true idea of language, which, the broader it is made, will serve our purpose the better. It is not, however, a rational idea that the necessity for the formation of word-concepts of his thoughts forms the real foundation of speech. Would the thinking powers of a human being living a solitary existence, of themselves develop a language? There are of course but few facts to which we may appeal on this head, but such facts as we do possess militate powerfully against such a belief. Solitary man would be a speechless creature ; and hence, may we not logically assign to social tendencies and a gregarious nature a large share and a most undoubted influence in the production of language ?

But by what theory can we urge that the language of man has become developed from the acts, or roughly expressed emotions, of lower existence ; seeing that, on any theory of development, we require reasonably to believe that such a faculty as language, paralleled by the "expressions" of lower life, must have originated in the higher development of the latter? Two theories find favour in the eyes of philologists, being known respectively as the "ding-dong" and the "bow-wow" hypotheses. Briefly stated, the "ding-dong" theory

finds its explanation of the origin of speech on the idea that the conscious nature and mind of man responded to external impressions very much as a bell responds when struck, and that in this way the roots of language were formed in the shape of a number of "sound-types." But the mental constitution of man is not analogous to the bell. Each conception of mind would not necessarily give origin to one stable and fixed sign or symbol of its presence and nature. More reasonable by far is it to suppose that the choice of a sound to represent an idea originated in some mental act responding to the object suggesting the idea—much in the same manner as an infant, on hearing a dog bark or a cow low, should thereafter indicate the one by saying "bow-wow," and the other by the primitive "moo." Nor must we lose sight of a distinction which has not been insisted upon sufficiently, and in many cases overlooked entirely, in discussions on this subject—namely, that the simple sounds of which a primitive language must have consisted, would be derived primarily from the comparatively few objects by which early man was surrounded. The more complex combinations of sounds found in the language of after ages would naturally be a later development, when primitive man's concepts and thoughts increased in number and diversity of range, and when he possessed a wider sphere of action, and lived in the presence of multifarious and amid varied surroundings.

Sounds, then, were derived from the actions or objects they were intended to indicate. Such is the "bow-wow" theory of the origin of language, otherwise named the "mimetic" or "imitative"—or, if we prefer the learned equivalent, the "onomatopoeic"—hypothesis. Mr. Darwin states the general ground of the "bow-wow" theory in plain terms when he says: "I cannot doubt that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification of various natural sounds, the voices of other animals and man's own instinctive cries, aided by signs and gestures." If one were disposed to be critical in respect of this plain statement of the origin of speech, such criticism might lie in the direction of assigning a higher place to the "signs and gestures" of primitive man than Mr. Darwin gives them. The movements of expression, as representing the most patent results of certain thoughts, would contribute, I hold, quite as much towards the association and stereotyping of certain sounds to form language, as the cries or sounds which in themselves might be held to represent the beginnings of speech. Indeed, if priority is to be assigned to any of the contributing elements of language, the gesture or sign may reasonably enough be regarded as the antecedent of the sound. *One objection to the "bow-wow" theory has been founded*

on the observation that, were its main features true, and if the earliest words were merely imitations of natural sounds, we should find similar primitive concepts to represent the same objects under all circumstances. But do we not frequently find such likeness? Witness the word *crow*, its Latin *corvus*, Greek *kōronē*, Sanskrit *kāraṇa*, and its root *ru* or *kru*, to call; or the example cited against the "bow-wow" theory by Max Müller himself, namely, *moo*, the nursery name for cow, Indian *gu*, Teutonic *kuh*, and Greek-Latin *bou*. Is not "cuckoo" the exact representation of the bird's voice? Is not the "mu-mu" of the West African negro, meaning "dumb," the most natural reproduction, like our own "mum," of a significant term for silence, as "rap" and "tap" are obvious imitations of common sounds? Apart from the fact that such likeness as is demanded by the "bow-wow" theory of language does exist, there still remains a very obvious explanation of the dissimilarity which exists between many primitive sounds and root-types of words. The early efforts of the primitive mind did not seek a uniformity or aim at an exact sameness of sound in constructing a representative word. There existed at the most an attempt at a plausible imitation. As the primitive sounds themselves were varied, so the mental powers which received and imitated them were of diverse calibre. In the beginnings of mental activity, there must have existed shades and variations of receptivity, just as, in their later development, mental phenomena vary with the individual and the race. So that the differences existing between the primitive word-concepts may be traced to natural variations in the mental skill or powers which reproduce them, or to the process of phonetic decay. And thus also existent likenesses between word-concepts are only explicable in a natural fashion, on the principle that primitive man imitated, as best he could, the first sounds which presented themselves to his opening ears and dawning intelligence.

This slight incursion into the domain of the philologist may be excused on the ground that it furnishes us with the main points of the argument which it is the object of physiological evidence to substantiate and support. The subject of speech in its physiological relations has been needlessly complicated in certain quarters by a tendency to overlook the very plain but important evidence which the study of such conditions as idiocy and deaf-mutism in man affords respecting the origin of language; whilst the observation of lower life and its peculiarities may serve to aid us, as before, in the further understanding of the evolution of words. Instinctively we recognise the cry of pain or fear, in lower life, as distinguished

from the audible expression of joy ; and in human existence there are analogous means for conveying to others precisely the same information of our mental states and conditions. There can be little difficulty in satisfying ourselves that an imitative tendency unconsciously exercised, as man's intelligence awoke to its new and higher duties, would amply suffice to develop and perfect the acquirement of words and the enlargement of ideas. Nor is such an involuntary tendency of the mind to excite intuitions and ideas unrepresented in ourselves, or in other mental acts than those concerned in the production of words. "Each word," says Dr. Maudsley, "represents a certain association and succession of muscular acts, and is in itself nothing more than a conventional sign or symbol to mark the particular muscular expression of a particular idea. The word has not independent vitality ; it differs in different languages ; and those who are deprived of the power of articulate speech must make use of other muscular acts to express their ideas, speaking, as it were, in a dumb discourse. There is no reason on earth, indeed, why a person might not learn to express every thought which he can utter, in speech, by movements of his fingers, limbs, and body—by the silent language of gesture." Such remarks have a special and authoritative bearing on the opinion expressed in a former part of this paper concerning the importance of primary gestures and signs over sounds, as factors in the production of language. The movements of speech, then, do not differ in kind from those exhibited as the result of other bodily actions ; their connection with the mind is simply more intimate than that which is implied, say, in the act of raising the hand to the mouth. The connexion which has been established between brain and larynx is simply of a more delicate nature, simply responds more accurately—because, perhaps, more frequently—to the calls made upon it in the production of words than the relation existing between brain and finger. There is the closest of parallelisms to be drawn in respect of the action and reaction of mind upon visible speech, between the production of words and the reception of sensations of light by the eye or of sounds by the ear. Delicate impulses transmitted to the brain result in images of things seen, or in sensations of things heard ; and as brain-force or mind appreciates in this case, so does the same force, when stimulated in another direction, become transformed into the audible ideas whereby we know ourselves, and become known of others. "We should be quite as much warranted," says Dr. Maudsley, "in assigning to the mind a special faculty of writing, of walking, or of gesticulating, as in speaking of a special faculty of speech in it."

Mr. Darwin has been careful to point out that the relation existing between "the continued use of language and the development of the brain" has formed an important factor in strengthening and perfecting the power of speech. An increase of brain-power would act favourably upon the use of words and ideas, and the practice of speech, at first rude and imperfect, would react upon the brain in turn. Trains of thought in ordinary life may be unaccompanied by any outward manifestations or by words, it is true; but the person who, during a reverie, suddenly breaks out into speech, illustrates in a very apt fashion the idea that the earliest attempts to frame word-concepts of things must have originated in outspoken sounds accompanying the muscular actions and the vivid ideas which were just struggling into existence. But the history of deaf mutes affords much valuable evidence and many important hints regarding the primitive condition of the language of mankind. Persons born deaf are, as is well known, also dumb. A want of hearing prevents the formation of concepts or impressions of distinct vocal sounds. The case of neglected deaf mutes illustrates this fact; for those unfortunates are as completely isolated from their fellow human beings as are lower animals from man, and their minds, in respect of the primitive nature of their ideas, may be held to represent the original mental states of early mankind. When, on the other hand, such persons are trained to speak, they evince in the course of their education a series of advances which unquestionably bear some analogy to the progress of man in the art of speech. What may be said to be the condition of the mind in the deaf mute, isolated by his infirmities from his fellows in the most complete manner, and debarred from participating in those social or gregarious tendencies which, as we have remarked, count for so much in the theoretical understanding of the beginnings of language? These persons, in thinking, use no abstract conceptions save of the very simplest order. To use Mr. G. J. Romanes' description of the experiences of an educated deaf mute, such persons think in pictures—so concrete are their notions of the outer world. Abstract ideas, such as those of God and heaven, are entirely absent. Religion, in the absence of language, is also non-existent. One deaf mute told his teacher that prior to his education he supposed the Bible to have been printed in the sky by printers of great strength: one interpretation of attempts to teach the deaf mute, by gestures, that the Bible was believed to be a revelation from God. Another deaf mute supposed that the primary object of going to church was to honour the clergy—a primitive conception which, by the way, seems by no means an unnatural

thought in days when mediævalism and extreme devotion to clericalism reign rampant around us. If the deaf mute, with every claim to the possession of a truly human brain and body, appears to be well-nigh in the condition of the dog in the absence of abstract ideas, it is not difficult to frame the important generalisation that to speech the typical man owes most if not all of those qualities and traits which so sharply demarcate him from lower forms of life, to which he nevertheless nearly approaches through the deaf mute, the idiot, and the lowest savage. It is the presence of this descending ratio that gives countenance to the details and ideas with which we have been hitherto dealing, and in which the origin of man and man's language from lower states of existence and from lower concepts of things has been contended for.

The case of Laura Bridgman, born in 1829, reported by more than one authority on mental diseases, presents us with an instructive illustration of the growth of the power of sign-language, and of the evolution of ideas to correspond therewith. When two years old this girl became blind and deaf from the effects of scarlet fever, her sense of smell and of taste being blunted. At seven years of age she was described as of lively disposition, and was then taken by Dr. Howe to Boston, U.S., where for twenty years she pursued her studies, and was enabled to speak readily and rapidly by signs, to read books written in the raised characters of the blind, and to write letters. In teaching her, Dr. Howe selected articles, such as a pin, spoon, pen, and key, the names of which were monosyllabic. Laura felt the articles, and then felt her instructor's finger, as he traced the letters of the name on the raised alphabet. In this way the letter-signs became familiar, and were associated with the things indicated; so that ultimately she could select the letters and place them in order as the name of the object indicated. After a time the principle of imitation which had hitherto alone guided her was replaced by the use of written language. She began to form abstract ideas, to think of the qualities and shapes of things as apart from the things themselves, and hence arose the perfect exercise of a language which, though spoken through signs, was nevertheless a true and typically human method of using ideas and concepts as a means of communication and expression. One of the most interesting observations in this case was that, when asleep and dreaming, Laura Bridgman spoke on her fingers, as she did when involved in a reverie and when thinking alone; such a fact demonstrating anew the contention that language is a necessary concomitant of perfect thought, even when it can only be indirectly expressed in signs and symbols. The

interest which centres around such a case as the preceding is not limited to the lesson it conveys regarding the possibility of educating and evolving perceptions and language from a state of mind compared with which the concepts of an intelligent dog are vastly superior. Such a case also brings forcibly before us the consideration, that if, in face of the possession of a truly human brain, the faculty of language may be perfectly lapsed—as in the deaf mute—it may not, conversely, be accounted a more wonderful fact that changes of an opposite nature, resulting in increased growth of brain-power acting upon the organ of voice, should have evolved language from the germs of sound, sign, and gesture, in which it was potentially contained. "Imagine," says a philosopher of a school given to denying the evolutionary view of things, in a recent work on "Mind and Brain," "this experiment (alluding to the imitative action of the lips in a deaf mute) tried with a monkey, the most imitative in action, or with a dog, the most intelligent of animals!" If this author's declaration is meant to indicate the impossibility of teaching either animal to form words, we quite agree with his expression of ridicule—with this difference, however, that we should transfer the expression to the philosopher who supposed that any one conversant with the matter should have argued as to the possibility of educating ape or dog. This is "barking up the wrong tree" with a vengeance. Evolution postulates no such absurdity; and Mr. Darwin is careful to note that "the mental powers in some progenitor of man must have been more highly developed than in any existing ape, before even the most imperfect form of speech could have come into use." It is well to note the latter opinion, because the chief point at issue, namely, the origin of language from the simple sounds and signs of long ago, is so frequently discussed upon grounds which are very far from representing the true state of scientific opinion on this subject. Over and over again one may meet with the argument, that the mental belongings of man are immeasurably above those of the highest apes, and that therefore the whole edifice, founded upon the presumed origin of man and human instincts from lower forms and states, must fall to the ground before the mention of the fact. Almost as relevant to the point at issue would it be to maintain that man had in his early days attended a meeting of the deities, and being, to quote the words of Moth, "at a great feast of languages," had "stolen the scraps."

To the assertion repeated *ad nauseam* by unscientific critics, that the brain-power of the highest apes is vastly inferior to that

of man, we reply, *Quis negavit?* Only those ignorant of what evolution implies, could for a moment credit the upholders of that explanation of the origin of man with holding such an opinion. What is more to the purpose, is the task of investigating the question whether or not there may be such likenesses between primitive tongues and between the mental states of the lowest sane men, insane or idiotic men, and of brutes, as to warrant the belief that allowing for steps in the transition, now indistinct or absent, the higher phases of mind and language have been evolved from the instincts and emotions of lower life? The arguments drawn from what we observe at present in lower life, and from what we see in lower human existence to-day, are eloquent in their support of the belief, that it is easier to assume such a development of language, than to assent to its supernatural and occult origin. Nor does a full consideration of human existence in its various phases militate against the evolutionist's views. Take, for instance, the extended period of human infancy, as compared with that of other animals, in its influences upon the development of the higher intellectual powers of man, the importance of such a consideration being specially insisted upon by Mr. Fiske. Says this author: "The increase of intelligence in complexity and specialty involves a lengthening of the period during which the nervous connections involved in ordinary adjustments are becoming organised; the fact remains undeniable, that while the nervous connections accompanying a simple intelligence are already organised at birth, the nervous connections accompanying a complex intelligence are chiefly organised after birth." And again: "This period, which only begins to exist when the intelligence is considerably complex, becomes longer and longer as the intelligence increases in complexity. In the human race it is much longer than in any other race of mammals, and it is much longer in the civilised man than in the savage. Indeed, among the educated classes of civilised society its average duration may be said to be rather more than a quarter of a century, since during all this time those who live by brain-work are simply acquiring the capacity to do so, and are usually supported upon the products of parental labour."

Thus mankind, entering upon a long period of infancy, claims time for the formation of new habits of brain, new combinations of nervous acts. Whatever may be thought of this idea in its application to other phases of human evolution, there can be no doubt that its influence has been most marked in inducing the growth of new mental powers in man. It is in some such soil, and

surrounded by some such conditions favourable to the growth of new ideas, that the germs of language may be reasonably supposed to have first made their appearance. The real difficulty attending the question is to account for the first beginnings of association betwixt objects and corresponding vocal sounds. In the origin of language, as in many matters of later human existence, it is really *le premier pas qui coûte*. The bare consideration of usefulness and advantage would be a more than sufficient reason for explaining why the habit of associating objects and sounds should gain in strength and persistence as time passed; whilst, as the gregarious habits of early man in turn became fixed and paramount, such habit would acquire new force, and influence man's mental powers with cumulative effect. If thus we may not solve the mystery which surrounds even the theoretical beginnings of language, we may yet sufficiently approach the environs of the subject to declare with certitude that the growth of this "crowning mercy" of human life has not lain outside those laws of development which alone profess to lead us towards a conception of the "how" of living nature in other and widely different aspects. Not only in the intelligence of which language is one outcome, has man sped far ahead of his Simian neighbours. The results which lower brains, such as those of our canine friends, may accomplish in their way, may teach us the ends to which the development of a higher and more plastic mental organisation, under the benign influences of an extended infancy, may lead. Mind-development, indeed, appears ever to have been favoured over mere physical growth. It is in virtue of this law that the gorilla and the prizefighter, excelling *homo sapiens* of the purest type in brute strength, are nevertheless well-nigh on a par when their share of this world's highest aims and excellences are compared with his. And such a comparison is, perhaps, after all by no means an unjust one; inasmuch as it leads us to perceive some of the more prominent qualities and powers which have led man upwards to fulness of life, from the first beginnings and from the dim childhood of his race.

ANDREW WILSON,

HOW SHAKSPERE BECAME POPULAR IN GERMANY.¹

"HOW did Shakspeare become popular in Germany?" is the question which I was not a little astonished to be asked some months ago. I had been so accustomed to think of Shakspeare as the national poet of Germany, I had been so used to look upon him as the "god of her idolatry," that it had never occurred to me that a time had existed when Shakspeare was not popular in Germany. Yet two hundred years ago his name had never been heard; not a hundred years ago he was still virtually unknown there.

That Germans always had great sympathy for English plays and English players there can be no doubt. So early as 1417 a troupe of English comedians visited Germany, and met with such success that like visits were periodically repeated up to Shakspeare's lifetime—Shakspeare's fellow-actor, Will Kemp, being among those who went over. At any rate, a Will Kemp's name is mentioned.²

Among other English plays these actors also introduced some of Shakspeare's, for in a list of plays performed at Dresden in 1626 we find that "Romeo and Juliet" was acted twice; "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," and "Lear," once each. The first three are unquestionably translations—rough and crude certainly, but still translations from the early defective quartos (1591-1603) of Shakspeare's plays, the "Lear" being probably taken from the older "Chronicle History of King Leir." Other plays too were imitated—or as we should now say "adapted"—from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Much Ado about Nothing," the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and the Bottom scenes from the "Dream," while the "Kunst aller Künste, Ein böß weit gut zu machen" published in 1670, probably a reproduction of a comedy "Die wunderbare Heurath Petruvio mit der bösen Catharinen," published in 1658, is an almost literal translation of the "Shrew." These plays seem to have attained so great a popularity that Gryphius and other German dramatists found it

¹ Paper read at a meeting of the New Shakspeare Society on April 9, 1880.

² A full account of these early visits of the English players, and the plays performed by them, is given in A. Cohn's excellent work on "Shakspeare in Germany in the 16th and 17th centuries."

necessary to produce plays in "der Englischen Manier;" but if English plays were popular, English authors are nowhere mentioned. Whether Gryphius and his colleagues were really ignorant of their names, or whether, after the fashion of modern English dramatists, they were acquainted with them, and simply produced these English dramas as their own "new and original" work, we know not, but certain it is that from 1626 to 1682—a period during which several "adaptations" from Shakspeare's plays were acted—we never once come across Shakspeare's name. The first mention of it occurs in 1682 in Morhof's "Unterricht von der Teutschen Sprache und Poesie." Morhof had visited England in 1670, and had there probably heard of Shakspeare—that he had not read his works he himself tells us; of "Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Beaumont I have read nothing." After this scant notice we hear no more of Shakspeare till 1695—when he is mentioned by Capzow, but merely in a list of English poets. Then ensues perfect silence with regard to Shakspeare till 1708—when he is spoken of by Berthold Feind,¹ the epigrammatist. Like Morhof, Feind only knew of Shakspeare by hearsay—a certain "M. le Chevalier du Temple" having told him that "many, when they hear the tragedies of the renowned English dramatist Shakspeare read, utter loud cries and frequently shed tears." (Dasz ettliche wenn sie des renommirten Englischen Tragicus Shakspeare's Trauerspiele vorlesen hören, oft lautes Hales an zu schreien gefangen, und häufig Thränen vergossen.") The next notice of Shakspeare does not occur till after an interval of eight years—when Merken in 1715 published a short biography of him in his "Gelehrter Lexicon." Then follows another long silence of seventeen years, broken by Benthem in 1732.² In his "Neu eröffnete Englische Kirch und Schulen Staat" Benthem tells us that "Shakspeare's learning was very bad, and therefore one wonders all the more that he was an excellent poet. He had a witty head, full of fun, and was so happy in tragedy and comedy that he could move a Heraclitus to laughter and a Democritus to tears." After this we again hear nothing of Shakspeare till 1740—eight years after the last notice—when the celebrated Bodmer speaks of him. Some writers, indeed, have doubted whether Bodmer's remarks refer to Shakspeare at all, because

¹ Berthold Feind is frequently, even by Gervinus, given as the first German who mentions Shakspeare. His work, however, did not appear till twenty-six years after Morhof's and thirteen after Capzow's.

² This quotation from Benthem is almost always ascribed to the year 1694—the date of the *first* edition of his book; but the whole chapter "Von den Gelehrten in England," in which Shakspeare's name occurs, only appeared in the *second* edition of the work, published in 1732.

he calls the poet "Sasper"—but taking into account the laxity of those days in writing foreign names, and the passages where he is mentioned, there can certainly be no reasonable doubt that Bodmer's "Sasper" is Shakspeare. In 1741 Zedler, in his "Encyclopædia," reproduces—with a few changes—Merken's biographical notice; but the same year witnessed a more important publication, namely, the first acknowledged translation of a Shaksperian play. This play was "Julius Cæsar"—translated by a Baron Borck into German Alexandrine verses. Borck had been sent to London as Prussian Ambassador in 1735, and had there learnt English. Borck's spirit seems to have been willing enough, but his poetry was weak. Indeed, the excellent Elias Schlegel, speaking of this translation, says: "Though in itself a praiseworthy undertaking to call the attention of Germany to a Shakspeare, yet the execution of the work was such as was rather calculated to frighten Germans from making themselves better acquainted with him."¹ Nevertheless, this translation called forth what may be looked upon as the first German criticism of Shakspeare, which, coming as it did from Gottsched²—the German prophet of the French god Voltaire—was, of course, most virulent in its abuse of the English dramatist.

But after Gottsched's critique both Borck and Shakspeare seem to have been forgotten, and for ten years we hear no more of the poet. In 1751 the *savant* Jöcher, in his "Gelehrter Lexicon," repeating Merken and Zedler's biographical accounts together with a few additions of his own, tells us that "W. Shakspeare, an English dramatist, born at Stratford, was badly educated, and understood no Latin, but achieved great success in poetry. He was of a merry humour, but could also be serious, excelled in tragedy, and had many subtle and witty combats with Ben Jonson, in which, no doubt, neither got the better." The next mention of Shakspeare occurs in 1752, when Nicolai speaks with great admiration of his "power and genius," while another writer in a Leipsic periodical, *Neuestes, aus der Anmuthigen Gelehrsamkeit*, says that "of the English, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakspeare are celebrated—the latter, however, is criticised." This same periodical brought short notices of Shakspeare at various periods, but it is not till 1753 that anything of interest concerning him appeared. In this year another Leipsic review, *Neue Erweiterungen der Erkenntniss und des Vergnügens*, published a very excellent essay on the "Remarkable Life of Mr. William Shakspeare." The anonymous writer—whose name has never been ascertained—was an ardent admirer of the poet, and was

¹ Elias Schlegel, *Werke, herausgegeben von Tieck*, vol. iii. p. 29.

² Gottsched, *Versuch einer kritischen Dichtkunst*.

evidently well acquainted with his works. "Greece and Rome," he says, "need not have felt ashamed of his mode of expression." Shakspeare, he thinks, "is most admirable when he soars above the human comprehension of the visible world—as he does in the "Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet." Of the "Tempest" he remarks: "This play is certainly not a first attempt, though it is placed at the head of his works; it is too perfect (*gar zu vollkommen*) for that. . . . Caliban's character is quite new, and full of poetical life—yes; he seems almost to have invented a new language for him. The nymph (Titania) in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' the witches in 'Macbeth,' and the ghost in 'Hamlet' are equally artistic creations." Falstaff he looks upon as a "perfect masterpiece," while other characters—Benedick, Beatrice, Rosalind, Shylock, &c.—are also mentioned as remarkable creations. Of course, Shakspeare's "little Latin" is referred to; but says this writer: "His taste was fine and delicate, and a great doubt might be raised whether this ignorance had been an advantage or a drawback. Perhaps had he followed the ancients too closely he would have checked his own fire, his amiable impetus, and the beauty of his extravagance. . . . The best English poet could take from Greek and Latin writers nothing more life-like than our Shakspeare, for the impulse of nature alone could rule him." Some three years later this same periodical published a prose translation of certain scenes from "Richard III." In the introduction the writer says: "The name of Shakspeare cannot be unknown to our readers. The short account of the life of this great poet in the first volume of this monthly may, perhaps, not have displeased you. The translation of some passages from one of his greatest plays, here set before you, would undoubtedly displease you as little if it were possible for the translator to translate in the same spirit that Shakspeare wrote. But who could pretend to such genius? The translation of a whole play of Shakspeare's would perhaps receive little applause from German taste. Why? Because we are too accustomed to prefer the most miserable play in which all rules of the three unities combine with every imperfection of the tragic stage, to be capable of admiring in all its beautiful imperfections the boldness of an exalted genius who follows none but his own rules. Shakspeare was too great to humiliate himself beneath the slavery of rule. . . . He must be counted among the number of those poets whom one calls creators, and of whom in the whole world and in all times there have perhaps not been more than half-a-dozen."

But these two are the only critiques of any value that had

appeared in Germany up to the middle of the eighteenth century. From 1682 to 1759 the references to the poet are indeed few and far between, and even these references are, with rare exceptions, either purely biographical notices, like Zedler's, Jöcher's, &c., or written disparagingly like those of Gottsched. Now, however, a new era was about to dawn, both for the general literature of Germany, and for Shaksperian literature in particular. In 1759¹ Ephraim Lessing—that greatest of Germany's great eighteenth-century men—stepped into the arena, and with characteristic boldness this “grand athlète du 18ième siècle,” as a French writer calls him, turns at once to the then most influential of the German authors and critics—to Gottsched. In the 7th of the “Literatur Briefe” Lessing says: “Nobody,” say the Editors of the “Bibliothek,”² “will deny that the German stage has to thank Professor Gottsched for most of its improvements. I am that nobody. I deny it flatly. It had been better if Herr Gottsched had never meddled with the theatre—his presumptive improvements bear either upon trifles, or are actual perversions. . . . He might have seen from our older dramas, which he has driven from the stage, that we incline more to the English than to French taste; that we want to see and think more than the timid French tragedies give us to see or think of. . . . Do not say that his translation of ‘Cato’ proves he has tried to make use of the English drama—for just this, that he takes Addison's ‘Cato’ for the best English tragedy, distinctly shows he looked thro’ French eyes, that at that time he knew of no Shakspeare, of no Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, &c., and afterwards he was too vain to make himself acquainted with them. . . . If the masterpieces of Shakespeare had, with a few modest changes, been translated for our Germans, I am sure it would have produced better results than introducing to them Corneille and Racine; for genius can only be evoked by genius, and most easily by such a one who appears to owe everything to Nature, and does not discourage through the laboured perfection of art. And even judging from the standpoint of the ancients, Shakespeare is a far greater tragic poet than Corneille. . . . After the ‘Œdipus’ of Sophocles, no play could exercise such power over our passions as ‘Othello,’ ‘King Lear,’ ‘Hamlet,’ &c. Has Corneille written a single tragedy that moved you half so much as Voltaire's ‘Zaïre?’ And Voltaire's

¹ Though to all intents and purposes Lessing's Shakspeare campaign begins—as usually stated—in 1759, he had actually spoken of Shakspeare ten years before 1749, in connection with other English writers “unknown to Germany.”

² A Leipsic periodical.

'Zaire!'—how inferior it is to the 'Moor of Venice,' of which it is a weak copy!" So spoke Lessing, and Gottsched—unable to answer—merely reproduces in 1760 his former contemptuous notices: "The English," he says, "make much of his (Shakspeare's) dramatic poems, which are great in number; but, for all that, a Mrs. Lennox has lately come forward, and has pointed out the errors in his most admired plays." But Lessing was not long left to fight his great battle alone. The first to come forward as a disciple of Lessing was Wieland. Even before the appearance of the "Literatur Briefe," Wieland was an ardent admirer of Shakspeare, with whose works he had become acquainted a year or two before Lessing's "Briefe" appeared. Writing in 1758 to his friend Zimmermann, he says of Shakspeare: "Il est presque unique à peindre les hommes, les mœurs, les passions; il a le talent précieux d'embellir la nature sans lui faire perdre ses proportions. Sa fécondité est inépuisable . . . il est tantôt Michel-Ange, tantôt Corrège. Où trouver plus de conceptions hardies et pourtant justes, de pensées nouvelles, belles, sublimes, frappantes, et d'expressions vives, heureuses, animées, que dans les ouvrages de ce génie incomparable."¹ Convinced that the sincerest flattery is imitation, Wieland now produced some silly plays after his English models (some of these were, however, performed by Ackermann's troupe), which are now totally forgotten. But Lessing criticised his friend Wieland so severely, that the latter—never vain or selfish—determined to forswear drama-writing, and turn his attention to an infinitely more important work—the translation of Shakspeare's plays. This translation—begun in 1762—was of course met by a storm of abuse from Gottsched and his followers. Lessing warmly defended Wieland, but, in spite of this defence, the French school was still so powerful, that Wieland's translation remained almost unheeded, and produced none of the effect Wieland had fondly hoped for. But the good seed had not been altogether cast upon rocks. In 1764, Elias Schlegel—the uncle of August Wilhelm—wrote an interesting little work² comparing Shakspeare and Gryphius, and speaking of Shakspeare in terms of great admiration—all the more remarkable that Schlegel was the friend and disciple of Gottsched. In 1766, Gerstenberg published his bold and original essay "Etwas über Shakspeare,"³ in which he says that, though opposed to the French theory of the unities, Shakspeare's plays are really "living pictures of nature, painted with the inimit-

¹ *Ausgewählte Briefe von Wieland*, vol. i. p. 272.

² Elias Schlegel. *Werke*, vol. iii. p. 29.

³ *Gerstenberg's Schriften*, vol. iii. pp. 251-351.

able hand of a Raphael." Wieland was still working hard at his translation despite the small encouragement he met with, and in 1768 concluded it. This translation, no doubt a weak and faulty one, is now well-nigh forgotten; but it was a great and brave undertaking to do this work, whose value to Germany it would be difficult to overrate; and the name of Wieland will ever deserve the grateful remembrance of all Shaksperians. His love, too, for Shakspeare never changed. Twenty years after his enthusiastic letter to Zimmermann in 1758, he writes to Merck: "I tremble with the deepest, holiest veneration when I only speak his name: I bow down to the earth and pray when I feel the presence of Shakspeare's spirit."¹

While Wieland was hammering away at his translation, Lessing in his celebrated "Dramaturgie" continued to wage fierce war with Gottsched. But Lessing's work, his immense influence not only on Shaksperian but on the whole literature of Germany, is so well known, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. The immediate result of the "Dramaturgie"—written during the years 1767-70—was the formation of that young school of Shaksperians who, urged by Lessing, set about the earnest study of the poet who, he had told them, must be "studied, not plundered." A number of now forgotten essays and pamphlets were then published—a few defending Gottsched and Voltaire, the large majority declaring for Lessing and Shakspeare. A small collection of English plays published in 1758 (including a poor version of "Romeo and Juliet") was followed in 1769 by a larger collection also containing one or two Shaksperian plays; while Eschenberg, encouraged by Lessing, determined to improve and complete Wieland's translation of Shakspeare which had only included twenty-two of the plays. In 1771 Eschenberg also wrote his "Versuch über Shakespeare"²—an essay of considerable merit. This was followed in 1773 by Herder's "Art und Kunst," a work written with youthful fire and passion—for Herder belonged to that group of talented young enthusiasts destined to play so great a part in the annals of German literature. This essay—though containing many admirable suggestions which modern critics have not been slow to avail themselves of—is yet thoroughly characteristic of the writer of whom Schiller said that his "respect for all that was dead and out of date was on a par with his coldness to the living"³—for in it we do not find a single mention of his old master Lessing. The next writer of note is the unfortunate but highly-gifted young author Lenz, who in 1774 published his

¹ *Briefe an Merck*, p. 72.

² Eschenberg, *Schriften*.

³ *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe*, vol. ii. p. 46.

"Anmerkungen übers Deutsche Theater."¹ This work Lenz followed up by a poor translation of "Love's Labour's Lost" under the title "Amor vincit Omnia." Written with truer appreciation if in less exaggerated style are Merck's masterly critiques, some of which appeared in Wieland's "Merkur," others in his letters. In 1775 the humourist Lichtenberg published his amusing letters² from England on Garrick in "Hamlet." These and numberless lesser prophets were, however, soon to make way for the greater prophets—Goethe and Schiller. But not even to these two great men must we look for Lessing's most powerful supporter, for, interesting as these essays are to us now—invaluable as they in many respects were then—they produced comparatively little effect in Germany; they were read only by small literary cliques and coteries, the public at large neither knowing nor caring about them—as Lessing rather bitterly complains.³ It is to the stage that we must turn to find this most energetic of Lessing's co-workers—to Friedrich Ludwig Schröder—the greatest actor Germany has produced, whose name will be remembered so long as Shakspeare's is venerated.

Born at Schwerin in 1744, Schröder, whose mother was an actress of some talent, was early introduced to the stage—having made his début at the mature age of three. His childhood was one long struggle with poverty and ill-usage—for on his father's death his mother married the actor Ackermann, who treated his little step-son with great cruelty. Finally, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when times were hard for the players, his parents abandoned him altogether at Königsberg—a friendless, homeless little outcast, he wandered about the Königsberg streets, and might have starved there but for the kindness of an old shoemaker who took pity on the helpless child. But the shoemaker was poor, and the boy suffered not a little, and was growing up utterly neglected and uncared for, when chance threw him into the society of the proprietor of a circus—one Stuart—whose wife, a well-educated woman, the daughter of well-to-do people in Copenhagen, took a sincere interest in the bright, talented lad. Joining this troupe, little Schröder learnt tight-rope dancing and gymnastics with the husband, while the wife taught him French, music, and German. It was, too, while with this couple that the first seeds of Schröder's love for Shakspeare were

¹ Lenz. *Werke*, vol. ii. pp. 200–229.

² Lichtenberg, *Witzige und launige Schriften*.

³ If in the seventeenth century Shakspeare's name was unknown in Germany, certain of his plays were more or less familiar to the public in the eighteenth. When literary men began talking of him, the public knew nothing of his works, driven from the stage by the French plays then so much in vogue.

sown ; Stuart and his wife often repeating whole scenes from the poet. Even at this early age Schröder was so struck by their dramatic power and beauty that he resolved—should he ever have the chance—to introduce them to the German stage. But this pleasant life with the Stuarts was not to last long, for Schröder's mother, hearing that the child she had abandoned was getting on well, wrote to him, asking him to join her at once in Switzerland. Schröder—who, in spite of her neglect and indifference, was always passionately devoted to his mother—at once set out, and, after an adventurous journey, rejoined his mother's troupe, managed with some success by Ackermann, his step-father. Here Schröder learnt the first rudiments of his art—while his indomitable energy and his already remarkable talent proved of immense value to the company, for, though only fifteen, Schröder acted in the most varied parts, his greatest successes at this period being obtained in the rôles of valets in the French comedies, and as dancer in the "ballets d'action" then so popular. In 1769 Ackermann died ; and Schröder, at his mother's request, undertook the management of her company, since some time permanently established at Hamburg. And now the young actor devoted himself heart and soul to the great object of his life—the reform of the German stage—the elevation of his art. He at once inaugurated an entirely new era in theatrical management—abolishing many old abuses, introducing what then seemed startling reforms. Anxious only for the success of his theatre, utterly devoid of all personal vanity or selfishness, Schröder gathered around him such a company of actors as Germany had never yet possessed, whose "ensemble" acting we are told was "simply perfection." Pursuing his great object of reform with a steadfastness, an energy, a singleness of purpose with which only genius is endowed, he never allowed himself to be discouraged, but ever kept his shoulder to the wheel ; and only those who know what the condition of the German stage was in the eighteenth century can realise the difficulties he encountered, the obstacles to be overcome ; on the one hand, the indignation of a public accustomed to look upon the actors as the mere slaves of their caprices ; on the other, the ill-feeling of his fellow actors, who resented the strict *régime* he introduced within the theatre, complaining loudly of his "unbearable severity." Among the many rules enforced by him, he insisted on modesty in dress ; he allowed the comic actors to speak only what was written down for them, sternly repressing the then all too common habit of introducing allusions of an equivocal kind ; he firmly though politely refused to let in the young fellows who till then had been accustomed to crowd

upon the stage and fill up the wings. Thus began Schröder's great battle, which was to end so gloriously for him and for Germany. The actors, who had first laughed at and then rebelled against him, carried away by his example, by his generosity, his unselfishness, his high moral purpose, gradually learnt to respect him and second his efforts, and after the first struggle Schröder found his best supporters in those very players who had complained of his "strait-laced policy." But if he had already succeeded in doing much for the theatre, the great object that he had dreamt of as a boy and never ceased striving for since a man—the introduction of Shakspeare to the German stage—was still unaccomplished. He felt that the time for Shakspeare had not yet come; but he himself diligently studied the plays in Wieland's translation—it was not till many years after that he himself learnt English. In 1771 he made a first attempt to interest his artistic and literary friends in Shakspeare's plays by giving a series of readings from the poet. These, however, met with but little success—only Brockmann of all the actors taking any interest in the matter—and Schröder was reluctantly obliged to confess the time was not yet ripe for Shakspeare. Then, joining eagerly in the movement of the "Storm and Stress period," Schröder had the courage to accept young Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," which he produced with success. Other plays by Goethe, Lessing, &c., he also accepted, and, finding that this new romanticist school was gaining ground, he determined in 1776 to make his first great Shaksperian venture—the production of "Hamlet" on the German stage. Though, so far as its effects are concerned, this may be considered the first performance of "Hamlet," this tragedy, which, together with "Romeo and Juliet," was always popular in Germany, had, as already stated, been played in a very funny arrangement in the seventeenth century. Other equally mangled versions are said to have been performed in 1710, and again in 1770; while in 1740, we know that both "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" were acted by a small troupe of strolling players, directed by one Peter Ilgener. The plays were thus announced by Herr Ilgener: "Romeo and Juliet, or the Unexpected End in the Churchyard;" and "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, or the Comedy in the Comedy," which was followed by this note: "To-day, the *Connoisseur* cries to old and young, 'listen, listen, to Hamlet's nervy thoughts' (nervöse Gedanken). But all, all of you be attentive, so that you lose nothing of their beauty by unbearable noise. (Nota Bene. The three actors in the little comedy are extra players.) Madame Gödel will to-day, in the part Ophelia, show the great effect of which the art of acting is

capable ; and Herr Gödel will excite enthusiasm by his masterly acting as Hamlet ; the Director, in the difficult part of the Ghost, will also show himself not unworthy the applause of a highly gracious audience. Oh ! excellent public, come and see. Then you will find what a difference it makes when 'Hamlet' is played by real actors or by bunglers, and when care is bestowed on dress and decorations." The Herr Director seems, however, to have been less successful as the Ghost than he had anticipated : for we hear that, owing to some defect in the machinery by which the Ghost was to disappear, the Director—a "bullet-headed, fat little man"—remained suspended in mid-air, kicking and vainly endeavouring to get down amidst shouts of laughter from the audience.¹ But to return to Schröder. With characteristic good sense and modesty, he entrusted the part of Hamlet to the popular actor Brockmann, contenting himself with that of the Ghost. The play proved a success beyond all he had dared to hope for. All Hamburg crowded to the theatre, one paper telling us that coachmen and milkmaids drove and walked about Hamburg reciting "To be or not to be." So great, indeed, was the success, that Schröder soon after produced "Othello," himself playing Iago to Brockmann's Moor. This play proved less successful, however, than "Hamlet." On its first performance, the audience thought the catastrophe of the fifth act "too dreadful," one person after another, we are told, having fainted ; and before "Othello" was played a second time, to Schröder's disgust and disappointment, the Hamburg Senat commanded the fifth act to be changed and the play brought to a happy conclusion.² Of course against this order there was no appeal ; but no doubt this inartistic interference was the reason for Schröder's producing no other Shaksperian play for some months. He now, also, decided to introduce the custom of travelling part of the year together with his excellent company, his object being, as he said, not to make name or fortune, but to make "all Germany know our Shakspeare." His first visit was to Berlin, where the Hamburg success was renewed ; and here Schröder met with his first Shaksperian success. The famous Dr. Reimarus, whose verdict on "Hamlet" had been anxiously looked for, at the conclusion of the tragedy exclaimed : "Brockmann is all very well, but why only speak of him? Look at the Ghost ! Admire the Ghost ! He can do more than all the others put together." During two years, Schröder alternately travelled about and performed at Hamburg, bringing out various Shaksperian plays besides other English comedies, and plays by Goethe and Lessing. And now, assured of the popularity

¹ Brunier, *Schröder, Ein Lebensbild.*

² *Ibid.*

of "Hamlet," he determined to essay the part himself, appearing in 1778 for the first time as the melancholy Dane. Schröder had met with much opposition on his announcing his intention to play Hamlet. His friends and enemies alike tried to dissuade him: he, the popular melodramatic actor—the excellent "character" and comic actor—was altogether unfit, they said, for tragedy, some even objecting to his appearance and others to his voice; and as his Hamlet proved an entire innovation from all preconceived ideas—for Schröder was nothing if not original—the critics for the most part rather objected to him. But Schröder, strong in the knowledge of his own genius, supported by the greatest writers, and still more by his immense popularity with the mass of the people—"our Schröder" he was always called by them—he carried all before him. His appearance was always the signal for enthusiastic applause; his innovations, though opposed to all former notions of acting, pleased the public, for he was always natural—"he did not act, he *was* the character he presented," one writer tells us; and before two years had passed, Schröder had triumphed over his numerous enemies and detractors—for what great actor has not had enemies?—and had proved that he was indeed what the public voice had long since declared him—the greatest actor of Germany. He seems to have excelled equally in tragedy and comedy, though his tragic performances are the most celebrated. His Hamlet, we are told, was a "masterpiece, marking an epoch in the history of German acting;" while those who had admired Brockmann, and had endeavoured to dissuade Schröder from attempting the part, were forced to admit that this Hamlet was a "revelation." From 1778 to 1780 he produced "Hamlet," "Othello," "Measure for Measure," the "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," the "Comedy of Errors," "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew," "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (both parts in one), and "Macbeth." He subsequently added other Shaksperian plays to his repertory—"Cymbeline" notably proving a great success. In all these plays he himself appeared. Especially celebrated are his performances of Hamlet, Shylock, Iago, Claudio ("Measure for Measure"), Benedick, Falstaff, Richard II., and Macbeth. Of his Shylock we are told, "the Jew Shakspeare saw stood before you," but many objected to his having ennobled (veredelt) the character too much. In Macbeth Schröder presented a man of strong imagination, physically brave, morally weak, stirred to crime, not by ^{ready} Macbeth or the witches, but by his own evil nature. His *aff* seems to have been a delightfully humorous performance,

while in *Lear* he appears to have surpassed himself. The great actor Iffland tells us that in this tragedy Schröder's fellow-actors often hardly dared to speak, and on more than one occasion the Goneril refused to play a second time—so terrible was the delivery of the curse. In these plays Schröder was chiefly supported by his talented and high-minded wife, who for nearly thirty years shared his labours and aided him in his efforts. She is especially celebrated for her admirable rendering of Shaksperian parts; in *Portia*, *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, *Beatrice*, *Juliet*, and *Lady Macbeth*, she is said to have surpassed all her predecessors and followers. In many of Goethe's and Lessing's plays Schröder and his wife also achieved great success, but both were greatest in the greatest plays—Shakspeare's. The effect of Schröder's activity in producing these plays cannot be overstated. Thousands who had never read Wieland's translation, or heard of Lessing, flocked to the theatre to see the popular Schröder, and carry home with them that love for Shakspeare which has become proverbial in Germany. Travelling all over Germany and Austria, Schröder familiarised not only the large towns but the smallest villages with the poet; he organised various troupes solely for the performance of Shaksperian plays; he at last succeeded in doing what Lessing and Wieland and all the writers had failed to accomplish—the popularisation of Shakspeare in Germany, his introduction to the German stage, his acclamation as the greatest dramatist of all times. It is pleasant to remember how much Shakspeare's fellow "vagabonds" have done for him. Schröder introduced him to Germany; Iffland, Fleck, Devrient kept him continually before the German public. In England how much was his popularity not due to Betterton, Garrick, Kean, Phelps? in our own day, when managers declared his very name meant ruin, what does he not owe to the admirable acting, the intellectual conceptions, the persevering energy of Henry Irving?

In his 51st year Schröder decided to retire from the stage "whilst still in the full possession of his faculties," and to seek for well-earned rest in his country house in Holstein. For twenty years he lived there quietly and happily, with his "faithful partner in greatness," occupied chiefly with the study of literature and science—for Schröder was a chemist of no mean talent, and was thoroughly acquainted with the English, French, Spanish, and Italian languages. In 1816, exactly 200 years after Shakspeare, this great actor died, and at his own desire was buried at Hamburg, the scene of his early struggles and final triumph. His funeral was a national demonstration, thousands coming to it from all parts of Germany. In the little Hamburg cemetery where he lies, his wife raised a large square stone to his

memory on which is inscribed : "To the friend of Truth and Justice, to the advancer of the happiness of mankind, to the unequalled and inimitable actor, to the loving husband, by his sorrowing widow."

In appearance Schröder was very tall and thin, but "graceful in his movements." Considered ugly by some, others say they had "never seen a more beautiful face ;" his profile was delicate, his features "peculiarly expressive," his eyes dark blue, small, but most "significant" (*bedeutend*), seeming to "flash fire," his hands of extraordinary beauty, his whole appearance intellectual and noble (*edle*). His voice seems to have been somewhat harsh and not very powerful, but still "capable of expressing passion or sweetness." Schröder was one of the noblest, most generous, and unselfish of men; devoted only to his art, he never, as he said, "wished to shine," but only to "fill his part;" equally ready to perform—even after his great successes—in the smallest as in the greatest characters. His activity was inexhaustible. He performed as dancer, singer, acrobat, comedian, and tragedian; he was a musical composer, an author and translator, the manager and director of a theatre. He played in seven hundred parts, invented sixty-three ballets, arranged or translated some 150 plays, and wrote three original ones.¹ Among other improvements, he introduced foot-lights and appropriate scenery and costume—and that at a time when in England Othello still appeared in an English general's red coat and cocked hat, and Lady Macbeth strutted about the stage in powder and hoops.

The Shaksperian plays were almost all translated or arranged by Schröder, and for these adaptations he has frequently been blamed. But at a time when Lessing himself only dared suggest that Shakspeare should be performed with "some modest changes," it was utterly impossible to think of producing the plays absolutely as written. It was a question of either not producing them at all, or producing them with such modifications as the taste of the day rendered imperative. That the actor more sincerely appreciated Shakspeare than any of the other writers who adapted his works there can be no doubt when we compare his translations with those of Henfelt, Stephanie, Brömmel, Engel, Schink, &c. Schröder, too, always deeply regretted the necessity of the changes he was obliged to introduce, and invariably restored omitted passages on a play proving successful. Thus, after the production of "Hamlet"—on its second performance he restored the Grave-digger and other scenes originally omitted as not sufficiently "classical," and so with all other plays.

¹ Mayer, *Schröder's Leben*; Uhde, *Denkwürdigkeiten des Schauspieler*, etc.; Fr. L. Schmidt.

Not unfrequently, however, the public objected to these restorations, and Schröder was again forced to cut them out. Compared, too, with the English "arrangements" of Garrick, Tate, Cibber, &c., the German actor's are unquestionably superior; nor should we forget that in England, Shakspeare's own country, only three years ago—thanks to Mr. Irving—Shakspeare's "Richard III." was performed for the first time instead of Cibber's, while interpolations from other plays into Shakspeare's are still considered permissible. Of the great and immediate result of Schröder's activity we find the best proof in the many translations of the poet, and the innumerable books on him, for which there was now a large demand, and in the effect of this Shakspeare "mania" on such great poets as Goethe and Schiller.

Goethe in 1771 published an enthusiastic essay on Shakspeare; but this was in his young and enthusiastic days—only too soon to make way for coldness and spite—for Goethe could never, as Tieck says, forgive Shakspeare for being always Shakspeare and never Goethe. In his abominable "Shakespear und Kein Ende," Goethe has conclusively shown us that, great poet though he be, he was utterly unable to appreciate Shakspeare. For years he strenuously opposed the Shaksperian performances at Weimar, and not till four years after Iffland had at other theatres performed in Schlegel's translations—that is, in Shakspeare's own plays absolutely freed from all additions or omissions, and then only because the public insisted on it—did Goethe consent to accept this unadulterated Shakspeare at Weimar.¹ In his arrangement, or, as he calls it, "concentration," of "Romeo and Juliet,"² Goethe has given still further proof, if any were needed, of his inability to understand Shakspeare. In this atrocious version of the tragedy, which Tieck calls a "barbarous ill-treatment of the poet," and which an excellent French critic aptly compares to a "libretto d'opéra"—the most beautiful portions of the play have been spoiled or entirely cut out. A chorus takes the place of the thumb-biting servants: the Prince appears at the feast in the character of a match-maker, proposing a union between Romeo and

¹ Since some years the prejudice has made its way into Germany that Shakspeare ought to be acted on the German stage, word for word as Shakspeare wrote... even though players and audience should choke over it. The attempts, encouraged by an excellent and literal translation, succeeded nowhere. If one wishes to see a Shaksperian play, one must again turn to Schröder's arrangements. But the cuckoo-cry that in a performance of Shakspeare not an iota must be omitted, however senseless it be, one always hears again. If the advocates of this opinion get the upper hand, Shakspeare will soon be displaced from the German stage... an event which would certainly be no misfortune.....(Shakspeare und Kein Ende.)

² *Nachlass zu Göthe's Werken*, von Ed. Boas.

Juliet; Mercutio, Shakspeare's gay, fiery, brave Mercutio, becomes an ordinary stage confidant, and the Nurse—that most unique creation—is transformed into the usual lady's-maid of the French stage. Indeed, Goethe says that the two "comic" personages, the Nurse and Mercutio, "destroy the tragic form of the play," "which," he adds, "must be unbearable to our unity-and-concord-loving way of thinking." The delicious Queen Mab speech is reduced to this: "You," says Mercutio to Romeo, "go about your business if you like: I look for adventures on my pillow. I shall be enchanted with an airy dream, while you will run after dreams you can no more catch than I mine;" as to the conclusion of the tragedy, Goethe managed to concentrate all the beauty out of it. With regard to "King Lear," Goethe considered that Shakspeare had altogether spoil the older "King Leir" from which his tragedy was taken; and in his celebrated "Wilhelm Meister" critique on "Hamlet," containing though it does some fine passages, his utter misconception of Ophelia is surely sufficient proof that he misunderstood not only her character, but Hamlet's too. But if Goethe's admiration—sincere it was, at first—decreased as he grew older, Schiller not only remained faithful to his early love for Shakspeare—his admiration increased. For he tells us that, when he first became acquainted with his works, he was not yet able to "understand nature at first hand" (*Ich war noch nicht fähig die Natur aus erster Hand zu verstehen*), but that "like to a mighty mountain torrent" Shakspeare gave his talent its decided direction to the dramatic. Though too much the child of his century to thoroughly appreciate certain Shaksperian plays or scenes, he was, nevertheless, much nearer akin in sympathy to the poet than Goethe; his translation of "Macbeth" (still acted with a few alterations and additions) contains some admirable passages, and is, indeed, a different work from Goethe's "concentrated" "Romeo and Juliet."

But Goethe, Schiller, and their numerous followers are so familiar to all English Shaksperians, that it is unnecessary to enter into a detailed examination of their work. Unquestionably, the most useful production of the second half of the eighteenth century was August Wilhelm Schlegel's inimitable translation of Shakspeare, begun together with Bürgers in 1779, then abandoned, and finally recommenced in 1797. Since the days of Goethe and Schiller, it has been so much the fashion for every German to bestow more or less of his tediousness upon Shakspeare, that one feels inclined to cry "hold, enough!" but it is an interesting fact that almost every great German writer from Goethe to Hegel, from Schiller to Heine, from

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the reactionist Görres to the revolutionary Börne, have devoted much of their time to the study of the English dramatist.

Thus, then, was Shakspeare introduced into Germany. Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Schlegel—these great men are justly remembered as the first who recognised Shakspeare's supremacy; but let us give honour where honour is due, and not forget that, much as they did, more was done for the poet by those who appealed, not to a small literary clique, but to the whole nation, by the actors Brockmann, Iffland, Fleck, Ludwig Devrient, Seydelmann, Friedrich Ludwig, and Schröder, to whom, above all others, we owe the popularity of Shakspeare in Germany.

ELEANOR MARX.

*THE FISHES OF THE GREAT CANADIAN
LAKES AND THEIR OUTLETS.*

IT would be a safe conjecture to make, that not one-half of the English people have actually seen the American lakes, even among those who possess the opportunities to avail themselves of a transatlantic trip. Nor can I wonder that, with so many unexplored delights as lie at the door of an Englishman, he is often tempted to spend his holiday nearer home. To those, however, who have made a short visit, as many have done, to the principal points of attraction, and who are not very keen sportsmen, a few words on the inhabitants of the American lakes may not be without interest. Even excluding Lake Michigan, which is in the territory of the United States, the lakes which find an outlet through the St. Lawrence River cover a space which in round numbers may be said to equal half as much surface again as England and Wales. Besides these lakes are others in British America which would certainly rival them in magnitude, and these literally teem with life both in their waters and along their shores. Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and Great Bear Lake, and many others whose united area would probably equal that of the four great Canadian lakes, pour out their waters through the mighty Mackenzie River into the Arctic Ocean. This river, which is considerably larger than the St. Lawrence, flows through trackless forests and fertile plains; but it must for ever remain of comparatively little use to man, as the long dreary winters would be intolerable to any settlers but Esquimaux. Though its waters swarm with trout and sturgeon and white-fish, and the red deer and cariboo abound in its forests, these must live and die as they did before Columbus or Cabot discovered the American continent. One great reason is that even the forests themselves are useless as matters of commerce; for though they would, at the lowest price ever given in England, be worth kingdoms, the stream which alone is capable of transporting them to a market would take the logs, not to Quebec, but to the Arctic Ocean. Perhaps the ducks and wild fowl, that raise their heads in almost countless millions along the bays and creeks of the lakes, are the only living things that benefit us; for when winter

frosts send them to the south, they spread over the marshes of America in swarms, and supply the markets with cheap and excellent poultry.

The fish in the northern lakes, and the countless streams that flow into the Mackenzie and its tributaries, differ probably but little from those of great Canadian lakes, but we must always remember that these differ very much in different waters and under different circumstances.

Anglers on the St. Lawrence often make a small fish dam (by enclosing a shallow bay of the river with a few stones as a breakwater this is easily done); in this the newly-caught fish are placed, so as to keep them "fresh" till evening, after the hook, or perhaps triple hook, is removed from their mouths; and the change when the piscators come to take the fish out again is wonderful. A "bass," that has been landed of a deep olive colour and full of life, is pale in tint and spiritless. In the shallow water, under the intensely bright rays of the sun, he very soon changes his colour, and with his sky his nature too. It might be well to say here, that the moment fish are caught they should be killed, as this causes their flesh to harden, and secures the juices that dissolve so rapidly. They are easily kept cold by flags and rushes slightly damped and covered over with a piece of blanket. An Englishman who makes a canoe trip in Canada for the first time will be surprised to see an old "habitant," as the French-Canadian settlers are called, wrap the lump of ice which it is usual to carry in two folds of blanket to keep it safe; but it lasts for a very long time under the tropical suns of an Ontario July when it is so protected. Fish are easily killed, if indeed we except the "cat-fish," probably so called on account of the many lives it can part with before it appears as a welcome dish on the breakfast table. If small, the head is bent back quickly, and the fish retains its natural colours for hours; but if it is more than two or three pounds in weight, the end of the spinal vertebræ may be severed from the head with the aid of a small sharp knife in a moment, and it is dead. When fish are allowed to die in struggles with the air, the scales are bruised and the flesh exposed in parts, and this also detracts from their value. Nothing is here said about humanity, but I never remember meeting with a true sportsman who was not a humane man. If any one will only consider the few hours of life a fish leads when confined in a little shallow pond, he will understand how the rapid change has taken place in its condition. It has been suddenly removed from a deep or a cool rapid, and placed in water that is many degrees warmer than that which it left; and this is

almost poison to a fish. The fisherman makes periodical visits to his reservoir with another capture, and it hardly ever moves round its circumscribed limits when he shows himself, though if free in its stream it would have vanished like a shadow. Now, some fishing books say, and I believe truly, that if a fish is taken from a muddy pool and placed for a few hours in a tub of spring water in a dark place, it will lose its muddy flavour; and if we remember this, we shall not be at a loss to understand why the treatment here condemned is so baneful.

This is, perhaps, a proper place to allude to the many names which we find in American natural histories belonging to the same fish, and the numberless varieties of some one family that are to be found in different waters—the difference being due only to local causes. I well remember a stream that ran through an oak plantation to an open valley, and joined a clear little river almost free from trees. The oak wood was a natural growth on each side of a gorge, and the waters consisted of a succession of deep pools joined by cascades. The fallen leaves had decayed, of course, during many ages, and formed a deep stratum of peat; and this coloured bed the river flowed through. The water, when taken out in a tumbler, was clear; but, to look at, the pools were black. Now, the trout from the river ascended the brook at times, and as often the trout from the gorge descended into the river in the open valley; but the change was wonderful in a short time. Those that had the dark holes to live in became black, and long, and thin, and rarely rose at a fly, which the branches made it almost impossible to use; but those in the open valley had so totally different an appearance that they might have easily been taken for fish of a separate species. They became silvery and shapely, and were soon covered with bright red spots in place of the chocolate-looking marks they had when in the tributary stream. Some English naturalists tell us that the common salmon met with in such abundance in the St. Lawrence tributaries is a distinct species; but whatever difference there is may be accounted for abundantly, and more than abundantly, by the climatic differences between the lands they live in: one thing is very certain, that in flavour and appearance an ordinary observer can see no more difference than there is in their habits and their favourite haunts. But of the salmon we must speak again, and begin now to consider the fish which inhabit the lakes of the Great Continent. Perhaps the class of fishes which is called *Acanthopterygian*, or "spine-backed," is as popular in America as any other, on account of the excellence of the "black bass," which is decidedly at the head of its race. This fish is

not large, but a great favourite with the angler and the lover of good fare. It hardly ever reaches the weight of six pounds, and one of half that size is considered a prize. Yet, so active are they when hooked, and so full of life and game, that Piscator is often astonished to find that he has secured, after a long battle, a prize of only three pounds' weight; and it is much if his prize, when about to be relegated to the landing net, does not suddenly enter an objection, and dart off like lightning, again to commence another struggle, perhaps a successful one, for its liberty and life. In shape the bass is like a perch; but it does not taper away towards its tail to nearly the same extent. It is a dark olive colour, and, though its shades of tint vary, it is nearly black upon the back. The smallest that ever take the hook are about half-a-pound in weight; but, as before said, they never grow to any great size. They are very voracious, and, if they happen to be feeding, afford sport that none of the smaller fish can rival. They are found on the rocky bays of the great lakes, and at the mouths of the clear-flowing streams that run into them, and at the head waters running out. The best fishing ground, if we except the unfrequented bays of the far west, is probably the Lake of the Thousand Islands, which is the outlet of Lake Ontario into the St. Lawrence. This sheet of water is about fifty-five miles in length, and ten miles in breadth; and it contains, not a thousand, but nearly fifteen hundred—some say more—*islands of every form and size.* These islands vary very much, not only in size, but in character. Occasionally they are no more than rocks rising above the surface of the lake, and have no other vegetation than a growth of ferns and wild flowers; and sometimes they cover acres in extent, and have been cleared for farms, the few trees that are left upon them forming, with the farmhouse and buildings, a not unpleasant picture when set off by their reflections in the waters below. Generally, these islands are covered with vegetation, and the maple and rock-elm blend pleasantly with the deeper green of the fir-trees. Of course, they do not equal the islands of English lakes in what may be called picturesque beauty, but they have a quiet charm of their own that impresses an Englishman almost as strongly. Through this maze of islands, the residents of Kingston and Brockville sometimes wander in boats when they indulge in a summer holiday, and very enjoyable such a day is. Bass are caught either with flies or a bright spoon; but the latter is the more easy and the favourite bait. The spoon is fixed on a freely turning swivel, and on the casting-line is another swivel—some fishermen use as many as five at intervals of two feet each, so as to *prevent the possibility of the spoon in its rapid evolutions twisting*

the line; for of course each swivel, as the strain comes on it, has a tendency to ease it off. The bass in their haunts greatly resemble trout, only the waters they are found in are very much broader. They especially like a few rocky points at the end of an island; and if the boatman is well acquainted with his work, he will row gently past such a place, and let the angler, with a line of twenty or twenty-five yards in length, so manage his spoon that it will show itself as it glitters past the end of the islet. A sharp tug is a common result on a good day, and then the fisherman reels up his line as best he may, and deposits his fish in the boat after an exciting struggle. Of course the sport is characterised by the same amount of uncertainty as fishing in England, and those who speak of the certainty of going out and capturing a large basketful, remember the roseate days when brilliant success crowned their tackle. Even empty-handed days are recorded, on excellent authority, among the best waters of Canada.

Cynics have said that the least reliable of all stories are those which are told by anglers. And indeed, to judge from too many I have heard and read, I fear there is much justice in the reproach. "In vino veritas" has been met by the old song,

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
How, I own I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell, &c.

But a very amusing instance of the willingness of the intelligent public to accept the marvellous occurred in a fish-stall at Chester. A sturgeon of great size had been caught in the Dee, and its capture had been chronicled in the morning's paper—"twelve feet six inches in length, weight six cwt." The writer, who lived near, went at once to see it, and it was, quite properly, put in a shed near the stall, admission a penny. It was a magnificent fish, and, indeed, the finest I ever saw either in England or in America, where they run to a very great size; but on asking a friend to hold the end of a tape to its nose, and on suddenly reeling out nine feet, the red mark came to the tip of its tail. We glanced up at the fishmonger, who was doing the showman rather well, but he only answered us with a knowing wink and a smile. He had been in the fish trade for years, and knew well the poetic license that is allowed in every branch of it—and he knew his audience. They had seen the tape run over the fish, and the actual measurement taken; but so strong is the love of the marvellous in human nature, that the moment the fish-dealer called out again, "twelve feet six," nearly every one was prepared to *take that measurement*, and "Bless me! twelve feet six. What a fish!" was soon heard again from the beholders. Now, bass are

very bold at taking a fly or a spoon if they are in the humour; but if three rods capture from fifty to sixty in a day, weighing 80 lbs. or 90 lbs., it is excellent work. This take is, of course, sometimes exceeded, but more commonly it is not nearly approached.

The scientific godfathers of the black bass have treated him bountifully in the item of names; and it is a pity that, while Agassiz calls him the *Gristes nigricans*, De Kay christens him the *Centrarchus fasciatus*. Either name would serve very well, or, for the matter of that, half of either name, but unhappily this blithe and active fish seems to have fallen the victim to too many savans and lexicons. When divested of his scientific names, he may be described as a fish resembling the common perch, only thicker, and much handsomer. When taken in his favourite haunts, which are a comparatively shallow rapid running over uneven rocks with deep holes, or the end of an island past which a lazy current winds itself, he is of a dark olive colour, with dull yellow-coloured sides, and he changes his coat, as has been said, very rapidly. The gill cover has two flat points, and the back fin, though single, is almost divided into two; it contains ten hard and fourteen soft rays, and the pectoral fin eighteen soft rays, the ventral six, the first one almost spinous, and the dual three spines, while the caudal has sixteen soft rays. Successful attempts have been made to introduce this fish into English waters, and before long we may look for it in such rivers as the Dee, the Wye, the Severn, and the Thames. If introduced into the last-named river, it would gradually supplant some of the commoner fishes, and be a delight to the angler and the hotel-keeper in the waters, at any rate, that are above Marlow. In the same places where we look for the bass we may expect to see another fish which has also been the victim of a confusing number of names. *Lucioperca Americana*, as our American cousins have dubbed it, or Pike Perch, is, even though the newest, certainly the most appropriate. This fish is commonly known in Canada as the dory, the pickering, or pickerel; and as it chiefly abounds in Canadian waters, I have always considered it best to use the name that it is best known by there, for it could not possibly be confounded with the "John Dory" of the European seas. The dory is of an olive colour on the back, and inclines to yellow on the sides till it becomes a creamy white underneath. Like the bass, it is an excellent fish for the table, and rather resembles a very good whiting; while the bass is firmer, and may be considered to partake more of the flavour of a trout in its best condition. The writer has taken one of 16 lbs. in weight by trolling with a minnow from the banks of St. Anne's rapids, but this

is not a common weight. Two to four pounds is considered a good fish, though in some works on angling I have seen in America five pounds is put down as a usual weight. Of course, between the weights here mentioned and sixteen pounds there must be many intermediate sizes, and the reason that very large ones are not more usually taken by the angler is, as I suspect, that they generally go into the pools of inaccessible rapids, and journey from one to another, secure from the attractions of the minnow or the spoon. The one alluded to was caught by a long throw that just reached the head of a rapid and took the minnow into the pool below. These are fish that would delight in the streams of Derbyshire or the waters of the Thames at Oxford, and in the larger Welsh rivers. Still, they might interfere with the trout, and that would be a poor exchange for Derby or Wales. At some seasons of the year the larger fish frequent the bays of the lakes and are netted, and then we see patriarchal specimens in the markets of Montreal and Kingston. When hooked, they give a fair amount of play for a time, but, like all fish that taper very much towards the tail, their last fight for life is a short one.

The *Acanthopterygian*, or spiny-rayed fishes, abound in Canadian lakes and rivers, and are nearly all valuable as articles of food. The sunfish is most beautifully coloured, and resembles a very broad perch. Its sides are orange and Indian yellow, and its back is a dark indigo colour. It haunts the shady bays of the great lakes, and loves especially to seek the shadow of the broad water-lilies; it may be that its glittering hues would show it too clearly as a prey to the "esox" genus that roam about, but there, at any rate, the angler must look for him. The rock bass resembles this fish in form, but is much duller in colour. It is quite a small fish, and only sought after by very juvenile anglers; one of a pound weight is considered a prize, though there are doubtful tales of its reaching three times that size. It is said to have been confined to Canadian waters until the completion of the Champlain Canal, when it found its way into Hudson River. Any bait is acceptable to it; the crayfish will usually fetch it from its rocks, even in the worst fishing days. Like the black bass, it is excellent for the table. *Centrarchus Aeneus* is the name by which this fish is known to the scientific.

Salmonidæ will appear further on in the chapter, when we take our leave of the great lakes, and sail down the St. Lawrence; but those which inhabit the lakes are sufficiently distinctive to be noticed here among the inland fishes. It is sometimes believed that salmon are landlocked; that countless ages ago the great lakes were arms of the sea, or bays like Hudson's Bay; that the gulf gradually became

fresh by the vast influx of fresh water through the mighty rivers—and the salt springs of Huron and Michigan are quoted as confirmatory evidence. It has been urged that the lake salmon have become naturalised in the fresh waters, and their habits and their decided appearance of dwarfed salmon would seem to give some colour to the belief. It is certain that clupidæ, or herrings, are found in countless thousands in the lakes, and they resemble the herring of our own seas so closely that a belief has always prevailed in their being herrings cut off from the ocean; their flavour is precisely the same as our own Loch Fyne or Isle of Man fish. Sometimes in the summer, when the fry are about the size of whitebait, the clear bays absolutely glitter in their depths with them, as though tons of silver-foil had been cut into shreds and thrown down promiscuously; but some more exact scrutiny is required to settle the question. The writer sent home specimens of all the Canadian fishes to be examined at the British Museum, but unhappily they did not carry safely, owing to some want of care. As far as could be ascertained, the yellow or common perch was identical with the English; but some slight generic differences were supposed to exist in the salmon and trout, though these were not more wide than could be found even among the salmonidæ of American waters. One fish is always classed among the salmon family of America, and that is the delicate "white-fish" of the lakes. Enthusiastic travellers describe it as the very best fish that cleaves the water, and certainly, when taken fresh from Lake Erie or Ontario, and split and broiled, it is excellent; during the summer months it is rarely absent from the breakfast tables of the Canadian hotels in the West. It is claimed for the white-fish that it never palls upon the palate like salmon. The Indians of the far North-west regard it as a great staple of food, and spear it often in its spawning beds. They declare that even then it is wholesome and very palatable. White-fish are never found in any lake below the Falls of Niagara; but as far as we know of the countless lakes that empty their waters into the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, these swarm with them. One large lake, that is not named in maps, was visited by some of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and, though it was cut off from all other waters by cataracts, it abounded with these fish, five and eight pounds being common weights. The Year-book of Canada gives the annual take of those which are packed in cases, and sent, like mackerel are in England, in ice, to distant markets, at 15,000 barrels. Some natural histories have said that the white-fish must be used the day it is caught; but the North-western Indians keep them for a long time at the beginning of winter in a current of

air, and the writer can vouchsafe for the following. A friend who had come from Quinte Bay, at the north of Lake Ontario, brought a hamper of very fine fresh white-fish ; a slight snow had fallen early in the day, and the hamper was put in the orchard adjoining the house till morning, but during the night a heavy snowfall came on, and the package was covered over ; and as ducks and partridges had to be hung up for winter's use, the fish were forgotten, and lay under the snow from November until the beginning of March. In crossing the orchard in snow-shoes one day, we noticed a square mound of snow, and the forgotten present was at once recollected. Snow shovels soon uncovered it, and the fish, though frozen, were bright, and as fresh as new cream ; so we took out what was required each day for use, and threw a few spades of snow over the rest. When we consider the unnumbered thousands of tons of the finest fish that are wasted in the trackless West, we may hope that means may one day be found to utilise them in England. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that if we now sit down to a joint at an hotel, the chances are nearly even that it has been killed in America !

We are apt to overlook the vast area of Hudson's Bay territory, and incorporate it in our fancy with the Dominion of Canada ; but if we deduct the Canadas and the lower provinces from the calculation, the British possessions that remain in North America are much more than double the combined area of the British Isles, France, Austria, and Prussia, or say they contain more than two million square miles. Now, in this vast area are unchronicled lists of pools that cover from fifty to a hundred square miles each, and it is certain that all of them swarm with fish. Not only are the white-fish found in them, but bass, sturgeon, and many varieties of trout. Take any recent map of North America, and look at the lakes and rivers in the regions that lie to the north of the extreme limits of the Canadas (and even the Canadas are not nearly explored as yet), and we shall find along the line of the Mackenzie and the Coppermine rivers such chains of lakes as would almost remind us of the mottles we sometimes see on binding paper ; and though Indian tribes have sketched them, they are probably not quite incorrect. There are doubtless fish in these that are of value, and differ much from any well-known species we may be acquainted with. Take the *Inconnu*, as the French *voyageurs* have named it, or, as it has been properly titled, the *Salmo Mackenzii*. It is a salmon by every known type ; but it differs so far in appearance from the salmon we are acquainted with, that at first sight we should think it belonged to a separate family. I do not know of any specimen having reached England,

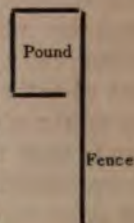
though there are some preserved ones in America; but there is an engraving of one in Richardson. The waters of the Great Slave Lake, a fresh-water sea that is principally laid down in our maps from the reports of Indians and some few observations of the Hudson Bay Company, swarm with this fish, and they are a staple food of the inhabitants, though they have not much merit, being white and oily. They run from five to ten pounds in weight, though specimens of thirty pounds have been captured. Take again the *Salmo signifer*, or Back's Grayling, which is known to abound in rivers that lie between the sixteenth parallel and the Great Northern Ocean. To the north of the Great Slave Lake lie the Great Bear Lake, the Great Fish River, and Chesterfield Inlet. We know little of these localities, and are likely to know little. The lakes that feed the Nile may in our own day be easily explored; and if the Government wills it, or gives protection to private enterprise, we may finally know as much of these mysterious reservoirs as we do of the lakes of Westmoreland; but the summers are too short in the lands that lie in the far West, between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific, to ever hope to learn very much more of them than we know now. The fish last named is a noble specimen of the Grayling family, and reaches the weight of seven or ten pounds. A party of officers from one of H.M. ships having many years ago penetrated as far as Fort Enterprise, caught a number by angling in the rapids of Winter River; and when the fish were hooked, they leapt out of the water and struck the line in as approved a manner as a Tweed salmon whose ancestors have been accustomed to the sport for many generations. These splendid fish were fortunately examined by some of the party at the time, and an interesting discovery was made: the stomachs were found to contain a black earthy matter, which was at first supposed to be gravel, but on examination it proved to be fragments of shell-fish. As is usual in all such cases, the sides of the stomach were composed of thick sac, like the gizzard of a fowl, and this might account for a similar appearance in the white-fish. There are many writers who say that the Gwiniad of Bala Lake, and many Alpine lakes, and the Pollan of Ireland, are only European varieties of this last-named fish; and, though they are not unanimous, the majority appear to incline to that belief. It has never been my lot to see either of the European species, and they are, I am told, only occasionally captured. Among other fishes should not be forgotten the sturgeon of these parts: they exactly resemble the Russian sturgeon, and might be put to many useful purposes. They may not quite equal in weight the monsters that are recorded to have been captured in the Volga, and one may

doubt if even the latter often attain their asserted weights, but specimens of 200 or 250 lbs. are not at all uncommon. Along Russian rivers there are fish villages for the capture of the sturgeon, and caviare is an article that produces vast wealth. Not only is the roe used, but the whole of the fish, whether for isinglass or food, is of value. The regions of the Volga are not more hospitable than those already alluded to in North America, and their productions may induce us to hope that our yet untrodden lands may in time bring forth similar fruit. Not only are our own steamers on the spot, but American markets would take with open hands all the stock we could offer. The great territories of the Northwest have been used but as hunting grounds for fur, and the factors and agents have always considered that the Indians who inhabit them have grown up in the belief that their lands have nothing else to offer us. The Hudson Bay factors have prospered even under this system, but why not add to their prosperity and well-earned wealth by utilising such fish as sturgeon? The Indians, who hunt the black fox, or bear, or marten for their furs, would not, it is true, be at the pains of preserving fish, but they would take care that their squaws did; and a simple process that prevails in some parts of Europe, of plunging fish in boiling lard, might be employed. This always seemed obvious to the writer, who hopes at some time to speak further about it; and he is the more certain that the simple means he would suggest might succeed, from the prosperity attending the exportation of fresh meat—a prosperity that in many quarters was never looked for.

The fishes of the St. Lawrence would be very incomplete if we left out the salmon, which abound in the tributaries of the lower part of the river that flow into the gulf. Already the excellence of these streams is known to Englishmen, and it is not at all uncommon for a good one to be leased by several sportsmen from the eastern continent for the fishing season. If the laws of Canada for the preservation of salmon were framed after those which prevail in England, the writer—who was twice asked to draw up a report for the Minister of Fisheries—can say with confidence, that fresh Canadian salmon might now be sold in the English markets at a sum that would place them within the reach of people of the most moderate means. Salmon could be imported by simply using the process that brings so many thousand tons of fresh meat from America every week into Liverpool, if they were permitted only a free chance to propagate. But the laws of Canada allow standing nets to be placed in the mouths of the streams where fishes ascend to spawn,

and many are turned back and fall a prey to dog-fish and seals that are encouraged to cluster round the obstructions. Again and again has it been urged that no possible obstacle should be placed in the way ; but the interests of some very few Quebec legislators, and, it must unhappily be added, the genius of the French-Canadian population which inhabit the lower provinces, has proved a sad hindrance to a more enlightened style of fishing. For to lie on a bank while the rising and falling tide brings their fixed nets in the way of the salmon that ascend the streams is more to their tastes than to adopt the English method of leaving all streams free. Under the warm summer suns they can smoke their pipe of Canadian tobacco, and gather their harvest when the waters subside. In vain you tell them that they are killing the goose that lays the very goldenest of eggs. The same net which has most properly to be used by law in English fisheries, is admirably adapted for Canadian waters, and the extra industry it would entail would be paid for a hundred-fold by the increased result. From the straits of Belle-isle almost to Quebec, and, on the other side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Cape Rosier to the Isle of Orleans—or, in other words, along a coast-line of nearly a thousand miles—clear cold rivers enter the salt water, and are fairly cut out by the hand of nature for salmon ; these rivers are the result of a watershed which is at least three times as large as England and Wales, and, notwithstanding the barbarous way of fishing them, they still produce vast quantities of these fish, for a salmon will overcome any obstacle to reach his spawning bed. Englishmen find it now quite worth their while to rent one of these streams, and it is to be hoped that their protests will produce, in time, good fruit. No inland villages collect tribute from them, they run through a wilderness, and their pools and rapids and shaded banks are the very paradise of salmon. There are tens of thousands of miles of these rivers, and, if they only had fair play, every steamer that sails down the St. Lawrence for our shores might bring a hundred tons of fresh salmon. They keep fresh longer than any other fish, and many that are exposed in the Montreal and Quebec markets, and are bright and fresh, have been kept in ice-houses for ten days before they have been trans-shipped into a steamer, which now, in place of the old schooners, brings them up to the markets. The writer speaks advisedly, after having had many years' opportunity for studying the question on the spot, in saying that Canadian salmon, which is in no way inferior to English, might be sold in our markets at the price of cod-fish, if the rivers only were managed as the English ones are. Perhaps it might not quite equal fresh-caught English

salmon, but it would compare more favourably with it than American beef does with English; for, excellent as the former is, it never was equal to English. As for the brush weirs, as they are called, if the attempts to abolish them have not been successful, they are a scandal: a brush weir consists of a pound built of strong stakes interlaced with basket-work. They are just covered at high tide, and it will be seen that the fish in swimming along the shore-line meet with a fence; they run down it till they get into the pound, and, as the lowest shore end of that is the deepest, they congregate along it until the falling waters have left the entrance dry by which they came in, and so retreat is cut off.



Now, if only useful fish were caught, or if they were principally caught, nobody could say a word; but where these murderous traps abound, and that is wherever there is a French settlement in the lower province (it is needless to say that all the settlements are French), tons of the fry of herrings, and cod-fish, and whiting, and other valuable sea-fish are destroyed. A French judge who lived, when not on circuit, near a small settlement called Murray Bay on the Lower St. Lawrence, was going to his house one morning, when the writer happened to meet him walking up a hill which led from the shore; two servants were with him, and one carried a pannier with some three or four dozen small herrings which they had just captured, the other an empty basket. He spoke of the decline of the herring fishery along the coast, and the singularity of that circumstance when the supply from such vast waters should be a hundred-fold more than the thinly scattered population could consume; and he is mentioned here as a man, one would think, of undoubted culture. But, in his weir, which is no worse than other brush weirs—it may be, not so bad as some—there was a large white mass composed of many hundredweight of sea-fish that were just about the size of whitebait, and so like them that a Londoner might have been tempted to try them as a substitute. It is an amazing sight for a stranger—one of these weirs. When the receding tide has left the stakes dry, he will notice vast flocks of crows coming down from the woods to light upon them, and as the seething mass of fish is finally exposed they descend upon it and gorge themselves, unless the fisherman (as the owners of these traps are sportively called) drives them away till he has taken out the larger fish. The lower part of the mass gradually decomposes and floats away under the heat of the tropical sky, and the waters help to dissolve it. Some improvement has taken place

in having these weirs open once a week in a small part, and also in the fixed nets, but they should be swept away entirely, and a district of vast area, that is within a few days of our own shores, and that has no rival in the earth—no second, almost—for fish-producing powers, would be added to the wealth of the world. The damage done to fisheries, it cannot be too often insisted on, is done within a stone's throw of the shore. One narrative, on a subject upon which the writer feels strongly, will close the chapter. In the summer of 1868 he and Major Collingwood, and Dr. Macilree, the inspector-general of army hospitals, took the fishing of the Laval River, which lies about 200 miles below Quebec, and they would confirm every word about the destruction of fish life; indeed, they pointed out many errors of the same kind as those mentioned, for which there is no room here. We slept on the schooner which had brought us from Quebec, and in the morning we took from a height a survey of the mouth of the river, which part had been let to "stake" fishermen. Salmon came with the rising tide: we could see the surge they made in the water as they rapidly entered the mouth of the stream; but as the nets were visible, we could also see that they tried barrier after barrier, and though sometimes successful, they frequently gave way, and would seem to have sought the salt water again, through the deeper part of the stream; here a host of enemies in the shape of dog-fish and seals waited upon them; and, indeed, we also found they had enemies, though in another form, in the upper part of the river. We camped in two places in our ascent of this beautiful water, but found very few salmon, and the trout had scarcely begun to run up from the sea. Every nook and corner showed how admirably adapted it was for fish, and how sadly it had suffered from the obstructions at its mouth. Lake Laval, or rather the lower Lake Laval through which the river runs, is a little sheet of water of great beauty. And though it is all in the wilderness, the woods round it look so homely that we could almost expect to see a herd of cattle coming through them to bathe in its waters—or the smoke of a Westmoreland cottage rising up among the trees; it was indeed not larger than a second-class Westmoreland lake, and quite equal in beauty to any of them. But what a sight met us as we emerged after a very up-hill journey of two days and a half through rapids and long still pools that lay in our course! At the outlet of the lake, and waiting lazily for the salmon and sea-trout, was an immense shoal of long-bodied dusky pike, some of enormous size, and it would require a salmon of untold dimensions to have passed by *unprovoked*. This verminous shoal covered certainly half-an-acre,

and surely the stake nets that choke up the passage to the river might be better employed in clearing them. Fortunately, however, Laval Lake is exceptional, and pike are not common in the salmon rivers of these parts. We tried a very long line and a spoon among them, and, of course, had plenty of customers for it, some of great weight; and it is only fair to say that one of them which was cut into steaks and fried in lard by one of our Frenchmen who acted as cook was palatable. So strongly has the English legislature set its face against anything in the way of a fixed obstruction in a salmon river, that a fine was imposed on a fisherman at Lancaster for making the end of his net fast while he ran out the length in his boat for a haul. Yet in Canada there is no other way of fishing than to fasten down both ends of a net, and leave it standing for all the open months to destroy the fisheries of the stream. Take the Godbout River, and see what can be done by a different system. This was leased for a long term by Mr. Law for fly-fishing for himself and his friends, and he purchased all rights along the coast that would be in the way of fish ascending, and gave them a fair chance to increase. This they have done with such rapidity that a single fly-rod will take twenty salmon in a day, averaging probably 17 lbs. each, and the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the experiment says that seine nets might be used at the mouth of the river without doing any perceptible harm to the angler's sport. But more liberal counsels must at last prevail, and the grand estuary of the St. Lawrence, with its hundred rivers, will be to our fish-dealers' stalls what the boundless pasture lands of the West have already become to our markets. Between Quebec and Point de Mont, or where the Gulf of St. Lawrence begins, are at least forty-six salmon rivers, each of which would under liberal treatment produce a noble income. This is leaving out the Sagounay, a deep stream that runs from Lake St. John, a curious circular pool of about twenty miles in diameter, and not yet fathomed in some parts. The Marguarite River, that was leased by General Sir Daniel Lysons and some friends, is only a feeder of the Sagounay, yet he found enough sport in its waters to induce him to lease it for a number of years; and as for the rest of the salmon-producing rivers that enter the Sagounay and the feeders of Lake St. John, their name is simply Legion; and though to develop the lakes of the West as fish-producing centres may require some lapse of time, this will not be very long if it can only be shown that the outlay and enterprise would produce a noble harvest. I know well that these views may not be palatable to those who profit by fixed obstructions; and the fact that any salmon have

survived in Canadian waters only shows how wonderfully adapted the waters are to the production of fish. It cannot be too often insisted on that approaches to rivers should be free, and salmon caught by an industrious, active population as they are in Scotland and England. Then, indeed, the wildernesses of the St. Lawrence would blossom abundantly, and French Canadians might sit under their own maple-trees and pine-trees after having secured in a few years an independence for old age. In place of accumulating salmon in ice-houses along the coast until the obstructive engines have yielded up their prey and the steamer appears in each alternate week, every sweep of the net would bring in its prize, and one or two steamers would find profitable employment, daily, in collecting these and taking them to Bic, where ocean steamers could call in passing and bring them on to England, so that they would be in St. John's fish market in Liverpool in the same space of time as it used to take to convey them from the same localities to the Montreal or Kingston market! It has been impossible to give more than a scanty outline of this interesting subject, and very many fishes on which I have copious notes have not even been mentioned, as it seemed better to leave these alone entirely, if by so doing a more pronounced expression could be given to the really important economic question.

ALFRED RIMMER.

CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

If you think he comes hither as a lion, it were a pity of his life. No; he is no such thing; he is a man as other men are, and indeed let him name his name and tell them plainly he is Snug the Joiner.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

IT has been observed that the decomposition of what is best is the generation of what is worst, and perhaps nothing will illustrate the truth of this remark more fully and forcibly than the history of the use and abuse of the Art of Criticism. If the creative faculty is the most majestic and imposing of human prerogatives,—if it must rank first and highest in the estimation of all men—the judicial and appreciative faculty is scarcely less important. The poet must have an audience: teacher and pupil, speaker and interpreter, must mutually act and re-act on one another. Genius, like the body which is its temple, requires nourishment and stimulus. It is incapable of supporting for any length of time an isolated existence. In primitive ages a poet can address himself immediately to the feelings of his hearers; he can touch simple chords; he can appeal, sure of sympathetic response, to the untutored instincts of our common nature: and the professional critic is not needed. But as civilisation advances, and society becomes more complex, art, too, assumes subtler phases. The poet, more and more estranged from the mass, addresses himself, not to the unlettered many, but to the cultivated few. Appealing at first to the feelings, he appeals later on to the feelings through the intellect. He requires an educated audience. Hence it becomes necessary to establish a sort of medium between the creative artist and the general public. These *media* are the critics. They not only introduce, but they interpret: on their decision depends, in the first instance at least, the success or failure of an author—through them he wins the ear of the world. Nor do the critic's duties end here. In busy days like the present, when literary supply is far in excess of the demand, we leave our critics to taste for us, and the censors of the Reviews stand in the same relation to the public as the "reader" stands to an overburdened publisher. Thus the responsibility of the critic is twofold. He undertakes, by virtue of a tacit contract between himself and the public, to judge fairly and im-

partially of the work submitted to him, to chastise and expose what is bad, to encourage what is promising, to praise what is good. At the same time he directs and even moulds public taste, and he is thus instrumental in insensibly determining the character and quality of contemporary literature. No power, therefore, is more potent for good than the power wielded by the sound and honest critic, and no power is more potent for evil than the power wielded by a prejudiced, incompetent, and dishonest critic. This is no place for enumerating and defining the qualifications which should be possessed by this responsible functionary : we will only observe that, had our representative critics pondered over that fine chapter in which Lucian draws the character of the true critic of history, we should, in all probability, have been spared some of the most humiliating episodes in the *History of Letters*. Since the beginning of this century most of our criticism has expressed itself either in publications which have confessedly identified themselves with certain political and literary cliques, or from independent writers who have been the disciples of some particular school, and who have consequently tried everything by the measure of the canons they have inherited. Thus criticism, which should emanate partly from educated sympathies, and partly from that "dry intelligence" which is as indispensable to the interpretation of art as it is to the investigation of science, has been corrupted at its very source—corrupted by political prejudice, by the bigotry of literary sectarianism, and by the idiosyncrasies of private individuals. We propose to give in the following paper a few examples of the vagaries in which the professors of the Art of Criticism have occasionally indulged.

Johnson divided critics into three classes—firstly, those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural tastes and feelings ; secondly, those who know and judge by rules alone ; and thirdly, those who know the rules but are above them. Nine-tenths of those who pass opinions on works of art, either cursorily in conversation or correspondence, or deliberately in critiques, belong to one of the first two classes, and it is among them we find some of our most exquisitely ludicrous critical curiosities. We will begin with the critics of our two greatest poets. It would not be true to say that Shakespeare was either neglected or even underrated by his contemporaries, but it is curious to observe how completely the world was blind to the merit of "*Paradise Lost*." One of the most illustrious of Milton's brother bards, Edmund Waller, refers to the great epic poem as a tedious work by the blind old schoolmaster, in which there is nothing remarkable but the length ; while a great critic of these

times, William Winstanley, in his "Lives of the Most Famous English Poets," thus disposes of our second greatest bard: "John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two heroic poems and a tragedy, namely, 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes.' But his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable repute, had not he been a notorious traitor and most impiously and villanously bely'd that blessed martyr king, Charles the First." But some of the most delicious morsels of criticism are to be found among the critics of the eighteenth century, especially when they condescend to deal with what they call the lucubrations of their rude predecessors. Foremost among these rude predecessors stands Shakespeare, and foremost among these dashing critics was Thomas Rymer. In his "Short View of Tragedy," he gives us a comment on "Othello." "The moral use of this fable"—he has been analysing the plot—"is very instructive. First, it may be a caution to all maidens of quality how, without their parents' consent, they run away with blackamoors. Secondly, it may be a warning to all good wives that they look well to their linen"—(this alludes, of course, to the loss of the handkerchief). "Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands that before their jealousy be tragical the proof may be mathematical." Mr. Rymer is very indignant with Shakespeare for making his hero a blackamoor, and insulting the army by turning Iago into a soldier. Speaking of Desdemona he remarks that "there is nothing in her which is not below any country kitchen maid—no woman bred out of a pigstye could talk so meanly." With regard to what he calls expression, he, Mr. Rymer, says that "in the neighing of a horse or in the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and, may I say, more humanity than in the tragical flights of Shakespeare." He is very angry that the catastrophe should turn on a handkerchief. He proposes that the handkerchief should have been folded on the bridal couch, and that, when Othello was smothering Desdemona, "the fairy napkin might have started up to disarm his fury and stop his ungracious mouth." "Then might she in a trance for fear," he goes on to say, "have lain for dead; then might he, believing her dead, and touched with remorse, have honestly cut his own throat, by the good leave and with the applause of all the spectators, who might thereupon have gone home with a quiet mind, and admiring the beauty of Providence freely and truly represented in the theatre." The critic then makes some severe remarks on the *dénouement* of the plot: "Then for the

unravelling of the plot, as they call it, never was old Deputy Recorder in a country town, with his spectacles on, summing up the evidence, at such a puzzle, so blundered and bedoltified as is our poet to have a good riddance and get the catastrophe off his hands. . . . What can remain with the audience to carry home with them? How can it work but to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, scare our imaginations, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre and jingle-jangle beyond what all the parish clerks in London could ever pretend to!"

He concludes by adding that his only hope is that the audience will go to the play as they go to church, "sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon." Mr. Rymer next goes on to discuss "Julius Cæsar." He is exceedingly indignant that Shakespeare should have presumed to meddle with the Romans. He might be "familiar with Othello and Iago as his own natural acquaintance, but Cæsar and Brutus were above his conversation." To put them "in gull's coats and make them Jackpuddens in the Shakespeare dress is a sacrilege beyond anything in Spelman. The truth is," he goes on to say, "that this author's head was full of villainous and unnatural images, and history has only furnished him with great names." On the celebrated scene between Brutus and Cassius, he makes the following comment:—"They are put there to play the bully and the buffoon, to show their activity of face and muscles. They are to play a prize, a trial of skill and hugging and swaggering like two drunken Hectors for a twopenny reckoning."

Such were the opinions formed on the masterpieces of Shakespeare, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by a highly cultivated man who was well acquainted with the literatures of Greece, Rome, France, and modern Italy, whose name is honourably known in literature as the editor of the "Fœdera," and who has left a collection of poems which are by no means contemptible.

But not less extraordinary are the judgments of Voltaire on our great national poet. "Hamlet" he pronounces to be a piece so gross and barbarous that it would not be endured by the vilest of the population in France and Italy. Of that noble passage beginning, "Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt," he observes that a country bumpkin at a fair would express himself with more decency and in nobler language. With regard to the exquisite lines, "It faded on the crowing of the cock," &c., he can only express his surprise that Warburton could condescend to comment on such stuff. Dennis's "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare," though

not less ludicrous, is far more temperate both in tone and style. Mr. Dennis is, indeed, more inclined to apologise for Shakespeare than to attack him. He allows that he was "one of the greatest geniuses the world ever saw for the tragic stage," but he unfortunately knew nothing about the ancients, sets all propriety at defiance, and grossly outrages the unities. Still, we ought to remember that he was "neither master of time enough to consider, correct, and polish what he had written"—and what was still more unfortunate, "he had no friends upon whose capacity and integrity he could depend." What acquaintance he had, remarks Dennis, were not qualified to advise him. To this Mr. Dennis attributes the circumstance that "his lines are utterly void of celestial fire," and that his verses are so frequently harsh and unmusical. In spite, however, of all these shortcomings, Mr. Dennis was interested in the erratic and friendless poet, and was so obliging as to touch up "Coriolanus," which he brought out in 1720 under the title of "The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment." The play thus improved was, as it deserved to be, damned; and this catastrophe Mr. Dennis, in his dedication of it to the Duke of Newcastle, very amusingly attributes to the fact that the drama was played on a Wednesday. We must not linger longer among Shakespearian criticism, but we cannot refrain from adding to our museum of critical curiosities two very extraordinary specimens furnished by no less a person than Herr von Schlegel, whose "Essays on Dramatic Literature" have—or are believed to have—placed him in the first rank of modern critics. Some time in the early years of the sixteenth century there were produced two dramas entitled respectively "Thomas Lord Cromwell" and "Sir John Oldcastle." Now, it would be no exaggeration to say that, in the whole body of extant Elizabethan literature, it would be impossible to find two more worthless plays, two more utterly destitute of genius, or of any symptom of excellence. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the united dulness of Settle, Tate, and Blackmore could have achieved anything so bad. "These pieces," says Schlegel, "are not only unquestionably Shakespeare's, but in my opinion deserve to be classed *among his best and maturest works.*" This judgment was, we may add, worthy of one who had observed in the same lectures that the "verses of Marlowe were flowing, but without energy!"¹ An eminent German scholar once, we believe, observed that, if England had the honour of producing Shakespeare, it was the exclusive prerogative of Germany to understand and interpret him.

¹ These portentous utterances are to be found in Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature," Bohn's Edition, page 445.

It is, however, only fair to add, that another Shakespearian commentator, who was an Englishman, has recorded it as his opinion that the sonnets of Shakespeare were not only worthless, but that "nothing short of an Act of Parliament would induce people to read them."

We are sorry to find the great name of Dr. Johnson among those who have made themselves conspicuous by their insensibility to merit—to merit, that is to say, which lay outside the range of their own sympathies. When Johnson is on his own ground, and is not examining the writings of those who shock his prejudices, he is the king of critics. The "Lives of the Poets" is, in spite of its faults, one of the most precious volumes which English literature possesses, and we feel it almost a sacrilege to illustrate our "curiosities" from its venerable pages. Of "Lycidas," one of the most sublimely musical poems in our tongue, the Doctor observes: "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing;" and he concludes a miserably prosaic critique with the words, "No man could have fancied that he read 'Lycidas' with pleasure had he not known the author." "'Comus' is a Drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive." Of the "Sonnets"—those noble, majestic sonnets—all he has to say is, that "they deserve no particular criticism; for the best it can only be said that they are not bad, and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation." It should, however, be remembered, and it never is remembered, to Johnson's honour, that the critique of "Paradise Lost" is a masterpiece of laudatory criticism, and that his "injustice to Milton" is confined solely to his examination of the minor poems. The very worst thing Johnson ever committed to paper is, beyond question, his criticism on Gray's two splendid Odes; but how was a man who had never read Pindar to appreciate them?

It was a favourite theory of Byron's that all really great poems became popular and were appreciated at once. He quotes some instances; but generalises, it must be presumed, from his own case, as most of the cases cited by him fall, on examination, to the ground. The truth is that it is, generally speaking, quite impossible to form any certain conclusions about the future of a writer from his first attempts, and it is extremely difficult for a contemporary critic to rate a contemporary writer at his intrinsic value. Even a cultivated and highly accomplished man like Shenstone could thus speak of one of Pope's masterpieces. Writing to a friend, just after the publication of the fourth book of the "Dunciad," he observes: "The Dunciad is doubtless Mr. Pope's dotage, flat in the whole, and including, with several tolerable lines, a number of weak, obscure, and even punning ones. What is

now read by the whole world is Mr. Hervey's Letter to Sir T. Hanmer." Horace Walpole, as shrewd and penetrating a critic as ever lived, has obligingly informed us who were "the first writers in 1753." We should probably guess with Macaulay that they were Hume, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Johnson, Warburton, Collins, Akenside, Gray. Not at all; such people were not worth mentioning. They were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. William Whitehead, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Cambridge, and Mr. Coventry—that is to say, a pack of scribblers, only one of whom is known even by name to ninety-nine readers out of a hundred—Lord Chesterfield—and he is remembered chiefly as the ninepin of Dr. Johnson and Cowper. When Cowper's delightful "Task" appeared, Darwin declared he could not get through it, complained of its being "egotistical," "prosaic," "rough," and "slovenly." Johnson, after perusing "Tom Jones," pronounced Fielding to be "a barren rascal;" and Warburton, after perusing "Roderick Random," pronounced Smollett to be "a vagabond Scot who writes nonsense ten thousand strong." An accomplished woman like Madame De Sévigné observed of Racine that, as the taste for his works had come in with the rage for coffee, so with the rage for coffee would the taste disappear.

To come nearer to our own times, let us see how the great men who have made this century glorious were received by their coevals. One of the most characteristic peculiarities of modern reviewing is its fondness for prophecy. We are continually treated to what Posterity will say about Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Carlyle, or Mr. Swinburne. The modern reviewer cannot let posterity alone. If, like Iago, he is nothing if not critical, it would appear that, unlike Iago, he is nothing if he is not prophetic. Our two great reviews are scarcely responsible for what their predecessors have ventured to predict, though an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* reviewer, unless he were too far gone in the spirit of prophecy, would probably learn some suggestive lessons if he would turn back a hundred volumes and listen to what was prophesied and said of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, Dickens, and others. In the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1807 will be found some edifying remarks about Wordsworth. The beautiful "Ode to the Daisy" is very "flat and feeble," and reminds the critic of "the theme of an unpractised schoolboy." The magnificent "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," which is, according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, "the high-water mark which modern lyric poetry has reached," is there described as "beyond all doubt the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication,"

of which the reviewer "can pretend to give no analysis or explanation." Of the superb "Ode to Duty" the critic merely condescends to observe that "it is a piece in which the lofty vein is very unsuccessfully attempted." But perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of stupidity—so dense and preposterous as to be absolutely incredible—was reached by the *Edinburgh Review* for September 1816. There are probably not half-a-dozen people in England with the slightest relish for poetry who cannot see the exquisite loveliness, who do not feel the ineffable charm, of Coleridge's two poems, "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." It would be no exaggeration to say that they rank among the most purely ethereal works which have ever emanated from the genius of man. These poems appeared with a few others, among them that fine ode the "Pains of Sleep," in 1816. Now for the critics of the north.

"We look upon this publication" ("Christabel"—which is described rather oddly "as a miserable piece of coxcomby and shuffling"—"Kubla Khan" and the "Pains of Sleep") "as one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty, and one of the boldest experiments that has ever been made on the patience or the understanding of the public. It exhibits from beginning to end not a ray of genius. With this one exception" (the critic is alluding to the passage, "Alas! they had been friends in youth," &c.) "there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn."

What makes the grotesque injustice of this critique more lamentable is that it was, we have reason to believe, penned by William Hazlitt. Now, as Hazlitt is allowed to be one of the finest critics which our language can boast, it is extremely difficult to account for such malignant obliquity. To understand this monstrous critique in the length and breadth of its folly, it should be read side by side with Mr. Swinburne's "Introduction to Coleridge's Select Poems." But Hazlitt himself was the subject of a similarly unjust and extraordinary censure. Whatever may have been the faults of that eccentric writer—and his writings abound with faults—there can be no doubt that his "Lectures on the English Poets" form a very valuable volume—a volume which has since its first appearance been the delight of lovers of poetry. And how was that received by the *Edinburgh*?

"Mr. Hazlitt seems to have bound himself, in imitation of Hannibal, to wage everlasting war, not indeed against Rome, but against

accurate reasoning, just observation, and precise or even intelligible language."

This reminds us, by the way, of the manner in which the *Athenæum* received Mr. Carlyle's "Latter-day Pamphlets:" "We cannot deal seriously, we are almost ashamed to deal at all, with a book like this."

We shall not pause over the memorable review which "killed John Keats"—those who wish to inspect it will find it in the *Quarterly* for April 1818, and a curious production it is.

But all who are interested in the absurdities of literature would do well to turn to the *Quarterly* for April 1833. This is an elaborate castigation of our present Poet Laureate's earlier poems, and if it is a masterpiece of mistaken criticism, it is—to do it justice—a masterpiece of caustic humour. It commences by welcoming, in a bitterly ironical strain, "another and a brighter star of that galaxy, or *milky way*, of poets, of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." Speaking of the verses in the "Miller's Daughter":—

I lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut buds ;
A water-rat from off the bank
Plung'd in the stream, &c.
If you remember, you had set
Upon the narrow casement edge
A long green box of mignonette, &c.—

the reviewer (who was John Gibson Lockhart) observes. "The poet's truth to Nature in his gummy chestnut buds, and to Art in the long green box of mignonette, and that masterly likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the Miller's Daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam—these are beauties which, we do not fear to say, equal anything even in Keats." In the "Dream of Fair Women," the lines—

The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat,
Touch'd, and I knew no more,

originally ran—

One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly—and nothing more,

upon which his unsympathetic, but common-sense critic remarks : "What touching simplicity—what pathetic resignation! he cut my throat—*nothing more!* One might indeed ask what *more* she would have?" All who have lived to see Charles Dickens run out his course—who have been privileged to hail, as they appeared, *the successive revelations* of that brilliant, that beneficent luminary

whose rays have warmed and gladdened millions—will, perhaps, be interested to hear how the Aristarchs of his country welcomed him, and what they prophesied concerning him : “ Having made up our minds as to the origin of Mr. Dickens's popularity, it remains to add a word or two as to his durability, of which many warm admirers are already beginning to doubt, not, it must be owned, without reason, for the last three or four numbers ” (they are reviewing “ Pickwick ”) “ are much inferior to the former ones, and indications are not wanting that *the particular vein of humour, which has hitherto yielded so much attractive metal, is worked out.* ” Then comes an edifying discussion as to whether Dickens be a man of true genius—whether, in fact, he is not over-rated. On the whole, the reviewer is of opinion that Mr. Dickens is writing too much ; and again rising on the wings of prophecy, he concludes : “ If Mr. Dickens persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate ; ” and the review tells it—listen and tremble !—“ Mr. Dickens has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick.”¹

How impossible it is for contemporaries to judge correctly of each other is illustrated very singularly in the criticisms which Byron has left us. He expressed it as his deliberate opinion that Sir Walter Scott was the greatest poet of his time ; after Sir Walter he placed, in order of merit, Samuel Rogers, whom no modern critic would hesitate to pronounce the feeblest and most insignificant poet—if poet, indeed, he can be called—of those days. After Rogers came, according to his Lordship, Campbell, and first below Campbell, Southey, next Wordsworth, and finally Coleridge. Keats and Shelley he does not condescend to notice at all. Whether he really considered himself inferior to Rogers may well be doubted, but certain it is that he often implied as much. It is notorious that he ranked Pope above Shakespeare and Milton, and it is notorious that in his later years he placed Crabbe far before Wordsworth. But our curiosities would be far from complete if we did not say something of Byron's own experience of the critical insight of his judges. There are few things in the literature of criticism more solemn and significant than the two passages which we shall now quote side by side. Should they meet the eye of any one who is honestly striving to do good work, and who is still struggling, weary, lonely, and dejected, along the hard road where so many have perished or made the fatal compromise, let him ponder on what follows : he may not be a Byron, but the lesson is eloquent, and he may learn how this world goes.

¹ *Quarterly* for October 1837. The article was written while “ Pickwick ” was in course of publication.

TABLE TALK.

THE absence from the works of our early writers of any sign of admiration for scenery such as prevails among recent authors, and is the most marked characteristic of the latest school, has provoked frequent comment. It is curious to find Shakespeare, even in his description of that life in the forest of Arden which forms the most divine of all pastorals, finding no adjective more pleasurable than "melancholy" to couple with the trees:

Under the shade of melancholy boughs.

It was lately pointed out in a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society that the sea, which is the chief object of admiration to the modern poet, is rarely in Shakespeare coupled with any words except such as suggest ideas of discomfort or dislike. In one case, indeed, Shakespeare does speak of England as "This precious isle set in the silver sea," in which line the word "silver" is at least free from any injurious signification. Almost unique is, however, this instance. Against it we may oppose scores of examples of the employment of such words as "wayward seas," *Pericles*; "the raging sea," and "the vexed sea," *Lear*; "dangerous sea," *Othello*; "never-surfeited sea," *Tempest*; "hungry sea," *Twelfth Night*; "most dangerous sea," *Merchant of Venice*; "wild and violent sea," *Macbeth*; "rough rude sea," *Richard II.*; "ruthless sea," Third Part of *Henry VI.*; "terrible seas," *Cymbeline*; and so forth. When used in connection with other natural objects the sea still preserves this character. We have in *Romeo and Juliet* a parallel between "empty tigers or the roaring sea." *Othello* supplies an instance of conjunction of "high seas and howling winds," and one of comparison, "More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea." *Richard II.* gives us "in rage deaf as the sea." That a view current so late as the close of the eighteenth century to the effect that the exhalations from the sea, instead of being health-giving, as is now supposed, were dangerous, was shared by Shakespeare, seems to be shown by the lines spoken by Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which, among the consequences of Oberon's jealousy, she numbers the effect upon the winds which,

Piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs.

Very striking is the contrast between the estimate of the sea formed by Shakespeare and his compeers and that put forth by the author of the "Triumph of Time" and "A Song in Times of Order."

THE two English poets who have sung most successfully the praise of the sea are, of course, Lord Byron and Mr. Swinburne. In point of passionate adoration, however, the younger poet leaves his predecessor leagues behind. Through Byron's praise of the sea intrudes ever the poet's own individuality. "I have loved thee, Ocean," sings Byron, as though in that fact were found the sea's highest glory; and the closing lines of the same stanza, in the invocation to the sea which is one of the finest passages in "Childe Harold," are:—

For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

The idea expressed in the last line has always appeared to me boastful, insincere, and irreverent, especially when I contrast with it the two lines of Mr. Swinburne—

Forth with the rain in our hair
And the salt sweet foam in our lips,

which have the note of true rapture. Some of the lyrics of the Laureate evince a full appreciation of the sea, and one or two of the songs of Allan Cunningham catch the breath of the sea and the swell of the wave. I have never been able to understand the grandeur of thought some find in the utterance of a heroine of Walter Savage Landor, who, when she first sees the sea, exclaims—

Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?

MR. SWINBURNE'S latest volume, "Songs of the Springtides," affords further illustration of the passionate love for the sea and the marvellous insight into its mysteries which he has always displayed. The alliteration in the sixth line is excessive, and perhaps artificial, but in other respects the lines I quote below from "Thalassius" are among the best Mr. Swinburne has ever written:—

And in his sleep the dun green light was shed
Heavily round his head
That through the veil of sea falls fathoms deep,
Blurred like a lamp's that when the night drops dead

Dies ; and his eyes gat grace of sleep to see
 The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,
 Dense water-walls, and clear dusk water-ways,
 Broad based, or branching as a sea-flower sprays
 That side or this dividing.

I know of no description of the inner depths of the waters equal to this. Here again I am tempted to compare Mr. Swinburne with Byron, and place beside the foregoing verses a few lines from "Manfred," in which also life beneath the waves is dealt with :—

In the blue depth of the waters,
 Where the wave hath no strife,
 Where the wind is a stranger,
 And the sea-snake hath life,
 Where the Mermaid is decking
 Her green hair with shells ;
 Like the storm on the surface
 Came the sound of thy spells ;
 O'er my calm Hall of Coral
 The deep echo roll'd—
 To the Spirit of Ocean
 Thy wishes unfold.

Fanciful and musical as is this, it is cheap and trite in imagery, and conveys no idea of the ocean depths beyond blueness and calm. Very noble are the four closing lines of "Thalassius" :—

Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
 The sound of song that mingles north and south,
 The song of all the winds that sing of me,
 And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.

IN an old and curious little volume I have come across a copy of the play-bill announcing the first appearance of David Garrick in London, on the 19th of October 1741. It is worth reproducing for several reasons, amongst them being its *naïve* statement of the *motif* of one of Shakspeare's tragic masterpieces. The bill runs thus :—"GOODMAN'S FIELDS. At the late Theatre in Goodman's Fields this day will be performed a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into two parts. Tickets at three, two, and one shilling. Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre. N.B. Between the two parts of the Concert will be presented an historical play, called 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' containing the distresses of King Henry VI. The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard. The murder of the young King Edward V. and his brother in the Tower. The

landing of the Earl of Richmond. And the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster. With many other true historical personages. The part of Richard by a gentleman who never appeared on any stage, Mr. Garrick; King Henry, Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshal; Prince Edward, Miss Hippisley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Patterson; Duke of York, Mr. Blakes; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tussell, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrell, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstale; Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Mrs. Yates; and the first part of Lady Anne by Mrs. Giffard. With entertainments of dancing by Mons. Feonmit, Madame Duvalt, and the two Masters and Miss Graniers. To which will be added a Ballad Opera, of one Act, called 'The Virgin Unmasked.' The part of Lucy by Miss Hippisley. Both of which will be performed gratis by persons for their diversion. The Concert will begin exactly at six o'clock."

THERE has been much correspondence of late of the grievance sort concerning Menservants and Maidservants. It is trite, indeed, to remark that there are faults on both sides, *i.e.* on that of the masters and mistresses as well as on that of their dependents; but how great and glaring they sometimes are is scarcely credible. Nevertheless, the following examples can be vouched for.

A lady of fashion, Lady A——, was showing a friend of hers, Mrs. B——, the other day, a necklace of gold and turquoises, concerning which she requested her opinion. "I think it is very pretty," said Mrs. B——; "is it for a marriage present?" "A marriage present!" replied the other with some contempt; "it is not quite good enough for that; why, it only cost me fifteen pounds. I bought it for my maid, Julia, who is going to an upper-servants' party at the Duke of C——'s to-night. I have got her a claret velvet dress which becomes her admirably, and with the necklace I think she will be—what it is my wish she always should be—the best-dressed lady's-maid in the room."

Mrs. B—— was too wise a woman to suggest that velvet dresses and turquoise necklaces were not perhaps the most judicious gifts that could be bestowed upon a lady's-maid; but, upon a subsequent occasion, happening to meet Julia, she expressed a hope that she had enjoyed her evening at the Duke's.

"Yes, ma'am, it was beautiful, and everybody was so polite-

Indeed, I've always found as the 'igh-born servants is allus the best mannered."

That use of the term "high-born" in a transferable sense is surely very pretty!

A GAIN, an old bachelor baronet, Sir W. D——, whose name has been long associated with London society, went up to Scotland in August last to shoot with the Earl of C——. On the second morning after his arrival, however, he announced his intention of returning to town.

"Good heavens!" said his host; "why, you promised me to stay a month! Have you had bad news?"

"No," stammered the old buck, "it's not exactly that; it's something that has happened here, only I'd rather not tell you."

"Pray tell me," said the Earl; "it will not distress me, whatever it is, one-half so much as your leaving in this way without my knowing why you're going."

"Well, the fact is it's my Charles. You know my Charles?—the most invaluable of servants, and absolutely indispensable to me everywhere. I could not live a day without him."

"Well, what of your Charles? What on earth can he have to do with your leaving us?"

"Why, this; you see, he complains—I'm very sorry, and I know it's very wrong of me to have spoilt him so; but the thing is done—he complains that in your steward's room there is no champagne, and he cannot live without his champagne."

"Then let him die!" cried the Earl irascibly, "let him die and be —!"

"Just so," interrupted Sir William just in time, "that is how it ought to be, of course; I knew you wouldn't give way in the matter, upon principle; no more will Charles; so I've got to go."

AN old subscriber in Sydney sends me the following:—

"Australia is the land of contrariety in regard to animal and vegetable life—such as black swans, the duck-mole, fish which climb trees, cherries with the stone outside, and veritable wooden pears!—but one fact regarding spiders and flies is equally strange, for here there is a fly which catches spiders. He is a wiry, energetic, hard-looking customer; body longish and narrow; colour, literally half-mourning; and about three-quarters of an inch long; he builds a clay nest for his larva, generally inside locks, under verandah eaves, or even in cracks of woodwork, and sometimes in the folds of curtains

or clothes. In one case, while staying at a friend's house about twenty miles from Sydney, I left my waterproof coat hanging untouched for about four days, and on taking it down there was a nest nearly built in one of the folds, of about the size of one's little finger and three or four inches in length. On replacing the coat and leaving it for another few days, and then examining it, the nest was finished; had three compartments, one little white grub in each, and for its *food* several *small green spiders*, not then absolutely dead, but apparently in a state of coma. These spiders were evidently taken out of the orange orchard, as there were plenty of the same kind alive about the trees; but last week, whilst up in the Mountains, I watched one of the flies carrying off a black house-spider quite as big as itself; and during the course of the day saw him three separate times, and on each occasion with a large spider. I could not find the nest; but the farmer tells me that he has occasionally done so, and found as many as twenty good-sized spiders of various kinds, all apparently dead, but not decayed, and generally five or six larvæ of the fly.

"There is also a large spider which actually catches *small birds* occasionally, and kills and devours them! He is like a wasp in colour; body, shape and size of a small hazel-nut; legs, long and wiry; and he also looks a hard-skinned customer. The web is always double, one about half as large again as the other, and made of such a strong yellowish fibre, that, if accidentally walking into it, you feel a sensible stoppage of your way for the moment. One bird—the wreck of which I myself saw left in the web—was rather smaller than the English wren, and the web was strong enough to stand all its struggles, although a little broken here and there.

"As regards size of some spiders, we have a flat-bodied, grey-coloured one here which builds no web, but lives under bark of dead trees, behind boards, &c., the body of which is about the size of a shilling and not much thicker, but the legs of which are quite as long as the fingers of an ordinary-sized hand, and the whole spread of the brute is about a hand's breadth. This is for the fullest-sized ones; but the common run of them are five or six inches across, and the style in which they pounce upon and double up the smaller cockroaches is what our Yankee cousins would call 'a caution.'"

IN none of the many volumes of whist gossip which have of late found their way to light have I seen a story of a joke which seems to me to deserve preservation. As the perpetrators, with one exception, are alive, and I have not their permission to use their

names, I will not further indicate those concerned than in saying that they include two of the most brilliant and popular of living humourists. The scene was the A. Club, a modest haunt of artists and men of letters, on which I do not like to force the light of publicity. Here, a few young *littérateurs*, who have since made their mark in the world, were in the habit of playing an occasional rubber. Lured rather by the hope of seeing the players than by the expectation of a first-class game, though the whist at the A. Club is better than at more ambitious establishments, a couple of players from the Portland came as guests. Before they arrived and stood over the table the signal was passed. With imperturbable gravity the players dealt the cards the wrong way, and reversed every known law of whist. The smaller card took the greater, the man whose turn it was to play waited for a lead, trumps were mastered by the other suits, and the score was marked in direct opposition to anything that had been done on the table. At what was assumed to be the close of the rubber, the apparent winners paid some points to the apparent losers, and the players then cut out to make room for the newcomers. These gentlemen, however, who must have felt under a species of nightmare, drew back, muttered something about disinclination to break up a rubber, and, taking their departure from the Club, were no more seen. To this day, I doubt not, they retain some shuddering recollections of whist at the A.

IN the preface to his recently published Memoranda on the Tragedy of "Hamlet," Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, the Nestor of critics, confesses that the more he reads of the play the less he understands it as a whole, and adds that he now despairs "of meeting with any theories that will reconcile its perplexing inconsistencies, making, of course, allowances for those that are most likely intentional." He opposes, however, with Dr. Westland Marston and Mr. Swinburne, the view put forward by Goethe in "Wilhelm Meister," that Hamlet is a creature of sentiment rather than of action, that events alone impel him forward. In the course of the Memoranda he asserts: "So far from Hamlet being indecisive, although the active principle in his character is strongly influenced by the meditative, he is really a man of singular determination, and, excepting in occasional paroxysms, one of powerful self-control." The controversy thus started seems destined to replace among Shakespearolators that concerning the madness of Hamlet which has already called forth volumes of comment. In matters of this kind no argument or proof *whatever is accepted* as conclusive. It seems worth while, however,

to take cognisance of the fact that Hamlet throughout the play taxes himself with want of decision and energy; and, if the species of introspection in which he constantly indulges is held to be valueless in proof, to observe that the Ghost, who may be supposed to have special opportunities of arriving at a just estimate, coincides in opinion with Hamlet, and responds in the bed-chamber scene to the demand—

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?

in words, the significance of which can scarcely be questioned—

Do not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

It is, however, a truism to say that a man sees in Hamlet just what he *can* see, and is seldom open to benefit by the observations of others. It is this singular power in Shakespeare of fitting himself into the nature, whatever it may be, of the student, that called forth Goethe's paradoxes in the conversations with Eckermann, "that Shakespeare is not a theatrical poet," that he is "even too rich and too powerful," and that "a productive nature ought not to read more than one of his dramas in a year, if it would not be wrecked entirely."

NOT very long ago, if newspaper reports may be trusted, a madman armed with a hatchet made his way on to the stage of the *teatro del circo* at Madrid. After slaying one of the attendants who attempted to seize him, the inconvenient supernumerary swung the hatchet around his head with such desperation that the municipal authorities dared not approach him. A posse of soldiers were at length called in; and these, under the instruction of the officer in command, fired at the madman with blank cartridge, in the hope of frightening him into surrender. Failing in this effort, they loaded with ball and fired once more. This time they were successful, and the intruder, his antics all over, lay upon the stage, a corpse, with three bullets in his head. So soon as it was known that the man was dead the audience returned to the places they had quitted in terror, and *the performances were resumed at the point at which they had been interrupted*. Except for the lesson that is taught in the words I have given in italics, I would not have troubled my readers with these grim and sensational particulars. What a lesson, however, upon the cruelty and want of feeling of the Spaniard does not this story supply! I have long maintained *that the Spaniard is the most cruel of all the peoples of Europe.*

That he is so is partly ascribable to the Moorish strain in his blood, but still more to the maintenance of the bull-fight. Only an audience that had been accustomed to watch the horse gored by the bull, and the bull himself tormented by the picadores and finally transixed by the matador, and that had, moreover, always regarded as a possible incident in the spectacle the death of one of the human beings taking part in it, could have resumed its place and watched the progress of comic action upon boards still wet with human blood. Brutality enough there is in England, I am compelled to admit. Of the thousands who flock to see performances like those of Blondin, Leotard, and other gymnasts, a certain percentage has always the hope to witness an accident. The general sentiment is, however, against those amiable individuals, whose taste is, in the nature of things, but seldom gratified; and a spectacle such as was seen at Madrid would certainly have taken away the appetite of average Englishmen for further amusement. When, after an accident to a gymnast which has not been fatal, a manager, fearful that money once paid for entry will be redemanded, has wished the sufferer to make a feint of proceeding with the entertainment, the public in England has generally, if not invariably, forbidden the effort.

NO claim to excessive virtue have I put in for my countrymen in the foregoing sentences, the gist of which is to place Englishmen on about the same level as Narcissa, of whom Pope says that her

Nature, moderately mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child.

Even this modicum of goodness must be disputed them, if the facts are true which reach me from an excellent source concerning a performance at Oxford. The piece there given, on an occasion not many years ago, was the strange drama of George Lillo, which, moved by some cynical and irreverent feeling, Mr. Hollingshead has lately revived at the Gaiety, "The London Merchant, or George Barnwell." Ordinary representations of this piece show the penitent murderer mounting the scaffold, and the executioner ready to adjust the noose—an effect which Mr. Hollingshead spared the visitors to his theatre. When the curtain dropped at Oxford upon the not quite exacted penance, the audience clamoured loudly for the completion of the forfeit. In vain the manager, summoned before the curtain by the commencement of riot, protested that he had not the power, even if he had the inclination, to hang an actor in order to gratify the artistic aspirations of a crowd that went beyond *M. Zola*

in its affection for realism, or, as it is now called, naturalism. Explanations and apologies were alike disregarded; and the public, unable to obtain their demands, tore up the seats of the house and flung them upon the stage in indignant protest.

IF it were now the fashion to impersonate divinities and passions, as in the Classic times, what immense and superior opportunities are possessed by us moderns! for while the divinities are decreased and the passions remain pretty much as they were, there are ten times the number of things by which to personify them. *Pallida Mors*, for example, would be admirably represented on the box of an omnibus with her "equal feet" carefully omitting to touch the break; within, a crowd, if not of rich and poor, at least of both sexes and all ages; while the cad behind should be beckoning, like the Ancient Mariner, in a manner none might gainsay. But the suggestion that our policemen should use tricycles is even a higher flight of poetical fancy, and shows a marvellous sense of fitness. It is an embodiment (need I say "with a vengeance!") of Nemesis herself, exactly after the old pattern, but with the very latest improvements. To have put the messenger of retribution on a bicycle would have been not only, in all human probability, to have upset him, but to spoil the allegory, while the tricycle fulfils every requirement. It doesn't wobble, it keeps steadily on its course, with a strong disinclination to turn (except occasionally over), and it moves with comparative slowness. The still small voice of conscience, which always rings in the evil-doer's ear, is typified by its little bell. "The three-wheeled Fate," if it was but in old Greek, would be pronounced a sublime image.

NOTICE that since the abolition of capital punishment in public there has been a sad falling off in the reporters' accounts of such matters. For at least twelve months I have entirely lost sight of the phrase "launched into eternity." I suppose criminals *are* launched just the same; but the term is now confined to the dockyards. On the other hand, the descriptions of our great public dinners are as peculiar as ever. It was but yesterday I read (what has often been the subject of remonstrance on the score of propriety), in an account of a festivity not more Bacchanalian than usual, that the company "embraced several ladies." Again, in the report of the annual dinner of the Caledonian Society it is stated that "four gentlemen joined in a reel." It is surely incredible and contrary to experience that there should have been only four.



